If Valour Crownd with Victory may Claim,
A Lawfull Title to Immortall **Fame**.
No NAME will in our British Annals Shine
More Bright No Glory be more Just y^n^ Thine.

1802

Ireland Preserv'd:

OR THE

SIEGE

OF

LONDON-DERRY.

Together with the

TROUBLES

OF THE

NORTH.

Written by the then

GOVERNOUR.

PART I. & II.

—— Sed nec mihi dicere promptum,
—— Ego Marte feroci.
Inque Acie valeo ——— ——
Nec Memoranda tamen vobis mea facta ——
Esse reor (vidistis enim —— Ovid. Metam.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCVIII.

TO

His Royal Highneſs,

GEORGE,

Prince of Wales.

May it pleaſe your Highneſs,

THE Hiſtory of the late Wars of *Ireland*, eſpecially that part wherein His late Majeſty King *William* of Glorious Memory led his Armies, is already publiſh'd at large, for the World's Satisfaction; but the more

early Tranſactions of thoſe Troubles, and the diverſity of Contingencies that accompany'd the Siege of *Londonderry*, remains buried in obſcurity, for want of a true Narrative thereof.

And as it was of great Moment to the ſafety of His Majeſty's Three Kingdoms, by its Four Months Defence, againſt a formidable Army, led by Experienc'd Generals, we need not have recourſe to any thing farther than His late Majeſty King *William*'s Commendation, in theſe Words: *The Eminent and Extraordinary Service that you have performed to Us and Our Kingdoms in general, by your late Reſolute and unparallel'd Defence of that Our City of* Londonderry, *&c.* as by His Royal Letter does appear.

If ſomething (*may it pleaſe Your Highneſs*) had not been publiſh'd in this Nature, to ſatisfy the World in after Ages, that moſt Important Service would hardly have been credited.

I confeſs it is a diſappointment, that the great Share I had in the Defence of that City, would not give me time to collect ſuch Materials together as might form a juſt and regular Hiſtory of the Siege, to lay before Your Highneſs;

neſs; and yet I can, with very good Aſſurance affirm, That in this Dramatick Eſſay, the trueſt and livelieſt Account of all the Tranſactions relating thereunto, that can be given, are Repreſented. And the mighty Pleaſure I have of offering it to a Prince, in whom, and from whoſe Loins may the Succeſſion in the *Proteſtant* Line, to the Crowns and Dominions of Your Royal and Auguſt Father (whom God grant long to Reign) be perpetuated through all Generations, cannot be otherways compleated, than by Your Gracious Acceptance thereof, which will not only add Comfort, but continuance of Life to

Your Highneſs's

Moſt Obedient, Faithful,

and Dutiful Servant

John Michelburn.

THE PREFACE.

I SHALL not make Apology for the mean Garb in which the enſuing Diſcourſe is cloath'd, becauſe Truth is never more Charming, than when naked. To tell how *Ireland* was Preſerv'd, muſt be acceptable without florid Language, to all who are delighted in the Welfare or Intereſt of *England*. The Climates are not ſo diſtant, but that the Storm that ruins one Nation, may reach the other.

'Tis eaſie to judge how ill a Neighbour *Ireland* would be, in the hands of the *French* King; her Harbours of *Cork*, *Kingſale*, *Waterford*, *Bantry*, &c. wou'd not be more Commodious to the oppoſite Coaſt of *France*, than Inconvenient to the Trade of *England*. But *DERRY*, the laſt Stake, reſtor'd the *Britiſh* Loſſes, and was an Inſtrument of Eſtabliſhing the *Engliſh* Right to that Kingdom more ſecurely than before.

The *Iriſh* Wool wou'd have cloath'd his Armies, her Plenty wou'd have fed them, her Oak wou'd have built their Navies; and all theſe wou'd have endanger'd the Liberties of *Britain*, and ſhook the Foundation of her State.

His moſt Chriſtian Majeſty wou'd have made bold with all the *Proteſtants* Eſtates, which, together with the Publick Revenues, wou'd have maintain'd a Formidable Fleet and Army. The *Iriſh* he would make his Slaves at home, or his Soldiers abroad, whilſt he fill'd their Country with *French*, and Catholick *Switzers*. Nor is it to be believ'd he would tamely part with a Kingdom which was able not only to defend it ſelf, but Eſtabliſh his Deſigns on *Europe*.

Had *Ireland* fulln into his Hands, the *Engliſh* Merchantmen muſt have run the Gauntlet between *France* and *Ireland*.

The *French* King would diſappoint the *Iriſh* from ever running into Rebellion, as has been their practice againſt *England*; he'd have found Imployment for his *Iriſh* Subjects in his Armies abroad, who make good Soldiers out of their own Country; and 'tis a queſtion if he wou'd truſt any of the *Iriſh* to be Governors of any Cities, Towns, or Fortified Places in *Ireland*.

But in what poor Condition had the many Thouſands of *Proteſtants* of that Kingdom been in, when without any hope of Redemption, the *Iriſh* would have had their fwing of Revenge and Cruelty.

Now what was it hindred the *French* Monarch from obtaining his Ends, was it not *Derry?* All hung by this ſlender Thred! They truſted altogether on their Forces going to *Scotland*, as the ſure Method of Reſtoring King *JAMES*. *Ireland* was then a clear Kingdom, *England* muſt have taken care againſt *Scotland*; *Ireland* wou'd have been forgot, and the *French King* might have done what he pleas'd in that Kingdom, while the firſt work the *Iriſh* wou'd have gone about, (as was generally believ'd) wou'd be to Maſſacre all the *Engliſh* Proteſtants.

They ne're expected a Rub in their Way, that ſhou'd detain them four Months, or that e're thoſe deſpis'd People of *Derry*, ſhould give them ſuch a Diverſion.

If *Derry* had been a ſtrong Place, well Fortified, a Regular Garriſon, ſtor'd with all Neceſſaries, 'tis like they'd have taken other Meaſures, that might have been more prejudicial.

But our Enemies being ſtill in expectation, and the Town making ſo vigorous a Defence, all their deep Deſigns were broke; *England* was alarm'd, and had time to raiſe an Army, and Tranſport them into *Ireland*, which retriev'd that loſt Kingdom.

How much then does it concern *England*, to take care of *Ireland*, when the Natives watch all opportunities to deſtroy the Proteſtants? They run into Rebellion, and join the *French*; they want not Will, but Opportunity, to accompliſh their wicked Deſigns, and to play their old Game, to Maſſacre and Murder the *Engliſh*.

'Tis

The PREFACE.

'Tis well obſerv'd by a certain Author, that gives an account of the Murders, Cruelties, and Oppreſſions, perpetrated on the *Proteſtants*, the time the *Iriſh* and *French* were Maſters of *Ireland*, in the year 1689.

" All Kingdoms, (ſays he) except that which is Everlaſt-
" ing, where the Almighty and Immutable Governor preſides,
" and keeps all peaceable and happy, are ſubject to their ſeve-
" ral Changes and Alterations, but amongſt them all, there
" is none more unfortunate in this reſpect, than that unhappy
" Iſland of *Ireland*, it being no leſs a true, than common Ob-
" ſervation, That once at leaſt in forty Years, there breaks
" out ſome cruel and bloody Rebellion, to the Deſtruction
" and Ruin of many Thouſands of its Inhabitants.

That Kingdom has been upwards of theſe five hundred Years ſubject to *England*, yet could never be brought to underſtand its true Happineſs; but they have bent their Endeavours ever ſince the firſt Conqueſt, to ſhake off (as they call it) the *Engliſh* Yoak; tho', if rightly conſider'd, the *Engliſh* are no more than their Preſervers, allowing them the ſame Laws, Liberties, and Freedom, they themſelves enjoy.

The firſt conſiderable Rebellion was in Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, and may be call'd a Malady, or a Conſumption of her Time, for it accompanied her to her End: It was ſo profuſe and vaſt an Expence, that it drew even near a Diſtemperature of State, and of Paſſion in her ſelf; her Arms being accuſtomed to Proſperity, and her Succeſs in *Ireland* not anſwering her expectation; for as Queen *Elizabeth*, by way of Diverſion, had at her coming to the Crown, ſupported the Revolted States of *Holland*, ſo did King *Philip* of *Spain* manage and cheriſh the Rebellion in *Ireland*.

Here it falls into Conſideration, what the State of *England*, and the Crown Revenues, were then able to endure.

If we look into the Eſtabliſhment of thoſe Times, with a Liſt of the *Iriſh* Army, the Troops then in Pay were upwards of Twenty Thouſand, beſides the Naval Charge, which was a Dependant of the ſame War.

The Queen was forc'd to keep in continual Pay, a ſtrong Fleet at Sea, to attend the *Spaniſh Coaſt* to Alarm the *Spaniard*, and to intercept his Forces deſign'd for the *Iriſh* aſſiſtance:

So

So that the charge of that War alone, cost the Queen *Three Hundred Thousand Pounds* per Annum. A great Sum in those Times, as appears by her own frequent Letters and Complaints to the then Lord Deputy *Mountjoy*, to Disband part of the Army as soon as he cou'd, the Queen being driven to great Streights for want of Money.

She ever paid the Soldiers well, which was the Honour and Glory of her Time, and more than her great Adversary *Philip* of *Spain* cou'd perform. Her Rewards consisted chiefly in Grants of Leases of Offices and Places of Judicature, but for ready Money she was very sparing, and the greatest Men of her Time, tasted little more of her Bounty, than her Grace and good Word, with their due Entertainments.

The distribution of her Favours, was never more than Tenants at Will, and stood on no better Ground than her Pleasure, and their own good Behaviour: Her Dispensations were so poised, as tho' Discretion and Justice had both agreed to stand at the Beam, and see them weighed out in due Proportion.

The *Irish* Rebellion broke out *Oct.* 23. 1641

Forty Years after the *Irish* getting again to a Head, which was call'd the Wars of Forty One, and continued near twelve Years; in which time that Kingdom was almost Depopulated and Ruined; Two Hundred Thousand Protestants were there Massacred, scaroe any thing to be seen but the bloody Tracts and Characters of War, the sad Monuments of Death to that degree, that Cities, Towns and Castles, lay in Rubbish, and Famine and Pestilence reigned through the whole Kingdom.

Come we down Forty Years more, to 1688, there you find them arrive to their desired Wishes, the Off-spring of the former Rebels masters of all, Form'd and Disciplin'd into a great Army; marching through the Kingdom without controul, proclaiming the *Protestants* Rebels, that took up Arms to defend and maintain their own Right.

If we look towards *England* at that time, altho' the most Flourishing and most Formidable Island in the Universe, in what a languishing Condition had its Monarch reduced the greatest part of its Inhabitants, dejected, slighted, and despised, and insulted over, and that in the most sensible Part: Jealousies and Feares increased every day more and more; extirpation of the Protestant Religion was threatned, Church and

and State was undermin'd, *Rome* was complimented with an Extraordinary Embaſſy, and the Pope's Nuncio gave us a Viſit; Jeſuits were our Counſellors, and the *French* King's Advice was the beſt.

No harm to *England* all this while, any further than to whip Hereſie out of the Land, and obſerve an exact Diſcipline, ſuch as was practiſed of late years upon the *French* King's Proteſtant Subjects.

Thus was *England* deſign'd to have been manag'd, had it not been for the happy Change contriv'd by the Fathers of our Country, who, by their prudent and wiſe Management, invited over the Prince and Princes of *Orange*, and plac'd on their Heads the Imperial Crown of *England*, entail'd on our moſt Victorious Queen *ANNE*. This redeem'd us from Tyranny and Oppreſſion, and inevitable Ruin; no poſſibility of any thing but this for all our ſafeties.

And altho *England* had again reaſſumed their former Rights and Liberties, yet ſtill there was that which cauſed an uneaſineſs, which was that of *Ireland*, to ſee ſuch great numbers of all Ranks, Qualities and Degrees of People, crouding into *England* for fear of the *Iriſh*.

This gave great Encouragement to *Tyrconnel*, Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, to let King *James*, and the *French* Court know, *that all was ſafe, no fear of any Commotion; and that if they pleaſed to give their Directions, he could raiſe an Army of fifty Thouſand ſtout Men, without any expence or charge to their Majeſties.*

The method he laid down, pleas'd the two Kings ſo well, that ſeeing *Ireland* was ſafe, and *Scotland* much the ſame, a Squadron of Ships ſhould be got ready with all expedition; five Thouſand Land-Forces, and ſome hundreds of Experienc'd Officers, (which was what *Tyrconnel* deſired) and theſe Officers had ſix Months Pay advanced; great Stores for War, *&c.* and above all, that King *James*'s preſence would be highly neceſſary; and, for forwarding this Expedition, he went in Perſon, notwithſtanding it was in the midſt of Winter, and Landed at *Kingſale* in *Ireland* the 12th of *March*, 168$\frac{8}{9}$.

The ſecret of their quick Diſpatch, was to get into *Scotland* with their *Iriſh* and *French* Army; then they accounted their work more than half done. There was no thoughts of any

oppoſition, till King *James* advanced with his Army on the Borders of *England*, where he was ſure to meet with many Friends, and ſome Thouſands to joyn him; beſides the great Preparation the *French* King was making, ſo ſoon as he heard King *James* was got into *Scotland*. Many there were that did not declare for him, yet by their flight it appear'd, they wou'd give him no oppoſition; waited to ſee to which ſide *Fortune* would ſtretch her Hand, whether on King *William*, or King *James*'s ſide, then 'twould be time enough to join either Party, as their Intereſt led them.

Derry was all this while thought too inconſiderable a place to put the leaſt ſtop to their Progreſs; King *James* did not expect at his arrival with his Army before *Derry*, to return back to *Dublin*, being 110 Miles, but Imbark for *Scotland*, march to *Edenburgh*, and then for *England*.

Who then can deny, but that whilſt *Derry* ſtood upon her own Defence, ſhe preſerved *Ireland*, gave ſafety to *Scotland*, and time to *England* to be upon her Guard.

At *Derry* their Deſigns were fruſtrated, the Miſeries and Calamities that threatned *England*, were ſtopt. At *Derry* their Thunder-clap broke and vaniſht; at *Derry* their Pride met with an early Blaſt, wither'd and came to nothing.

It may here be no leſs acceptable to the Reader, to give a ſhort Account how that part of the North of *Ireland* came to be all *Engliſh*.

Know then, this City and County of *Derry*, was by Grant given by King *James* the Firſt to the *Londoners*: A Country that was always before accounted a Neſt of Rebels, (and gave more diſturbance to the *Engliſh* than any other part of *Ireland*) inhabited by the *O-Neiles*, *O-Ca'haus*, and the *Macdewles*; and not in ſubjection till an *Engliſh* Colony was Planted there; and to forward that work, which was of ſo great Conſequence, the *Londoners* ſpared no Coſt, ſent over Maſons, Carpenters, Smiths, and other Artizans, to build that City, and gave it the name of *London-derry*; they likewiſe devided the County into twelve Proportions, and each of the twelve Companies had a Lot, which is their Eſtate to this day (to wit) the *Mercers*, *Grocers*, *Drapers*, *Fiſhmongers*, *Goldſmiths*, *Skinners*, *Merchant-Taylors*, *Haberdaſhers*, *Salters*, *Ironmongers*, *Vintners*, *Clothworkers*; as alſo the Woods, Fiſheries, *&c.*

Upon

Upon each Proportion they built a Market-Town, and ſtrong Caſtle. So that thoſe worthy Patrons of Induſtry, may be juſtly term'd *Ireland*'s Preſervers; they ſoon expell'd the *Iriſh* from thoſe Parts; which has ever ſince been an entire *Engliſh* Settlement.

And 'twas thoſe of this County of *Derry*, and the adjacent Places, maintain'd their Ground, when the other parts of *Ireland* afforded them very little help.

Providence has ſo ordered, (as by this following Diſcourſe makes appear) that the Memory of thoſe famous Cittyzens of *London*, their Anceſtors, and themſelves, their Charitable Deeds, and their good Works, will for ever be had in Remembrance; and *Londonderry* holds ſtill the Name of *the Maiden City of* Ireland.

The following Diſcourſe makes plain all the Tranſactions, as well before as in the Siege; and ſince it is written by a Soldier, what faults may be found in it are the more excuſable; his Talent lay another way; however, 'tis better to have it ſo, than not at all, or, as other Accounts, full of Miſtakes.

If the Reader expects to find florid Language, curious poliſh'd Lines, let him read no farther, he'll meet nothing here but homely and plain Truths, nauſeous and unſavory to ſome Mens Stomachs, as was the Eating part in *Derry*, no more to be compar'd to the Elaborate Writing of the Times, than a roſted Rat to a Pheaſant, or Dog's-Fleſh to Veniſon. But if we conſider things, there is none more proper than the Soldier, to give a true and juſt Account, in an Affair in which he was the chief Actor.

Had there been ſome Man of Note in that Kingdom that would have undertaken to have Headed them, it might have been the better for himſelf and the Gariſon: But it is the Service ought to be regarded; 'tis not the noted Man makes the Soldier; a careful Governor may contrive ſuch Methods as may preſerve the place he undertakes to Defend, tho thoſe under his Command be raw and unexperienc'd; for where Life lies at ſtake, Men will be tractable, reſolute and bold, eſpecially when they meet with a timerous, fearful Enemy, ſuch as was the *Iriſh*.

'Tis preſum'd, that raiſing Fortifications about a Town, may be done by one Enginier, tho' it can't be expected they ſhould be all Enginiers that are imploy'd. Let them call thoſe of *Derry* a Rabble, or what they pleaſe, they did the Work, and

and the Service they were imploy'd in; and they that find fault, ſhould have been there and done better.

However, the juſt *Encomiums* I give the Valour of thoſe People, is not in the leaſt to leſſen the great Actions that afterwards were perform'd, in the full and entire Conqueſt of that Kingdom by the *Engliſh* Army, headed by King *William*, of ever Bleſſed Memory. But this may be ſaid without any great Oſtentation, *That thoſe of* Derry *did preſerve* Ireland *from* January *till* Auguſt, *being ſeven Months, till Relief came to them, firſt by Major General* Kirk, *then by Duke* Schomberg, *at laſt by King* William *in Perſon, who came to vindicate their Quarrel, and carry on the War they ſo juſtly began in that Kingdom.*

But to the Purpoſe: —— *Ireland* was again to be Conquered: For when was it known that any Commotion or Diſturbance happen'd in *England*, but the *Iriſh* took advantage, and prov'd a painful Thorn in their Side? — Then muſt *England*'s Treaſure be imploy'd, and *Engliſh* Blood be ſpilt, to ſecure a new Settlement, and reſtore the *Britans* in *Ireland* to their antient Rights, Laws and Liberties.

In the beginning of the late War, when the *Iriſh* firſt took up Arms, and had the Government on their ſide, they run down the Proteſtants as they pleas'd; few reſiſted them: The *Engliſh* (cry they) *are Degenerated, and have loſt their former Valour. Engliſhmen* and *Proteſtants* ſtank in their Noſtrils; but the *Engliſh* Manhood was there ſeen: It was indeed Eclips'd by a long and peaceful Reign; Plenty was the Bleſſing of our happy Iſle: Vice was predominant, Profaneneſs and Immorality met not with its deſerv'd Puniſhments, Effeminacy and Idleneſs ſtupified our Senſes.

In antient Times *England*'s Glory ſhin'd in Heroick Deeds of Arms; preſcrib'd Laws for others to imitate; but when *France* grew Great, and we magnified them above our ſelves, aſſiſted them with our Forces, to make them the more Formidable, becauſe they did not conquer faſt enough; and for enlarging the *French* King's Territories on the *Rhine*, aſſiſted him with our Troops againſt the Emperor, when at War with the *Turk*.

If you will learn to be a Soldier, go to *France*; ſee how the *French* Monſieur was running down *Holland*, to come

to

to be our next Door Neighbour. Then it was we became mean in our own Eyes, and contemptible in all the Courts of *Europe*.

It was in theſe times our *Engliſh* Soldier took upon him the uſe of Arms; it was then he finiſh'd his ſeven Years Campaign, under the greateſt Generals and Mareſchals of *France*, and return'd home with Wounds and Scars, the Badge of a Soldiers Honour. When *Monck* was General, he ſerv'd under him; *Monmouth* in *France*; *Plymouth* in *Tangier*, and *Monjoy* in *Ireland*. Upon the happy Revolution he thought it not his Intereſt to continue among the *Iriſh*, that were Enemies to his Religion and Country, quitted his Command in that Service, and made his Eſcape to *London-derry*. Soon after, for his better Preferment, he receiv'd King *William*'s Commiſſion (then Prince of *Orange*) to be Major to a new-rais'd Regiment, with which Regiment he marched into *London-derry*, eight days before the Siege began; at which time *Tirconnal* proclaim'd all thoſe *Rebels that accepted of the Prince of* Orange*'s Commiſſion, diſplay'd his Colours in the Field, and bore Arms in oppoſition to the* Iriſh *Government*; as appears by a Copy of the Proclamation hereunto annext.

On the other hand King *William* encourag'd them that were in his Intereſt, by ſending them Commiſſions, as alſo his Declaration; a Copy of which is in the cloſe of this Preface; *Declaring all thoſe* Iriſh *Rebels and Traytors, that did not lay down their Arms.*

Notwithſtanding thoſe People that Defended *Derry* were proclaim'd Conſpirators, Rebels and Traytors, yet when the *Iriſh* Army was Repuls'd, and the then Governor who was intruſted by King *William*, and had his Commiſſion to defend the Place, could not accompliſh his Ends, in delivering up the Town into the Enemies Hands, rather than loſe that fair opportunity in haſtening their Expedition into *Scotland*, to accompliſh their deſigned Invaſion upon *England*, where all their Hopes depended, King *James* being then in Perſon before the Town, was willing to give them any Conditions to get Poſſeſſion, by which means the great Stores of War would fall into his Hands, (*to wit*) five hundred Barrels of Powder, Ball, *&c.* twenty four Pieces of Cannon, which had been placed there formerly by the Worthy Citizens of *London*, a great quantity of Proviſions, and expectation of an addition of Ten Thouſand Men, which were the Flower of the North, to join him, better than three times their number of *Iriſh*.

As we began this Preface with the words of a knowing Author, that underſtood *Ireland* very well, ſo we end it in the words of a learned Pen of that Kingdom.

But the Iriſh *Capacities* (ſays he) *are not to be queſtioned at this day, ſince they have managed their Affairs with that Dexterity and Courage, that they have gotten the whole Kingdom of* Ireland *into their Poſſeſſion, and by wheedling ſome, and frightning others, they have expell'd the Body of the* Engliſh *out of that Iſland.* And in another place, *It muſt therefore follow* (ſays he) *that an entire and coherent Hiſtory of* Ireland, *muſt be very acceptable to the World, and very uſeful to the People of* England, *and the Refugees in* Ireland, *eſpecially ſince that Kingdom is to be Reconquered.*

But they that pleaſe to read this Account of *Derry*, will find the whole Kingdom of *Ireland* was not in the *Iriſh* Poſſeſſion, they had not *Derry*, that little City; and was it not a little one? — There was *Engliſh* Valour ſhewn. 'Twas when they came to Blows, then their Dexterity and Courage failed them, notwithſtanding they were ſupported with a mixture of *French* Officers and Soldiers.

It may be objected why ſuch a memorable Story ſhould be deliver'd in a Dramatick Way, rather than in a Hiſtorical Method? To which it is anſwer'd, That tho' a good Subject or Hiſtory has generally been imbraced in all Ages, yet at this time Plays being in Eſteem, it may not be thought improper to render this Loyal Tranſaction as it now ſtands, eſpecially when it has been the Mirth and Diverſion of ſo many.

This being in Dialogue, the Repreſentation of it ſtrikes deeper Impreſſions in the Memory; beſides, as Tragedy and Comedy, the firſt of which hints matters of Blood and Grief amongſt Eminent Perſons, the other Satyrizes the ill Manners of the Age, has been the Elaborate Pains of the moſt Celebrated Wits. Whence come their Plots but from ſuch Remarkable Occurrences as theſe, in the Age preceding, or elſe Contemporary with them? —— Which Authority of theſe great Men, vindicates the method here taken, to Illuſtrate the famous Siege of *London-derry*.

There are many Amplifications, Illuſions, Humours, and Similies, that a Poetick Liberty allows, more than if it had been adapted for a Hiſtory. Take it as you find it, and then judge if the *Engliſh* Soldier (*GRANADE*) did not act his part with all Fidelity and Honeſty, both for his Prince and Country. For whoſe indefatigable Toil and Labour, which gave ſo great a diſappointment to the Enemy, and procur'd ſuch Safety and Succeſs to the Arms of *Great-Britain*, he has juſt reaſon to hope for that ample Satisfaction which others (whoſe Merits have been adjudg'd leſs) have very largely obtain'd.

King William's LETTER.

W. REX.

TRusty and Well-beloved, We Greet you well. The Eminent and Extraordinary Service that you have perform'd to Us and Our Kingdoms in general, by your late resolute and unparallel'd Defence of that our City of London-derry, *as it doth oblige us in the first place to an humble acknowledgment to Almighty God, for his signal Mercies in supporting the Hearts and Courage of our good Subjects, amongst those great and various Distresses, arising from a furious Opposition without, and yet a more pressing Necessity within those Walls; and sending them at last Deliverance, and bringing them, by your Conduct, to triumph over their Enemies, which we cannot but attribute to an immediate Divine Assistance, inspiring them with a zeal for the true Religion, a love for their Country, and an unshaken Fidelity towards Us; and must ever own it as a continuance of that Miraculous Providence, which has hitherto conducted us throughout, in our Endeavours to resettle these Nations in all their Civil and Religious Rights and Liberties: So in the next place taking into our serious Consideration as well the Importance of this Success, as the Constancy and Bravery by which it has been brought to pass, We will not omit signifying to you the just Sense we have of the whole Action; in which having the greatest opportunity that can be put into your hands of any Subjects, of obliging their Prince, you have in all Points acquitted your selves to our Satisfaction, even beyond what could have been expected; insomuch that*

it

King *William*'s LETTER.

it now lies on our Part, to make ſuch Retribution, as well to you the Commanders in chief, who have been the happy Inſtruments, under God, of this Deliverance, as others who have ſignalized their Loyalty, Courage, and Patience, in this time of Tryal: That all our Subjects being encouraged by this Example, may be ſtirred up to the imitation of it in the like Hazardous but Honorable Enterprizes. We Will therefore, that you rely on Our Royal Favour towards you, as alſo that in Our Name you aſſure the Officers, Soldiers, and Inhabitants of that City, that We will take a fitting Occaſion to recompence their Sufferings and Services in our Cauſe; ſo that neither they, or any other of our loving Subjects, ſhall ever have reaſon to repent them of a faithful Diſcharge of their Duty. And ſo we bid you Farewell. Given at our Court at *Hampton-Court*, this Sixteenth Day of *Auguſt*, 1689.

To *George Walker*, and *John Michelburne*, Eſquires, Governors of *London-derry*.

Shrewsbury.

THE

King William's

DECLARATION

Sent into IRELAND.

February 22. 1689.

W. REX.

WHereas it is Incumbent upon us, to take care and preserve all our Subjects within our Dominions, of what Perswasion soever, in Matters of Religion, and we being highly Sensible of the Miseries of our Kingdom of Ireland, *is and may be exposed to, by the Forces there raised and kept up, under pretence of Religion, at the Instigation of Romish Priests, and by the Influence of Foreign Counsels, in opposition to us and our Government; and being desirous to prevent the Calamities and Destruction that must fall upon our People in that Kingdom, in case the Forces now ready to enter the said Kingdom, (which we doubt not but with God's help may be sufficient to reduce it to our Obedience) shall proceed to effect the same; We do hereby declare and promise to all our loving Subjects whatsoever within that Kingdom, full and entire Pardon and Indemnity for all things by them acted, done or committed, by virtue or colour of any Authority, or pretended Authority within the said Kingdom, and a full and free enjoyment of their respective Estates according to the Law; in case, upon notice of our Royal Will and Pleasure, signified in this our Declaration, they shall lay down their Arms, and retire to their respective Habitations and places of Abode, at or before the Tenth day of* April *next there,*

and

and ſhall peaceably behave themſelves, and live as good Subjects ought do do.

And we do hereby further declare and promiſe to all our Subjects of the Romiſh Church, that hitherto have not taken Arms, or that ſhall upon notice of this our Declaration lay down their Arms, and retire and live as aforeſaid, that they ſhall for the future have all the favour for the private Exerciſe of their Religion that the Law allows, and we can now grant to them; and that we ſhall ſpeedily call a Parliament in the ſaid Kingdom, and therein promote a further Indulgence to them.

And we do hereby further Declare, That if, notwithſtanding this our Declaration, any of our Subjects ſhall continue in Arms, in oppoſition to us, that we ſhall then think our ſelves free and clear of all the Blood that may be ſpilt, and the Deſtruction and Miſery which by reaſon thereof may be occaſioned; and we ſhall look upon our ſelves to be juſtified before God and Man, in our Proceedings by Force and Arms againſt them, as Rebels and Traytors; and ſuch we do hereby declare all thoſe to be, who ſhall act as aforeſaid againſt our Authority, as is herein expreſſed; and that the Lands and Eſtates of all ſuch as ſhall after notice of this our Declaration perſiſt in their Rebellion, or be any wiſe Abettors thereof, and which by Law will be forfeited unto us, ſhall be by us diſtributed and diſpoſed to thoſe that ſhall be aiding and aſſiſting in reducing the ſaid Kingdom to its due Obedience.

By the Lord Deputy in Council,

A Proclamation,

March 22. 1689.

TYRCONNEL.

WHEREAS ſeveral Perſons in the Province of *Ulſter*, and the Town of *Sligo*, in this his Majeſties Kingdom, have entred into ſeveral Aſſociations, containing no leſs offence than High Treaſon; and thereupon form'd themſelves into ſeveral Parties, Dividing and Marſhalling themſelves into ſeveral Regiments, Troops, and Companies, marching well Arm'd up and down the Country, to the great Terror of the King's Liege People, in manifeſt Breach of the Law, and of the Peace of this Realm: And having reſolved within our ſelves to prevent the Effuſion of Blood, as long as it was poſſible, by uſing all peaceable Means to reduce the ſaid Malefactors to their Obedience, have of late iſſued a Proclamation, ſetting forth the ſaid Diſorders, requiring all the ſaid Parties to diſperſe, and repair to their ſeveral Habitations and Callings, aſſuring every of them of his Majeſties Pardon and Protection. And whereas we find the ſaid Offenders, inſtead of complying with our ſaid Proclamation, ſtill to perſiſt in their Wickedneſs, by continuing in actual Rebellion, breaking of Priſons, and diſcharging of Priſoners ſecured by due courſe of Law, for Robberies, Felonies, and other heinous Crimes; by ſeizing upon his Majeſties Arms and Amunition, impriſoning ſeveral of his Majeſties Army, diſarming and diſmounting them, killing and murdering ſeveral of his Majeſties Subjects, pillaging and plundering the Country, and daily committing ſeveral other Acts of Hoſtility; and finding no other way left to ſuppreſs the ſaid Rebellion, We the Lord Deputy have cauſed a Party of his Majeſties Army, under the Comand of Lieut. General *Richard Hamilton*, to march into the Province of *Ulſter*, and to reduce the Rebels there by force of Arms; the Couſequence whereof cannot but be very fatal to that Country, and the Inhabitants thereof, and will inevitably occaſion the total Ruin and Deſtructi-

of that part of his Majeſties Kingdom: The Conſideration whereof hath given us great Diſquiet and Trouble of Mind; that a Country well Planted and Inhabited, ſhould now, by the inſolency and traiterous Wickedneſs of its own Inhabitants, be brought to Ruin or Deſolation, which we are ſtill willing to prevent, if any ſpark of Grace be yet remaining in the Hearts of thoſe Conſpirators; hereby declaring, notwithſtanding the many Affronts by them put upon his Majeſties Government, notwithſtanding the ſeveral Acts of Hoſtility by them hitherto committed, that if they will now ſubmit and become Dutiful Subjects, his Majeſties Mercy ſhall be extended to them, excepting the Perſons hereafter excepted; and in order thereunto, We the Lord Deputy in Council, do ſtrictly charge and command all ſuch Perſons in Arms in *Ulſter*, or the Town of *Sligo*, forthwith to lay down their Arms, and that the principal Perſons amongſt them now in the North, do forthwith repair to Lieut. General *Richard Hamilton*, and deliver up to him their Arms, and ſerviceable Horſes, and to give him Hoſtages, as an aſſurance of their future Loyalty and Obedience to his Majeſty, and that all their Adherents do deliver up their Arms and ſerviceable Horſes, to ſuch Perſon or Perſons as he the ſaid Lieut. General *Richard Hamilton* ſhall appoint to receive them. And we do alſo further charge and command all the principal Perſons of other Commotions and Inſurrections in *Sligo*, to repair forthwith either to us the Lord Deputy, or to Colonel *Mac Daniel* at *Boyle*, and deliver up their Arms and ſerviceable Horſes, and to give Hoſtages, as ſecurity for their future peaceable Deportment, and their Adherents to lay down their Arms to be delivered up, together with their ſerviceable Horſes, to the ſaid Colonel *Mac Daniel*. We the Lord Deputy hereby giving ſafe Conduct to ſuch of them as will ſubmit according to this our Proclamation. And we do hereby further declare, That ſuch of the ſaid Perſons as ſhall give Obedience to theſe our Commands, except the Perſons hereafter excepted, ſhall have his Majeſties Protection and Pardon for all paſt Offences, relating to the ſaid Commotions and Inſurrections: But in caſe they ſhall be ſo unhappy as to perſiſt in their wicked Deſigns and treaſonable Practiſes, We the Lord Deputy do hereby command all his Majeſties Forces to fall upon them wherever they meet them, and to treat them as Rebels and Traytors to his Majeſty. Yet to the end the Innocent may not ſuffer for the Crimes of the Nocent, and that the Committals of Human Acts may be prevented, we do hereby ſtrictly charge and command his Majeſties Army, now upon their march to the North, and all other his Majeſties

Forces,

Forces, that they, or either of them, do not presume to use any violence to Women, Children, aged or decriped Men, Labourers, Plowmen, Tillers of the Ground, or to any other who in these Commotions demean themselves inoffensively, without joyning with the Rebels, or aiding or assisting them in their traiterous Actings and Behaviours. But in regard *Hugh* Earl of *Mount-Alexander*, *John* Lord Viscount *Mazareen*, *Robert* Lord Baron of *Kingston*, *Clotworthy Skeffington*, Esq; Son to the Lord Viscount *Mazareen*, Sir *Robert Colvil*, Sir *Arthur Royden*, Sir *John Magill*, *John Hawkins*, *Robert Sanderson*, and *Francis Hamilton*, Son to Sir *Charles Hamilton*, have been the principal Actors in the said Rebellion, and the Persons who advised and fomented the same, and inveagled others to be involved therein; we think fit to except them out of this our Proclamation, as Persons not deserving his Majesties Mercy or Favour.

Given at the Council-Chamber of Dublin, *March* 7. 168⅞.

A. Fyton, C. Granard, Limerick, Bellew, Will. Talbot, Tho. Newcomen, Rich. Hamilton, Fran. Plowden.

The LORD

TYRCONNEL's Speech in Council

Some time before the Coining of Brass Money.

My Lords;

THE necessity of our Affairs at present require your most sedate Consideration, when matters of less moment are soon weighed without any great matter of Debate. We are not only blamed, but threatned from England, *for continuing the Sword in our Hands: And it is Declared, That upon our refusal to lay it down,*

down, we ſhall be proceeded againſt as Traytors to that Government. King James *(whom we ſhall ever acknowledge our Royal Maſter, nor do we think our ſelves obliged to have any other Monarch over us) has ſent us no ſuch Orders; but on the contrary, has laid his Royal Commands upon us to continue our Men in Arms, and uſe all our induſtry to increaſe Diſcipline, and encourage our Soldiery with his Princely Promiſes, to aſſiſt us with Men and Arms from* France; *and not only that, but an aſſurance of his Royal Preſence here, which will ſo enliven the Hearts of all his Catholick Subjects, that I hope we need not have any apprehenſions, but that we ſhall be able to ſecure our Religion and Liberties againſt all Oppoſers, according to the antient Cuſtom of this Kingdom.*

My Lords, *In purſuance to theſe Commands, we have ſeized the Proteſtants Effects in this Kingdom, for the paying and encouraging our Army, and have given them ſuch liberty of Quartering, and otherwiſe, that we are afraid the conſequence may prove injurious to us, as well as tht* Proteſtant People, *who are fled from their Lands and Houſes; and we begin already to believe, that a Famine threatens us. It is our buſineſs therefore, to conſider of a Fund to maintain our Army; for when Tenants are incapacitated to pay, how can we expect it, until we receive Supplies from* France, *which will not be wanting with the firſt opportunity. There is only one way, which is this;* We muſt borrow from our ſelves a while to ſerve the King and the Catholick Cauſe, that it may return to him and us.

My Lords, *In the firſt place, I hope we are* all of one mind, as to the keeping up our Army, *notwithſtanding the Threats from* England. *Secondly, We doubt not but* all of us have the ſame value for our Royal Maſter's Perſon and Religion, as well as the ſame Senſe of his Misfortunes. *Thirdly,* The Encouragement we have from *France. And Fourthly,* Our Royal Maſter's Commands, and Expectation of ſeeing him here.

Let theſe things induce you to conſider about a preſent Fund. I have laid the way before you in a former part of my Diſcourſe, and ſhall not be wanting as to my particular.

TO

THE PROLOGUE.

A Hundred Years compleat, is paſt and gone,
Since Fam'd Eliza *guarded* England's *Throne;*
And from the Spaniſh *Fury ſet us free,*
Threaten'd with direful Popiſh Slavery:
For no Armado's *could the Force withſtand,*
That Heaven Protected, under Her Command:
Triumphant Queen, that ſuch a Scepter ſway'd,
As both the Eaſt *and* Weſtern *World obey'd;*
And from Virginia *ſuch a Treaſure drew,*
As vies with Spaniſh *Mines of Rich* Peru.
The Netherlands *ſhe guarded from all Harms,*
And France *did tremble at her Martial Arms:*
Her Royal Bounty Merit did regard,
And Crown'd with a diſtinguiſhing Reward:
She choſe the Wiſe and Valiant to careſs,
This gave her Arms and Councils ſuch Succeſs;
This made the Mean ſink under her Diſdain,
That barter Honour for Ill-gotten Gain:
Nor could baſe Sycophants at Court, inherit
The price of Valour and undoubted Merit.

But yet, alas! Our Mournful Neighbour Land
Was ſore diſtreſt, tho' under her Command;
Blood, Fury, and Deſtruction was its Chance,
As well in Queen Eliza's *Reign, as ſince;*
But as their Treachery their Faith betray'd,
So were their Hopes by ſtrength of Arms diſmay'd.
Deſmond, O Neil, Maccarty, *and* Tiron,
Princes of Iriſh *Blood, Rebels to the Crown,*
The ſtouteſt Spaniards *brought their Force to join.*

The PROLOGUE.

But Monjoy *made* Don John *ſoon to return,*
And tell King Philip *what Feats he had done:*
And yet their Rebel Tempers can't ſubmit,
Tho' Life and Fortune ſtill have paid for it:
What Helliſh Maſſacres and Rapes were done,
In the late bloody black Year Forty One?
Till they were forc'd to quit the fatal Field,
And to Victorious England's *Armies yield?*

Tyrconnel, with his numerous Iriſh *Crew,*
With ſpight, the Old Rebellion does renew;
With Fifty Thouſand make the Britons *fly,*
Cries, Hereticks no more ſhall us defy;
Run Rebels to the Woods, ſtarve there and dye.
Our Iſle has good St. Patrick *once more bleſt;*
Converts new made we'll ſave, and hang the reſt:
Thus chas'd, purſu'd Proteſtants forc'd to ſtarve,
Fly to Derry, *their Childrens Lives to ſave,*
Thouſands were forc'd to dig each others Grave.
Derry, *but one Meal to our hunger'd Maws,*
Glutted with Blood, like Wolves we'll lick our Paws,
Swear Ruine to your Liberties and Laws.

Tyrconnel *was ſure now to Conquer all,*
Dreamt nothing of his unexpected Fall:
His Army ſends for to Beſiege the Town,
No ſooner they appear'd, but judg'd their own.
But behold what Cowardice them poſſeſt,
His Running Army bid him do't himſelf.
From that time forward his Fate was decreed,
And that poor Nation's Ruine once more retriev'd.
To Conquer England *by ſuch Helliſh Breed,*
Oh Tyrconnel, *'twas thine own Act and Deed.*

* St. *Patrick's* Purgatory, an old ruin'd Church, in an Iſland in *Derrug-Lough*, 20 miles from *Derry*, to which place many reſort from far, as well as at home, to do Penance.

Good St. Patrick *that haſt for Ages paſt,*
Given us no help, fight for us at laſt:
If thou dar'ſt not our bleſſed Cauſe maintain,
We'll on our Knees ne'er Pray to thee again:
Nor Ferry over to *Derrug's *fair Iſle,*
Where ſtands thy Church, and fam'd Cloiſter'd Pile:
Nor in Crowds thy bleſt Purgatory haunt,
But ſay, thou art a vile Proteſtant Saint.

Undone!

The PROLOGUE.

Undone! Undone! Loſt! All turns to Ruine!
He's a Sleep, or knows not what we're doing.

Curſt be the Time, and doubly Curſt, they Cry,
That One Bold Britton, *ſhould us thus defie;*
One Engliſh *Captain, gall and vex us more,*
Then Legions of the Rebells could before:
Proud Brittiſh *Slave, to give the* Fatal Blow,
Curſt Engliſh *Wretch, our* Plague *and* Overthrow,
Derry *Preſerv'd! Oh, how it Rung at* Court!
What great Rewards promis'd for its Support:
To thoſe who for our Cauſe, ſo Nobly Fought,
But how ſoon was it made a thing of Nought?
Honour, Reward and Favour, *quite forgot,*
Neglect and Diſeſteem'd their only Lot.

But now, Paſt Merit Rears its Drooping Head,
Reviv'd by ANNA's *Influence, from the Dead;*
Now the Court Harpies quit their former Power,
Forc'd to diſgorge the Wealth they did Devour:
England *ſhall now her Antient Luſter Raiſe,*
Out do her ſelf in Monuments of Praiſe.
ANNA *and* Eliza *Rival, Glory Claim,*
Their Conduct *and their* Motto, *both the ſame.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Tirconnel Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, and General of the *Iriſh* Army.

Hamilton, Lieut. General.

Sheldon Major General.

Dorrington Brigadier.

Macartie, *O' Neill.* } Colonels.

Teigue, *Sulivan*, *Dermot.* } *Iriſh* Men, expecting Preferment.

Lord Mayor of *Dublin*, Sheriffs, Biſhops, Jeſuits and Fryer.

Iriſh Women.

Lord Preſident of the Council of Five.

Lord *Glanvill.*

Governour of *London-Derry.*

Governour of *Colraine.*

Goodman, *Serjewell*, *Granad.* } contracted with with with } *Leonora*, *Katherin.* *Lucreatia*

Frank. Granadier Soldier.

Lady and Neice.

Mrs. *Matron.*

Scotch Women.

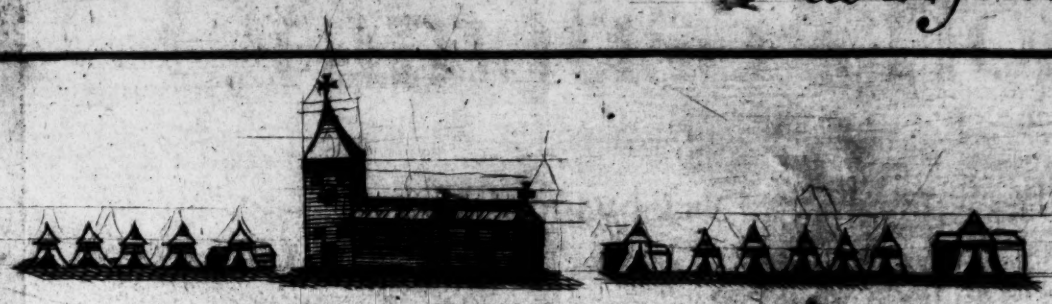
Rapparees and Attendance.

Trumpets, Drums, and Hautboys.

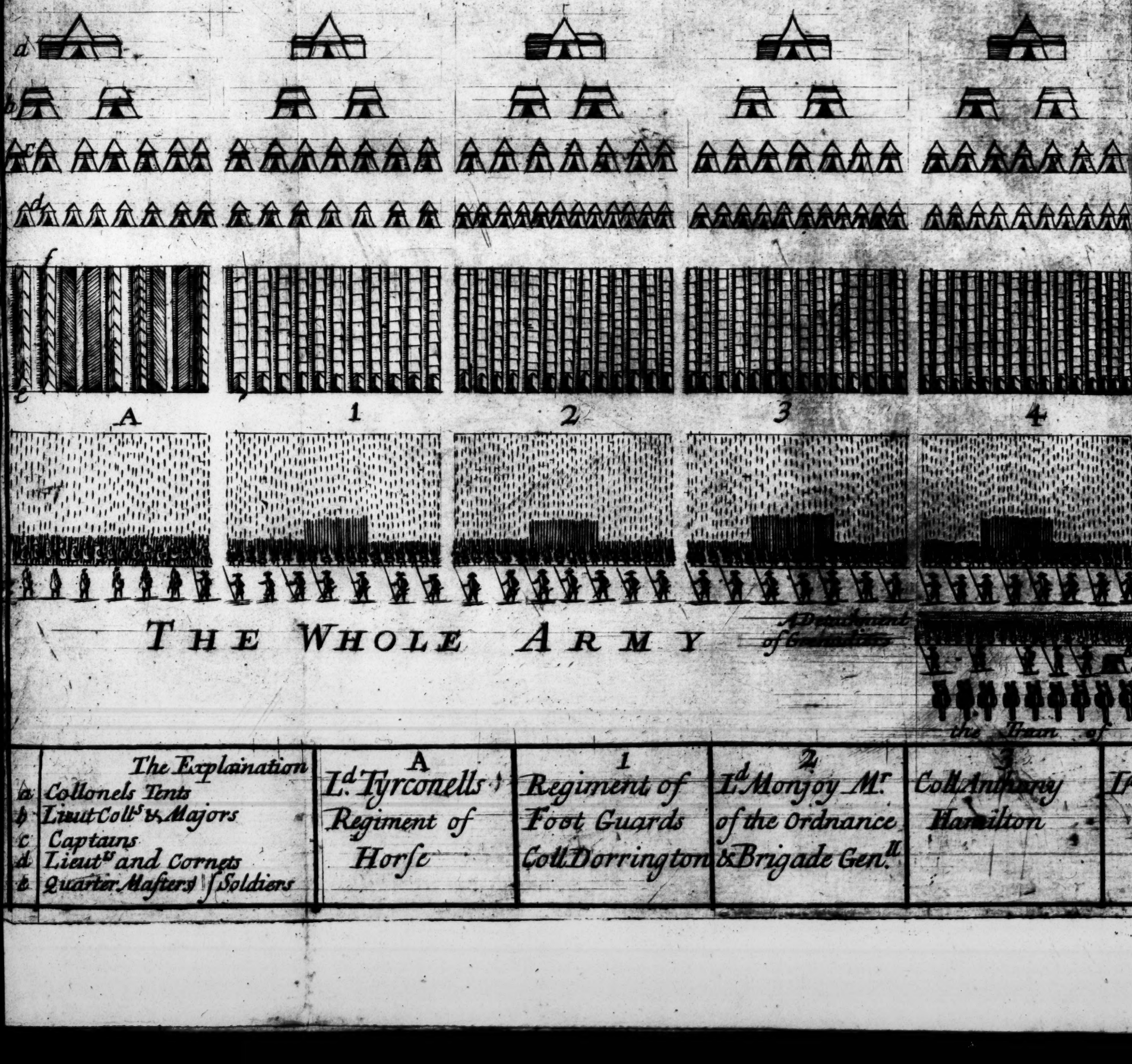
Ireland.

A P R O

of King James' Forces in Ireland as t
August 10: 1688. the Sume
REUOL
as Established in t



The Popish Chapel



THE WHOLE ARMY

A Detachment of Grenadiers

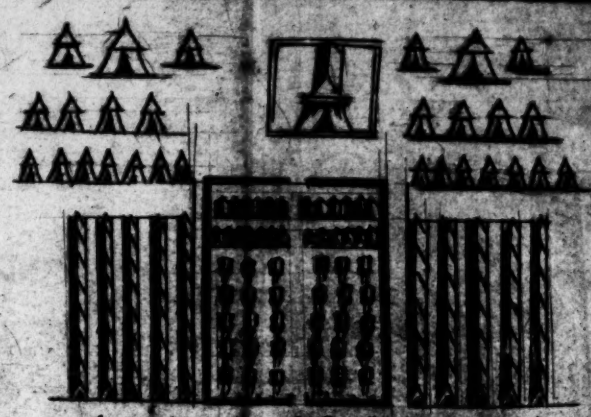
the Train of

	The Explaination	A	1	2	3	
a	Collonels Tents	L.d Tyrconells	Regiment of	L.d Monjoy M.r	Coll Anthony	
b	Lieut Coll.s & Majors	Regiment of	Foot Guards	of the Ordnance	Hamilton	
c	Captains	Horse	Coll Dorrington	& Brigade Gen.ll		
d	Lieut.s and Cornets					
e	Quarter Masters					
f	Soldiers					

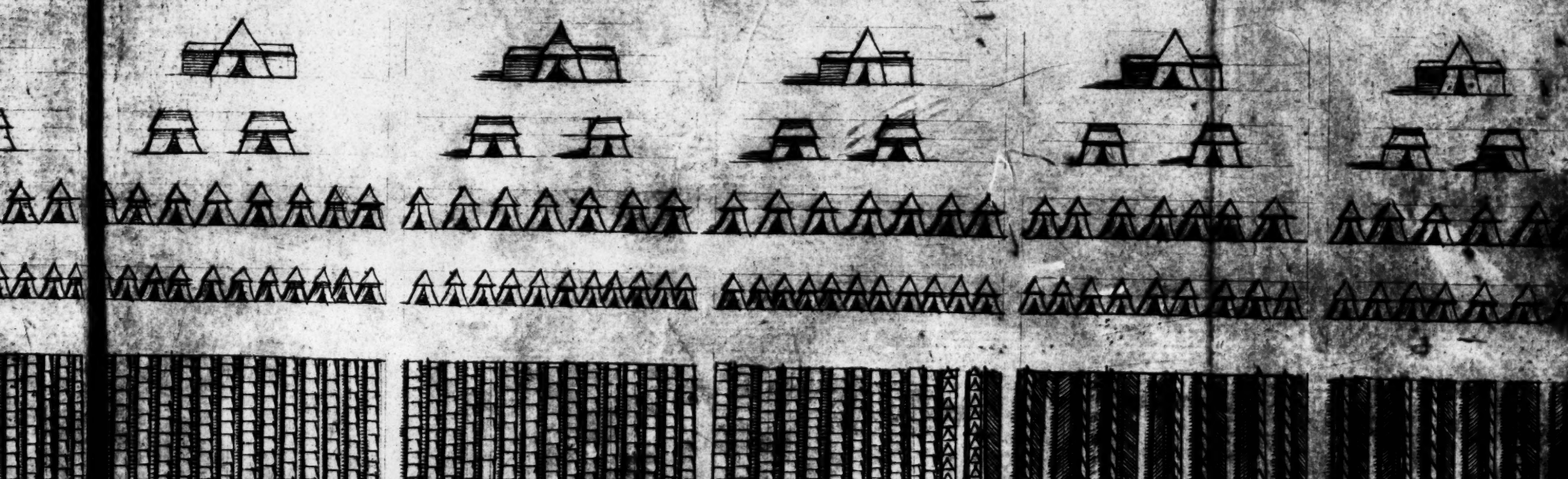
S P E C T

as they were ENCAMPED on the Plaines of KILDARE
me before the Happy
OLUTION.
in time of PEACE

Ld Monjoy's Tent



Carriages with Amunition



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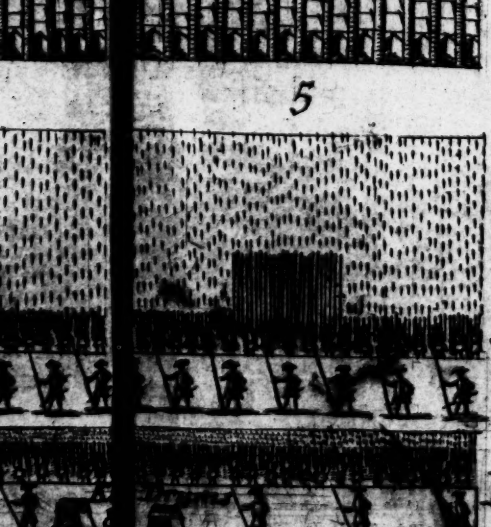


DRAWN UP IN BATALIA

of Artillery

4	5	6	7	B	C
L^d^ Macarty Clonell	S^r^ Thomas Newcomin Coll.	L^d^ Forbes Colt	Iustin Macarty Coll.	L^d^ Eckerin Horse Grendi^rs^	Coll. Richard Hamillton Reg^t^ Dragons Brigad^r^

Ireland Preserv'd,

Or the Troubles of the

NORTH.

Being a Preparatory to the Siege of

LONDON-DERRY.

A

Tragi-Comedy.

PART I.

ACT the First.

SCENE the First. Representing a Camp in a Spacious Plain.

Enter Goodman, *foulding his Arms in a Melancholly Posture.*

Good. WHat is there that can support us, under this our great Calamity, or Free us from Tyranny and Oppression? From being Lorded over by the Insolence of those, who had it been in their Power, long since would have destroy'd us? And 'tis fear'd, in a short time, we shall feel the dire effects of their Cruelty: How is the *Protestant Interest* swallowed up, and we made a Scorn to the *Irish*, that will Massacre and Ruine all, and under colour of pretended Power, like Wolves let loose, devour our

Goods and Substance? A New Reformation set up, Dragooning *French* Persecuting *Protestants*, to be Enslav'd, Overwhelm'd and Overcome. The Edict is out, and already begun; the Nation's in a Combustion; our Nobles and Great Men fled and gone.

None England's *Honour could to Maintain,*
Nor from Distress, Retrieve *this* Isle *again.*

Enter Servewell.

Ha, ha, my Dear *Servewell.*

Embraces him.

Welcome, Welcome to the Camp, this Melancholy Camp, which no longer since than the last Year, was the greatest of our Diversion, Content and Satisfaction; the Rendezvous of our Friends, Brothers, Brothers! Thus we us'd to Embrace,

Embraces him,

But now more than three parts of four are Discarded, by the Implacable Malice of this our *Irish* Governour. From whence dost thou come, dear *Servewell?*

Servewell, From the *Western* Ocean, the extream part of the *West*, the Province of *Munster* am I come, from *Muscry* and *Carbery*, and the Adjacent Towns thereunto belonging. When did you hear from our old Campaigner? *Holland*, *France*, *Tangier*: He's the Man for War; Towns Besieged, Towns Defended, Battles, Skirmishes, Ambuscades, Sixty, Seventy Thousand Men of a side, Fields covered with Dead Bodies.

Nothing was practis'd here since Forty One,
When our Trade ceases, his is straight begun.

Good. I long for his coming, he is on his March, and I expect him this Week. 'Tis great pitty he is not preferr'd to some better Post in the Army; but this I know, he'll never be Reconciled to this Party, or engage in any thing, that shall be a Prejudice to his Countrey. A True *English* Man every Inch of him.

Serv. But from whence dear *Goodman*? Where were thy Quarters, this last Winter Season?

Good. I from the Province of *Connaugh* am come, *Limrick*, *Gallowey*, *Sligo*, and *Athlone*; nothing is wanting in this Plentiful Isle, but Content and Satisfaction. *Serv.*

Serv. That indeed is to be valued, for without that, our Lives are but as ſo many Diſturbed Spirits, wandering here on Earth. — Now dear *Goodman*, we have ſad Times coming on, all ſinking to Diſpair: Not that we are in fear of any Foreign Enemy, but much worſe; no *Proteſtant* to bear Office Military or Civil, but the *Popiſh* Party wholly to be Employed; Charters of Corporations Seized, and none but *Iriſh* to bear Rule — No ſooner was our Late Kings Head laid low, and his Succeſſor ſeated on the Throne, but our Fears increas'd every day more and more: O! 'Twas a Melancholy Time, when his Grace, our Noble Duke, that then in Splendor Rul'd this Iſle, was ask'd, *In what manner we ſhould Mourn?* *Mourn*, ſays he, *as a Son Mourns for his Father, or a Father for his only Son.* — Thus bewayling of our Miſery, with what, what regret and grief, did we part with our Worthy Lord, when *Tirconnel* took his Place at Council Board? He in Peace delivered up the Sword; we with Tears attended him to the Shore; a freſh Gale ſoon ſent him out of ſight, and we were left behind ſilently to Mourn. — But on the Catholick ſide, what Rejoycings was there? *Caſtlemain*, when he made his Embaſie to *Rome*, or the Pope's *Nuntio* for *England* came, caus'd no greater Triumph; and as to the Army, where we are particularly concern'd, Horſe-Guards and Battleaxes were broke, half of the Army turn'd out, as not worthy to Command: A Total Eclyps overſhadow'd the *Proteſtant* Intereſt.

Both Church *and* State *at once Condemn'd to be,*
A Sacrifice to French *and* Popiſh *Cruelty.*

But this is my Hope,

That England *ſtill will timely Succour ſend,*
Since on our Safety Europe's *Hopes depend.*

Good. Come *Servewell*, We'll wave this Melancholly Diſcourſe. — How left you the Fair Sex, Sir *Richard*'s good Family, the moſt Facetious, free in Converſation, and moſt agreeable Ladies in the *Weſt?*

Serv. They all dread the ill conſequencies of what is like to happen, and are preparing to be gon, for whilſt we were amongſt them, they accounted themſelves ſafe; they abominate the *Iriſh*, and dreaded their coming and Quartering amongſt them; they are ſo griev'd and perplexed, Pearls drop from their Eyes; we with them in equal manner ſimpathiz'd; ſome Correſpondence we had with the Catholick Ladies, they are clearly of another Kidney now; the obligations and Fa-

vours we once had from them, cools as much as the other warms; yet for all this, I hope once more to ſee our dear *Britiſh* Dames to Flouriſh, and live in equal State as formerly.

Good. Alaſs! 'Twas indeed a Bleſſed Time, too good to hold long; I had ſuch another ſad Parting; but now, we muſt change our ſtation; Poor Hearts! they'll get other Lovers: None now muſt quarter amongſt them but *Shan*, *Rory* and *Dermot*, *Teigue*, *Tarlogh* and *Toby*.

Ser. Every Dog has his day, and ſo have they, ſo long as they can hold it; *Proteſtant* Officers are no body now, every Muſter Officer and Soldier, are diſmiſt to ſeek New Maſters. Our Bleſſed Times are paſt ſince good King *Charles* Dyed; 'twas then Golden Days, but ever ſince, we have been toſt up and down. None of theſe Fateiguing Marches, no Encampments to put us to Charge, no Regimenting, no Collonels to be a Check on us; every Captain was a Collonel of his own Company, Quartered five, ſix, ſeven Years, nay, fifteen Years in one Town; when there was a talk of a Remove, a Spill to the Secretary, and ſomething to the Clarke did the Work: Upon a Muſter Day, three parts of my Company, were fill'd up with Taylors, Journeymen-Shoomakes, Tapſters and Oſtlers, Eighteen pence each, to anſwer to a ſham Name was their hire; 'Twas a delicate Drunken Day thro' the whole Town, where a Captain had an Eſtate, there the Tennants and Tennants Sons were his Soldiers: But in *Dublin*, the Regiment of Guards made a greater Hand, for there they had Forty or Fifty in a Company that Muſtered in their own Names, and did Duty, but Received no Pay: They were ſuch as were in Debt; for when they got the Red Coats on their Backs, 'twas Protection enough to keep them from an Arreſt: Each Soldier had two pence a day above the Countrey Companys; there the Market went current, a Captain of the Guards ſold for Eighteen Hundred or Two Thouſand Pounds a Company.

Good. Ah marry, honeſt *Serviewell*, a Captains Poſt was worth having: 'Twas ſomething in thoſe Days, when Muſter was over, bruſh up the Cloaths, and lay them up in a Cheſt till the next Muſter, make the Commiſſary Drunk for two or three days, tip him a Couple of Guineas, pay his Reconing in the Inn, pay the Smith for ſhooing his Horſes, *&c.* Conduct him a Mile or two out of the Town, and ſo farewell, *Muſter Maſter*.

Ser. That was before this Plaguy Regimenting was brought into *Ireland*, when we were Independant Companies, we did what we pleas'd, left a Serjeant to take care of the few Men we really had in Pay; we could not afford to keep above

one Sergeant and one Drummer; Corporals and Sergeants were the Captains and Lieutenants Servants; a Lance we made to do the Corporals Duty, but received only Soldiers Pay; all Commiſſion Officers went home to their Dwellings, tho' it were 100 Miles from their Quarters. Our Agent gave Notice when the Muſter-Maſter went out, ſo that Officers had no Buſineſs to be with the Companies, but only on Muſter Days, *viz.* four times a Year; a Captain in three Years, could very well lay up a Thouſand Guineas, and ſell it at any time for Eleven or Twelve Hundred Pounds; for if a Gentleman were Ambitious of Honour, and muſt be a Captain, Twelve Hundred Guineas was commonly the Rate of a Countrey Company: *God ſend Peace and Quietneſs*, Crys he, *I'll whip the Cat, and do not queſtion but to make my Money in two or three years.*

Good. But let me ſee, if you can make blind *Juſtin Maccartie*, your Collonel, wink at theſe things; ſham Muſters and ſham Muſter-Rolls will not do now, the Caſe is Alter'd.

Serv. Ill Luck attend him, thoſe Stratagims will not anſwer the Cauſe they have in Hand; we muſt now keep full Companies, and that will not do neither; and moreover we muſt liſt none but *Iriſh.* None elſe muſt paſs Muſter but *Teigue* and *Dormot* agra.

Enter Granade. MITCHELBURN.

Gran. My dear *Goodman*, dear *Servewell*,

Salutes them.

How glad am I to ſee two, of my Old Acquaintance, and to joyn our well wiſhes, to thoſe our Friends, that are on the other ſide of the Water? I was enquiring, and they told me, not Ten of your two Regiments, that are *Proteſtant* Officers, are now remaining; Field Officers or others.

Servew. My Collonel, *Old Juſtin Maccartie*, looks damn'd ſquinting upon me, with his Blind Eyes; I ſhall be turn'd a grazing ſhortly, ſome ſtarv'd Hound from the Mountains will get a Waacaney: I don't much care how ſoon.

Good. We are now no longer Regarded, and are ſtill expecting the good hour; I mean Deliverance from amongſt thoſe that are our proteſt Enemies: We are now no more than a *Publick* Nuiſance, and to tell you truly, I am quite weary of the Service — And now my dear Friend *Granade*, tell me, Where did you Quarter laſt?

Gran. I from the North, accompani'd with well form'd Troops, Trumpets, and Kettle-Drums, Led the Van, and

we of the foot brought up the Reer, I never yet made a Campaigne, but five or ſix thouſand Men lay dead upon the Plane, Sieges, Skirmiſhes and Ambuſcades, to the ſurviving Soldier, preferment is his Gain. When *Cæſar* proclaimed Wars againſt *France*, and great *Orange* led the *Dutch* into the Feild; my Sword my Muſket and Bandelier, were my Wife, my Miſtreſs, and my Deare, O how it joy'd my heart; and then but eighteen Years. — Robuſt and Nimble, when my Shot was ſpent, with Sword in Hand, charged in the Front, beat the Enemy, and their Connons did Diſmount; our Horſe in well formed Spuadrons, did the Foot Relieve; and ſoon We became Maſters of the Feild. — But now as to our Caſe in hand; I ſcap'd the laſt Storm, contrary to my Inclinations, I mean, the late bleſſed Reformation, turning out honeſt Gentlmen, and putting in thoſe of their own Sort, that flock to *Tirconnel* for Plaaſhes. A little before I march'd from my Quarters, Enquiry was made by the Collonel ('twas I ſuppoſe by Order of *Tirconnel*) *How many there were of the Officers that ſerv'd abroad in Foraign Services*: I forſooth, was put down for One.

Good. The very ſame was done amongſt Us, 'tis eaſy to Judge the Meaning, for thoſe that have been abroad in *France*, *Holland*, &c. if diſmiſt, will ſtraight make for *Holland*, and ſerve the Prince of *Orange*, where Preferment is to be had; His Highneſs, we hear, is very kind to the Disbanded Officers and Soldiers, that are turn'd out of the Army in *Ireland*, meerly becauſe they are *Proteſtants*.

Serv. The Reaſon that we are kept in, is, becauſe we ſhou'd do them Hurt elſewhere; 'Tis not for any Love *Tirconnel* has for any of Us; He'll take care we ſhall have no Advancement, 'tis to keep us in, ſome little Time, to diſcipline, and Exerciſe their New Raiſed Men; after that, ten to One, but we meet with a Stone Doublet, for they ſay plainly, None of Us is to be Truſted. — Their Deſign is to have altogether the good *Iriſh* Catholick, *If you will not go to Maſs*, ſay they, *where your King goes, you muſt turn out.*

Gera. You know the Good Captain, I have, a Son to that Arch-Traytor, Sir *Philim O Neile*, who was hang'd and quarter'd, and his Head ſet on *Dublin* Bridge, for the many Murders committed on the *Proteſtants* in the Wars of Forty One, tho' he never had a Commiſſion, or was a Soldier before, yet *Tirconnel* made him a Collonel for his Fathers Service, and do you not think the Son of a Traytor will not act the ſame Bloody part as his Father did before him, when it lyes in his Power? And for my part, as ſoon as I am miſplac'd I'll ſtraight for *Holland*, and tender my ſervice to the

Prince

Prince of *Orange*, for a true *Engliſh* Man muſt never deſert his Countrys Cauſe.

Good. You are in the Right, 'Tis the Walk we muſt all take, early or late, if times do not mend, as there is but ſmall hope of the Contrary.

Serv. Enough of this, let's to that which will be more edifying.—Let's give honeſt *Granade* his welcome to the Camp, drink a good Health to our Miſtreſſes, and the Ladies we left behind us in the Country, not forgetting thoſe in the City.

Gran. I doubt not but you are well furniſh'd both in City and Country.

Good. You know the old Place, Sergeant *Tomſon*, our *Engliſh* Sutler, a brave boon Jolly Fellow; we ſhall know what News is ſtiring, he'll joyn in our private Diſcourſe without Fear, be as mutinous as any of Us, and Curſe the times by wholeſale.

Gran. Sergeant *Tomſon*, I like very well, he is a right honeſt Man, I'll be with you in a very little Time, at leaſt in the drinking of a Bottle, but of Neceſſity I muſt wait on my Collonel, who is in his Tent, ſtedfaſt enough to the Cauſe, tho he keeps it to himſelf.

Good. A good Man and a true *Proteſtant*, as he is, cannot be other wiſe.

Exeunt.

SCENE *Changeth to a Large Tent, or Pavillion.*

Enter the Collonel *and* Granade.

Coll. I am glad to ſee thee, Honeſt Granadier.

Gran. My Lord, I came before, to take up Ground, for the Encampment of the Regiment, and hearing you were in your Tent, thought it my Duty to wait on your Lordſhip, to know your Commands.

Makes a Bow.

Coll. I thank you Sir, Then We ſhall have the Regiment here this Night.

Gran. I left them within five Miles of the Camp, they will be here within this two hours.

Coll. Pray how does all our Friends from whence you came? My Old Landlord the Mayor?

Gran All well, — He gives his Service to y our Lordſh ip.

Coll. Pray in what Condition is the Regiment? And how

does thoſe honeſt Gentlemen the Officers?

Gran. Very well, at your Lordſhips Service, for as many of them as are left; but for the reſt, I mean, this Countrey Men, the *Iriſh* that are come in the room of thoſe that are diſplaſt, when you have Tryal of them, you will know them: We are now half Fiſh and half Fleſh; and for the Grenadier Company, your Lordſhip never found them in better Order, conſidering I have for the moſt part New Raiſed Men.

Coll. I may thank thee for that, and the Truth of it is, thy Diligence and Care Capacitates thee for a better Poſt, and whenſoe'er it lies in my Power, thou may'ſt be ſure of my Friendſhip.

Gran. I humby thank your Lordſhip, I have been Soldier and Officer theſe Fifteen Years, and now times grow worſe and worſe; and Pray, my Lord, What Encouragement is their to ſerve, when there is no hopes of Advancement?

Coll. Since we cannot do as we would, thou muſt be contented; Times may grow better.

Gran. Not ſo long my Lord, as there is ſuch a bleſſed Change, for if they hold out as they begin, there will not be a *Proteſtant* Officer, or Soldier left in the Army.

Coll. Thou art ſafe enough, for no Experienced Officer that has been in ſo many Campaigns as thou haſt, will be turn'd out.

Gran. And under Submiſſion, does your Lordſhip think that I'll be a ſlave, Training up theſe *Iriſh* Men? For what I know, when I have done all, they may cut my Throat; the half of them cannot ſpeak a word of *Engliſh*; I was forc'd to go up and down half a day to buy them Brogues; they cannot wear Shoos as other Soldiers do: *Brogue de Saſinah*, they call them: Were it not for the entire Reſpect I bear your Lordſhip, I had been in another Countrey before this; they ſhouid have had a Waacancy in the Dee'ls name for me.

Coll. I know, honeſt *Granadier*, thou wanteſt to be fatigueing of it in the *French* Campagne, from whence thou cameſt.

Gran. No my Lord, the *Holland* Campagne, where all my Fellow Officers are gone, and are now Drinking your Lordſhips Health in good *Rhenviſh*.

Coll. The Truth of it is, the times are not ſo good as I could wiſh; I have parted with too many of my Old Officers, if I could have helpt it.

Gran. This Lingring Life will not do, I'll be either a Man or a Mouſe, before I be many Months Older: Will your Lordſhip allow I may ſell my Employment; I'll ſoon get another.

Coll. I freely give my Conſent, do it, I pity thy Uneaſineſs, and wiſh thee all the *Succeſs* imaginable.

Gran. I thank your Lordſhip.

Exeunt.

SCENE the Second, Changes to Several Cabbins by a Bog Side,

Enter three Iriſh *Men*, Teigue, Dermot, *Sulivan*, *All with Brougs, and white Stockins, Hats with Hair Bands, each of them with an Old Cloak, one Red, one Blew, and one Frize.*

Teig. What News Shantlemen?

Der. His Graaſh, God bleſs him, has been after Turning out the *Proteſtant* Soldier; ay, and by my Fait, de *Proteſtant* Officer, and dat plawſhes me ferry well, Coſen *Teigue*, and Coſen *O'Sulivan*; Arrah, fell you taake ſome ſneezing, 'tis of my Grandmoders own Maaking.

A Large Box in the ſhape of a Powder Horn.—They all take Snuff.

Sul. Arrah Joy, is dat true, dat you be after ſpaaking de *Proteſtant* Officer, and de *Proteſtant* Soldier be all turn'd out?

Der. By my deed, tis as true as de Maſh-Book, Fader *Symon*, did be after telling it me,

Teig. Dat fill be de braave Time Joy, dare fill be de good Commiſſion, and God bleſs, his Graaſh, de good Lord *Tirconnel*, He be doing all dis for me, for your ſelf, and de toder Man, we fill be all de Captain, de Major, and de Collonel.

Sul. Dat's braave, Arrah Deer Joy, fill tell me, fill der be no Lieutenant or Anſigne?

Teig Some der fill, but de *Proteſtant* Officer fill be kept in till we know ſomething of de Matter, or dat our Countryman de good Officer come out of *France*, and *Spain*, den de ſarrahs de *Engliſh* churle fill be all turn'd out, and maake de Waacancy.

Der. Arrah, Joy, for God ſhake *Teigue*, fill der be no *Proteſtant* Soldier left behind?

Teig. Not a Shoul of dem any longer, dan our Countrymans learn, fat do call it? de Musket, and de toder Ting—Dey ar not for Us at all, Dey be de Heretick Fryer, *John* did tell it me der fill be none but our Countrymans de fery

good Catolic and de braave *Franchman*, der muſt be no going to Shurch, all to Maſh, dis is fait true.

Sul. His Graath de Lord *Tirconnel*, does know ſat to do very fell, no Muſter but de *Engliſh* Officer be after turnning out, and my Countrymans put in der plauſhes.

Der. Tirconnel, and *Dick Hamilton*, his Broder, be de Men King *Shames* intruſts for de Reformation, and dey ſell do fatt dey Plauſh.

Teig. I hear in diſh few days, dat his Graaſh de good Lord *Tirconnel* did give ſome of the *Proteſtant* Officers leave to ſall der Plawſhes.

Sul. Dat fill not maake well for our Countrymans, for do dey be de good Shentelmans, dey be ferry poor.

Teig. Dar is a help for dat, for de Shantelman dat has de Eſtate, fill be the Officer de firſt, and de Preiſts advice dem to it, for do dey buy de Plaaſhes, 'tis no more den half value, and you Shentelmans that cannot get de Money, muſt ſtay till more Company be maaking — Beſides dis fill maake People liſt demſhelves de batter.

Der. Fat do you ſay to does Shantelmans dat are ſent for from *Franee*, and *Spain*, demanded over upon Pain of Excomunication? Each Man muſt have twenty Crowns Advance, to bring dem over, and de Commiſſion as ſoon as dey come into dis Country. — de Provincial of de Jeſuit taake Care for dis, and return de Mony.

Sul. But fill der be Waacancies for all dat come over?

Teig. You do not know, but let us get them in de Kingdom firſt, for de Commiſſion they muſt waite, as fell as de toder Shentelmans, But for de Mony dat is fery true, der is a great deale of Mony's raiſed by de Tenants, Shentelmans and Merchants of dis Country for dat Purpoſe.

Enter Expreſs, His Garaſh de Lord Tirconnel *be after coming to de Camp.*

Der. We muſt all go wait and look upon his Graaſhes face.

Exeun:

SCENE Changes to the Firſt.

Enter Goodman, Servewel *and* Granade.

Good. Sergeant *Tompſon* is a pleaſant Fellow, He ſpeaks to them in their own Dialect; did you ſee how he joqued on the *Iriſh* Men?

Gran. I am Confident, he had as willing take our word as their Money.

Ser.

Ser. He ſhall looſe nothing by his Civility.

Good. Well, Gentlemen, 'tis expected the Lord Deputy will be in the Camp this afternoon, his Equipage is come already.

Gran. The Camp is already compleat, all Troopes both Horſe and Foot are Incampt.

Ser. Were times as they have been, there is nothing more pleaſant than being in a Camp, every one enjoying his Friends a Month or two, and then for Quarters.

Gran. I muſt take the other Walk, but what I have ſeen already is very diverting, all things are a great Novelty the firſt Sight. ——

Guns Fire.

Hark, what makes the *Gunns* fire?

Good. Tis the Lord Deputy, our great *Tirconnel* and General, This is to compliment his ſafe Arrival to the Camp.

Serv. Tis no matter if he had never come! He is none of our Friend.

Good. Friend; No, of all the People in this Kingdom, we are the Men that are moſt pointed at; an *Engliſh Man* and a *Proteſtant*, ſtinks in their Noſtrills, they have little leſs than ſaid ſo.

Gran. 'Tis well if the *Engliſh* Men do not make them ſtink above ground, for all they are ſo Cock-ſure, and I my ſelf hope to curb their Inſolence: What a parcel of Scalogues are waiting for Waacancies? I that have purchaſs'd my Employment by Sweat and Blood; paſt thro' the Dangers of Foreign Campagnes, muſt come here to be pointed at: Well, if I do but once get clear of them, I'll ſo ſtick on their skirts, that I'll make their hearts ake. — My Trade now begins again. —— If I can but get a parcel of Boys at my Back, this Kingdom ſhall not be Loſt. —— *Englands* Cauſe I'll Protect.

Serv. Well, They have a fine Flouriſhing Time of it, but there may be a day of Reckoning, and they pay dearly for their Sawcineſs.

Good. Come let nothing trouble us, I hope to ſee a Glorious Army of *Engliſh* in this Kingdom, that will ſcour their Jackets, then hey Brother *Teigue*, for Woods and Bogs.

Serv. Have you ſeen the Fine *Maſs-Houſe*? And how diligent the *Iriſh* Officers are in Marching their Men every Morning to Maſs?

Gran. I have ſeen it; But what do you ſay to the Prince of *Wales*'s Picture on Horſeback, Fifteen Years Old; the number of Shops with Beads and Crucifixes, Books for New Converts?

Good. Well this will not laſt always: 'Tis Reported, there are ſad Grumblings in *England*, to ſee how unkind the King is to his Brothers Old Soldiers, and to put this Kingdom into the *Iriſh* hands, which coſt *England* ſo much Blood and Treaſure, and for Twelve Years, a continued War to Retrive it, as in the Late Rebellion in Forty One.

Gran. Come let us take a Walk, and learn what News *Tirconnel* has brought with him; we ſhall ſee him ſhining in Gold, with his Generals Staff in his Hand: But all this will not put one jot more of Mettle in his Countreymens Hearts, than they uſed to have.

Great Englands *Fame, ſhall yet in Glory ſhine,*
And Teigue *and* Monſieur, *at her Bliſs repine,*
Mortbleu *and* Hubbabo *in Pleaſant Conſort joyn.*

Exeunt.

SCENE, The *Iriſh* Camp.

Trumpets and Kettle-Drums.

Enter Tirconnel, *with a Grey Coat all bedaub'd with Gold Lace, a General's Staff in his Hand*; Hamilton, *with a Silver Laced Coat*, Sheldon, Maccartie *and* Dorrington.

Tir. I have ſufficiently repreſented your Loyalty, Courage and Service to his Majeſty, but eſpecially this laſt time I was in *England*: 'Twas not long before their Majeſties took their Progreſs to viſit St. *Winifred*, the Place they call *Holy Well*, in *Wales*, where their Majeſties paid their Devotion. —— The King was exceedingly well pleaſed, with the Account I gave him, in the Forwardneſs and Zeal you have for the Cauſe; for as ſoon as I came to *London*, and went to wait on his Majeſty, unexpectedly I was Introduc'd before the Secret Council, preſent the King, the Queen, his Holyneſs, the Popes Nuntio, *French* Ambaſſador, Lord Chancelour, and Father *Peters*: At Kiſſing his Majeſty's hand, he gently rais'd me up, and kindly Embrac'd me, and ſaid, *Wellcome, Wellcome, ever Faithful* Tirconnel: The Queen roſe from her Seat, and with a gentle Bow, grac'd me with her Hand, and ſaid, *Wellcome*, Tirconnel, *Champion of the* Iriſh *Nation*: The Pope's Nuntio, *French* Ambaſſador, *&c.* Congratulated my Safe Arrival. —— The Council being Sat, I gave them a full Account, both of the Affected and Diſaffected of this Kingdom, and what Alterations

terations I had made in the Civil and Military Affairs. I let them know the exact Method agreed on in our Council, and how Ready the Clergy and *Roman* Catholick Party was to forward his Majesty's Interest: That a Considerable Bank of Money was already given: I let them know what Methods were used to make the whole Kingdom Soldiers, for as I purg'd and turn'd out the *Protestant* Soldiers, I took in Lusty Brave Fellows of our Countrey; Fitting to make Officers, as their shou'd be occasion; and when that was done, and they Train'd up for Six Months, I Erected a Standard, the Pikemen to be Six Foot, Musqueteers Five Foot and a half, which made all the Captains to Unlist, and take in others. —— I let them know, that we had sent our Circular Letters to the Clergy in Foreign Parts, to send over all Experienc'd Men of this Countrey, where they should be Provided for, and Twenty Crowns Allowance for each Man, to bear their Charges, to be remitted by the Provincial of the Jesuits, and not a Farthing charge to the King; all which Account they were highly pleas'd with; and after some other Questions ask'd me, I withdrew.

Mac. We must own all this, to be great Service done to the Kingdom in general; and certainly, the King must needs have a great mind to see some of our Regiments in *England*; such Fine Men as we have, especially the Regiment of Foot Guards; Where is there such in *Europe*, for well proportion'd, and good Disciplin'd Soldiers? They were run down extreamly, by the *Protestant* Party in King *Charles* the 2d's Time, but his Present Majesty was not of their Opinion. —— I remember a Discourse happened about our Countreymen, that they were not Soldiers worth the Lifting, in their own Countrey, as in the late Wars of *Forty One*, they were commonly Worsted by half the number of *English*.

Ham. The Reason of that was, they were not well provided; the *English*, had then the great Magazeens of the Kingdom; they had *Dublin*, *London-Derry*, &c. They were supply'd out of *England* with all Necessaries, which is the greatest Encouragement to a Soldier; they were well Paid, and well Cloath'd; but for our Men, they were New Raised, and Newly brought off the Mountains, and put on Service immediately, without any thing proper for them. —— But now the Case is different, good Officers, good Commanders, they have good Provisions for Back and Belly, much Superiour to what they had in the late War. You shall see, how our Brave Soldiers will cut in Pieces those Shriveling Diminitive Fellows, as many of your *English* are, you shall see, after a Campagne or two, how they will behave themselves. They

are to my knowledge, as good Men as are in the World, in other Countreys, and I know no Reaſon, but they ſhou'd be the ſame in their own.

Dor. This I can ſay for them, they want for no Encouragement to make them good Soldiers, they are as Tractable, and as eaſie to be Taught as any Men whatſoever; and I am aſſured they'll do the King good Service, at whatſoever Time they are put upon Tryal.

Shel. I could wiſh with all my Heart, that the Kings Army on *Hounſlow-Heath*, was all ſuch, and all of a piece, then there wou'd be no cauſe of Jealouſie.

Tir. Gentlemen, this is the way, keep them to their Exerciſe and good Diſcipline, that when they are call'd for *England*, and view'd by the King, they may appear to be in every thing as the King expects them; 'Twill be for my Honour, your Credit, and the Soldiers Preferment. You ought to appear better than thoſe Troops in *England*, by reaſon you have much the Advantage; they in *England* have none but ſuch as Voluntarily take up Arms, but for your part, you have the Flower of the Kingdom. —— There is not a Man dare go to Maſs, that is a Brisk Fellow, but muſt ſhow a Cirtificate to the Prieſt, that he is liſted under one Captain or another, in ſuch and ſuch a Regiment, and be ready at a days warning: I can have Thirty, nay, Forty Thouſand Men, at what time I pleaſe, by this way of Management, all their Names are Regiſtred. This was a Stratagem of my Lord Primate *Macquire*, who will ſend me in a Months time, a Roll of as many more, Certifyed by the Clergy of each Dioceſs.

Ham. I am of the opinion, that your Excellency has taken the beſt Courſe to ſecure this Kingdom, for ever being again poſſeſt by the *Engliſh* Nation, or that they ſhall ever come again in Competition with us; and Gentlemen, yet a little while, and we ſhall all be Lords of this Holy Iſle of *Ireland*.

Tir. You ſee the great Concern we are about, and how all things do work for our good, next to a Miracle: How we have Retriev'd our Antient Kingdom of *Ireland*, without any Bloodſhed, which makes our Cauſe the more Glorious: We are, in a manner, Maſters of the whole, Encourag'd by His Majeſty, who is our Rightful Soveraign, Trac'd all along from *Fergus* the Great, ſome Thouſands of Years paſt: And wonderfully we have Reſcu'd this Antient Nation, out of the Hands and Oppreſſion of the *Engliſh*: I am ſure his Majeſty will Reſtore the whole Kingdom to their Former Rights and Priviledges; beſides, here is the Extirpation of Hereſie, and the bringing them in again into the Boſom of Mother Church, which the King of all Things prizes moſt; and Happy are

we

we that are under ſo Pious a King, and ſo Gracious a Queen: I'll now give my Orders, for the whole Army to Exerciſe.

Trumpets and Kettle Drums Sound.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to ſeveral Cabbins by a Wood Adjoyning to a Bogg.

Enter Teigue *Dancing and Wrigling his Body, leading in an* Iriſh *Woman with a Kerchief on her head, and a Mantle pin'd about her Shoulders.* Fingall *Dance.*

Teig. By my Goſſips hand, Goſſip *Nora*, de day is our owns, and fee fill maake de dance, and den Goſſip *Nora*, dou and my ſhelf fill go home fid me, eat dy fill of Peaſe, Bread, and Ruſcaan Butter.

They Dance, and at the end of the Dance, the Woman goes away. Dermot *comes Running in, ſetting up the* Iriſh *Cry,* Hub-bub-boo, Who-la-loo.

Der. By my Fait, *Teigue* Joy, the Micharr of a Troopart, did maake Force my Fadders Houſe, and did taake de Faſteen fair white Egg, and de dainty fine Yellow Bacoan; he did bate my Wife, and did trow her down ſtairs, and did call her a Feiſting, Farting, Stinking Shaad, and if dou did but ſee her A —— and her Shouldar, as blaake as de Brogue on dy foots; *Hub-bub-boo, Who la-loo,* (clapping his hands) *Hub-bub-boo, Who-la-loo,* I fill maake de ſpaake to hiſh Graaſh.

Teigue. Fait, de Trooparr fill not care. ——

Makes a F — with his Mouth.

Fen he has eaten de Faſteen Egg, and de Bacoan, He will maake de Fornication upon dy Wife.

Der. I fill run home, and fill put my Wife in de Prieſts Shamber and ſhe ſhall lye dare all de day and all de Night.

Offers to go out, Teigue *takes him by the Sleeve.*

Teig. But pray Cozen *Dermot*, fy all dis Haſte? By my Fait, Deer Joy, I do let de Trooparr ly wid my Wife in de bad, he does ly at de one ſide, and my ſelf ly at de toder

ſide, and my wife do lye in de middle ſide; for ſen I do go out to work in de cold Morning, to thraaſh my Corne, he doth cover her, and keep my Wife fery faarme, and ſhe does get leave to get up, and look after de Houſe, and ſen de Trooparr do get up, he does go and bring home de Seep and de Muck, and de Shucking Pigg, and we do Eat togeder, and do Sleep togeder, and no body do taake any ting from me, de Trooparr does taake care of every ting; you be de great Fool to put your Wife in de Prieſt ſhamber, the Trooparr be wort an hundred of the Prieſt.

Der. Arrah Joy, Cozen *Teigue*, fill you let de Trooparr lye at my Houſe, and keep my Wife faarme in de Cold Morning.

Teig. No fait Dear Joy, dou ſalt not have my Trooparr, my Wife do like him fery fell, and I am fery glad for it; get you anoder Trooparr, you ſhall not have my Trooparr.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to the Firſt.

Enter Goodman, Servewell *and* Granade

Gran. Pray Gentlemen, How did you like this days Exerciſe, Was it not well perform'd?

Good. They did their Buſineſs too well, and not at all to my likeing.

Serv. But how ſo many of them, that cannot ſpeak a word of *Engliſh*, ſhou'd ſo exactly perform their Exerciſe?

Gran. This is a New way, which I never ſaw before; that of Silent Exerciſe, by Beat of Drum, is nothing to it. By the Waft of the Colours on yonder Hill, the General Exerciſes a whole Army together; 'tis indeed very fine.

Good. This is, as I ſuppoſe, what *Tirconnel* ſaw perform'd before the King at *Hounſlow-heath*: What a Number of Citizens and Countrey People were Spectators? They little think all this is intended for their Deſtruction. The ſting lies in the Tail.

Gran. Theſe Crouds is uſual at any Publick Shows, but as you ſay, *Goodman*, the ſting lies in the Tail; let them but read the Wars of Forty One, and there they may ſee what they have to truſt to: 'Tis reported, on *Wedneſday* next, the taking of *Buda* will be Performed; which will be after this manner, The Army to be divided in two Lines, One of them ſuppos'd to be *Chriſtians*, the other *Turks*.

Serv. Not to Interrupt you, Pray what ſide is *Tirconnel* of?

Gran. Why? What ſide would you have him to be, but on the Great *Turks* ſide? We'll make him *Grand Vizier*, I am ſure he's big enough.

Good.

Good. And who is the Duke of *Lorrain.*

Gran. You may be, if you will, *Laughing.*

Prithee let me go on with my Diſcourſe, as I had it from an *Iriſh* Officer, who pretends to be my Coſen; both Lines are to be Cannon Shot diſtance, the Field Pieces to be continually Firing, and Advancing nearer and nearer, plac'd in the Intervals of the Battallions; a Cloſe Engagement follows; the *Turks* give way; the *Chriſtians* beat the *Turks* from all their Poſts; the *Grand Vizier* and *Baſhaues*, are forced to Retreat; the Storming of *Buda* ſucceeds, the *Chriſtians* three times beaten off, the Standard of the *Turks*, obſerv'd to be three times knock'd down, by our Artillery; a great Shout from the *Chriſtians*; the Fourth Attack, the *Imperialiſts* prevale, and Poor *Buda* is taken by Storm.

Serv. And when all is done, there is not a Soldier in the Camp, will eat his Supper a bit the worſe.

Good. Now for our Private Affairs, what News from *England.*

Gran. Some whiſpering, as tho' there were ſome Troops to go for *England*; That the King is more and more violently Zealous in ſetting up Popery, Influenc'd by the Queen, Father *Peters*, &c. bringing *Quo Warranto's*, againſt the Charters of ſeveral Corporations, making them Void: Setting up Schools of Jeſuits: Publick Maſs-Houſes: Great Endeavours for Reforming the Univerſity of *Oxford*, eſpecially *Magdalin Colledge*: Great Encouragement given to all Proſelites; no Man miſſing of Employment that will turn *Papiſt.*

Serv. All theſe things are compleated here already; *Popery* runs on like a Deluge; No appearance of Help, for ſince *Monmouths* Overthrow, all fears are taken away, and every thing appears bare-fac'd; and except that Great Providence aſſiſt us, as it did at this time One Hundred Years; * We are in a fair way to come to Fire and Faggot.

* *Which was in Q.* Eliz's *Time of ever bleſſed Memory.* 1588

Gran. They have a great Work yet to do; they muſt Reform the Army in *England*, and make them *Roman* Catholicks, as they have done here, before they are ſure of their Game; which I am of belief, they will find a difficult matter.

Good. But pray tell me, What was the Reaſon, the other day, for our ſigning a Paper for ſo much Money? They told me it was for the poor *Iriſh* Prieſts and Friers, that are ſwarming from *France* and *Spain.*

Serv. I am told, 'Twas towards Building a Religious Houſe at *Kildare*, in memory of Retrieving of this Kingdom from the Oppreſſion of the *Engliſh*, that has ſo many years

been Involv'd in Hereſie, and over-run with Hereticks.

Grah. Well, if that be the buſineſs, we'll hope for the beſt ſtill; let us take a Walk, and learn what is doing; we may chance to hear ſome News in the Generals Quarters, that may be Edifying.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes again to the Second.

Enter Teigue, Dermot, O'Sulivan, *with a Snuff Horn in his hand, giving them Snuff.*

Sul. Pox taake it, I have not de fortune to be wid his Graaſh ſo ſoon as your ſhelfe; Ah, and a Pox taake des Cows, and des Seep and five *Mucke, to maake de piece of Money to buy de *Engliſh* Cloaths, I have been dis ſeven days to learn to wear de *Engliſh* Brogue, for day tell me, his Graaſh *Tirconnel*, fill not let de Officer go in Brogue, or be in his Shamber, wearing de *Iriſh* Brogue, fait Joy, he has been after wearing dem himſelf.

* Hogs.

Teig. Cozen *O'Sulivan*, I'll be after telling dee de Raiſon, de *Iriſh* Brogue carry de ill ſmell wid dem; you muſt not ſhit down on your two knuckle-bones, and pull off your Brogue by de fire; never waſh your ſtockins till day be worne out; you muſt be ſwheet and neat, as you ſee others; eſpecially when you go into his Graaſhes Preſhance Shamber: But Cozen, Fy did not you maake Haaſt? Firſt come, firſt ſherv'd; His Graaſh de Lord *Tirconnel* has great kindneſs for does dat be after firſt come.

Sul. No Body ſpaake, but day did ferry fell, for demſhelves, and I fill be after doing fell for my ſhelf.

Teig. But Cozen *Dermot*, dou haſht de good Relaſhon, and I know dou wilt have de Plaaſh, ſen oders ſhall have no Plaaſh; dy Fadders Broder, *Shan-Duffe-O'Neil*, and Captain *Manus Macmohon* be dy good Relaſhon, day be de great Mans now.

Der. I have bin wid dem; dat which Plaagues me is, day tell me, and by my Troate, day do ſay, der fell be no Waacancy, unleſs I be after buy de Plaaſh, and I have a Shoul to be ſhaved, I fell be after keeping my Cow and my Seep, and twenty Ewe Lamb, but I fill be going home: How ſall I be getting de Money to maake de Waacancy?

Teig. I'll tell de, dou not maake de trouble, dou art de Shentleman of good Family, a By-blow of one of de *O'Neils*, dy Fadder is a Prieſt, and dou wilt not want Money, de main Ting is to get ſome of dy Fellowers to be dy Soldiers, to ſerve de King and de good Lord *Tirconnel*.

Der.

Der. Who-bub-boo, I can be after maaking twenty thirty of my Fadders and my followers, dat fell go wid me tro de World.

Teig. But however, de beſt way is to buy, dy Fadder knows how fery fell, to get de Money, and in one or two year, dy Fadder, fill have de Money again, I'll ſend de to One dat has de Waacancy, and ware dou maake de ſpaake wid him.

Der. What Plaaſh, what Waacancy Cozen *Teigue.*

Teig. A fery good Plaaſh, he Marſhes at the Head of a Company wid a Pike.

Der. Dear Joy, Dat is not de Plaaſh I wou'd be after maaking.

Teig. What Plaaſh is it, dou wilt be maaking? Is it to carry de Colours, dat is Enſigne.

Der. No dat is not his Naame.——

Scratches his Head.

'tis anoder Plaaſh I wou'd have.

Teig. Is it to be a Captain, Leiutenant, Collonel, Adjutant, Quarter-Maſter, Major?

Der. Ay, ay, ay, dat be it, a Maajor, ride up and down wid a great Stick, beate de Souldier, *Rogue, Son of a Whore, make even your Rank you* Dog; Arrah Joy, I wou'd be after maaking de fery good Maajor.

Teig. Shaame on dy Potato Head, dou a Maajor, come Cozen *Dermot*, let a Maajors Plaaſh alone, content dy ſhelf wid a Lieutenants Poſt, fell coſt de but little Money; Taake dis Paper dou muſt be very private; he is one dat would not have it known; I can tell dee, dare is many about it.

Gives Dermot *a Letter.*

Exeunt.

SCENE, Changes to the Firſt.

Enter, Goodman, Servewell, Granade.

Gran. Now Gentlemen, you ſhall know the Trueſt News that is ſtirring; Affairs are for the moſt part, very ſtill in *England*, only the King, as is reported, is very often diſturbed, in that he does not puſh on the Catholick Cauſe faſter, but it cannot be deny'd, but that the Eccleſiaſtical Court is forward enough; great Threats are made againſt the Worthy Doctor, who had his Reſidence in *Holland*, for Writing againſt the Papacy, He has been three or four times ſent for.

Ser. What would they do with him, if they had him in *England.*

Gran. That they know beſt, He is better where he is; the beſt of it is, he does not care a Pin for them, or what the Jeſuits in *England* can do. —— One thing I had almoſt forgot, the Toſſing the Mayor of *Scarborough* in a Blanket: He that did it is an Officer in the Army.

Good. Was he not ſent for, or turn'd out, for doing ſo rude a thing at ſuch a Juncture of Time?

Gran. Sent for he was, but thought it not proper to go, but inſtead of going to *London*, he took a trip to *Holland*, where ought to be the place of our Reſidence, if we mean good to our ſelves; but however, 'tis well enough, and ſhews our Army in *England*, are not ſo well pleaſed with the Growth of Popery as ſome think: Several Conſiderable Officers have been Cloſited of late, and the Jeſuits are hard at work, how to bring about the Reformation of the Army in *England*, as *Tirconnel* as done in *Ireland* (the Papiſts call it his Maſter Piece) which can no way be done, but by getting Soldiers out of this Kingdom, altho' ſomething may be done in *England*, as the Lord *Moullineux* in *Cheſhire*, who is a Popiſh Lord, and ſome others, are Raiſing Regiments, but that makes too great a Noiſe; another time, 'twas diſcours'd to ſend *Engliſh* Regiments for *Ireland*, and there disband them, and *Iriſh* for *England*, but that was not thought ſafe; but this is certain, ſeveral of our Forces here, go for *England*, as ſo on as the Camp breaks up. —— Stand aſide, Here is an *Iriſh* Gentleman coming in to buy my Poſt, I expected him theſe two days.

Goodman *and* Servewell *draw off.*

Enter Dermot, *Cringing and Bowing.*

Der. Shave you Sir, Is not your Naame? Looke upon dis Paper.

Granade *Looks.*

Gran. At your Serviee Mr. *Scalogue.*

Der. I have dis Paper to give dee, and my Cozen *Teigue* did ſand me to dee, dat dou haſt a Waacancy.

Gran. I know of no Waacancy, but if thou haſt Money, I can tell thee where thou may'ſt purchaſe a Poſt in a Regiment.

Der. How much Money, Dear Joy?

Gran. For Three Years Purchaſe, Dear Joy.

Der. Arrah, Fat is dat?

Gran. Three Hundred Pounds.

Der.

Der. Who-bub-boo, fare fell I beget de Money? Three Hundred Pounds! Fill you take Four Twenties?

Holds up his Four Fingers.

Gran. I'd rather ſee thee Hang'd, and all thy Generation.

Der. Pray, Dear Joy, do not maake de angry upon me; Fell dou taake ſome Sneezing?

Pulls out a Fig Horn.

I fell give de Five Twenty Pounds.

Holds up his Five Fingers.

Dat is an Hundred Pound in de good *Engliſh* Money; Fait taake it, I fell be after giving it dee, fait, taake it.

Gran. Since there is an Order to ſell for half Value, and for ſake of thy Coſen *Teigue*, he ſhall ſee I am in earneſt with thee, thou ſhalt have it for an Hundred and Fifty Pounds; and I'll tell thee moreover, I'll give thee this Scarlet Coat into the Bargain, and as much Sneezing as thou canſt carry on thy Back.

Der. Dat is a great deal of Sneezing. — But dou muſt be reaſhonable wid a poor Shentleman; If dou canſt taake it, I fell give it dee; if dou cannot taake it, I muſt ſheek ſome Oder for de Waacancy; my ſhelf, and my Coſen *Teigue*, fell come to dee, de Morrow Morning; *Slan lat, Slan lat.*

Exit Dermot.

Good. A very Pleaſant Diſcourſe you have had; when you was talking of giving your Scarlet Coat, you ſhou'd have added your Hat and Feather; How prittily Mr. *Scalogue* would have appear'd in your Garb? What a delicate Figure he would have made?

Gran. The Truth of it is, I ſhall not meet with ſuch another Chapman, but that I have a great mind to ſee what will become of this change of Affairs.

Serv. I admire how theſe poor Sneezing Merchants come by their Hundred Pounds, for to my knowledge, moſt of them never exceeded above a Cow or two, and a Potato Garden.

Good. Well, But to our Diſcourſe. — You aſſure us, by the Intelligence vou have, that there will be Forces going out of this Kingdom.

Serv. I with to God, we may be of thoſe Regiments that go.

Gran. 'Tis certain they'll go, and that ſpeedily, ſome of us are ſure to go ; Now to the Coffee-Houſe, and hear what that ſays.——

Claps Goodman *on the Back.*

We the Laurells *will Pull, and give them the* Bays.

Exeunt.

Enter Tirconnel, Hamilton, Maccarty.

Ham. How did your Excellency like yeſterdays Exerciſe? How much is it ſhort of *Hounſlow?*

Tir. They did this, and that before, to a Miracle ; it ſhall not be many days, before the King have an Account of it : *Hounſlow* People are Fools to us, you are the Men of the World. Ye are appointed to be the Scourge of the Hereticks ; and for what I know, may be ſet on the Pinnacle of Preferment, and Govern the Three Nations. —— I am ſure of this, if the King can have it ſo, 'twill be ſo ; and when 'tis accompliſhed, you will have the proud *Engliſh*, to be your Slaves ; the Nobility of *Ireland*, the Brave Soldiers of *Ireland*, muſt do the work ; and to my knowledge, there are Medals of Gold preparing, which are to be Conſecrated by his Holyneſs, the Popes Nuntio, and Father *Peters*, and be given to thoſe that ſhall perform any ſignal Service. —— The taking of *Buda* was performed with great Life, —— It ſhews the Activity and Forwardneſs of our Countrey-Men. —— One thing I muſt acquaint you with, from his Majeſty, That as many *Proteſtant* Officers hereafter, as have a mind to Sell their Employments, may have leave; for ſeveral that were turn'd out, went for *England*, and Petition'd, Repreſenting their Hardſhip, and the King was in ſome meaſure, obliged to ſatisfie them ; but it muſt be with my Approbation.

Mac. If that be allow'd, your Excellency need not queſtion but you will be ſoon eas'd of them, for they are all ſick of the Service, as we are ſick of theirs.

Ham. Pray my Lord what Account had you by the laſt Pacquet you Receiv'd out of *England.*

Tir. All well, I had a large Epiſtle from Father *Peters*, that all things went proſperouſly on. The Eccleſiaſtical Court was very zealous for his Majeſty ; *Magdalin Colledge*, was at laſt poſſeſt by our Clergy, but the Old Fellows were ſo Obſtinate, that they were driven out by his Majeſty's ſpecial Command. All that is on foot now, in the Secret Council, is to Purge the Army in *England*, and to make them as we are here, and great

Encou-

Encouragement to thoſe that ſhould be brought over to the True Catholick Faith. —— There is another Stratagem going on to get ſome of our Soldiers, if poſſible, into the *Engliſh* Regiments. —— I have ſent within theſe two Months, Three Hundred, to try what can be done in this weighty Affair, Twenty of which are Young Jeſuits, all gone by twos and threes, from all Parts of this Kingdom, to be ready in *London*, and other Places againſt the next Muſter, to be put into the Army, whom I have Recommended to ſeveral Catholick Captains and Officers, who are made privy to the Deſign. —— I expect in a Poſt or two, to know how it takes, which if well, I have Twenty Thouſand at this time ready; and amongſt the many Inſtructions and Advices of the French King, this is one, *For his Majeſty to make a Purgation in* England, *as I have done in this Kingdom*; and I am aſſur'd, King *James* will hold his Council as Sacred, and follow his Advice to a Tittle.

Enter an Expreſs, and delivers a Letter;

Hamilton *and* Maccarty, *in Private Diſcourſe, whilſt* Tirconnel *Reads.*

Ham. This is an *Engliſh* Pacquet.

Mac. I long to hear what News from *England*.

Ham. I fear things are not right, his Excellency uſes to ſhow a Smiling Countenance, when good News comes.

Mac. 'Tis impoſſible there ſhou'd be bad News from his Majeſty; for wiſe heads we have enough, eſpecially the Jeſuite Party: He has alſo the *French* King, and the Cabinet Council to Inſtruct him in matters of Difficulty.

Ham. That indeed is my great Dependance, for ſince *Monmouth* is taken off, all Fears and Jealouſies are laid aſide.

Mac. His Excellency has done Reading; we muſt be ſilent.

Tir. The Placing of our Countrymen in the *Engliſh* Regiments will not do, they are mightily averſe to it, particularly the Duke of *G* —— who is Collonel of the Foot Guards; he has given ſtrict Orders to his Captains, to turn out any *Iriſh* Man, that ſhall be Entertain'd in the Regiment, be he never ſo proper luſty Fellow: He bids, ſend them to *Tirconnel*, for ſays he, if *Tirconnel* would not let any *Engliſh Proteſtant* be in the Regiments of *Ireland*, but turn'd them out, 'tis juſt and reaſonable, we ſhould do the ſame by them here; beſides he laughs and jears, and ſays, *He'll have none of* Tirconnels *Cow Boys*.

Mac. Cow Boys, whom does he call Cow Boys? The

Kings Valiant Voluntiers; Marry, Shame on his Face, for I am ſure, did the King but ſee us, and our Regiments, compar'd to the *Engliſh* Regiments, he'd ſoon tell you, who lookt moſt like Cow Boys.

Tir. The King has a great mind to remove him, but that will not be well taken in the Army; the Duke of *G* —— is very well belov'd; beſides, the King has ſome kindneſs for him, on the account that he ſtood ſo ſtifly for him, in the Buſineſs of the *Weſt* againſt *Monmouth*. —— I have yet further News, I am ordered to break up Camp, to ſend with all Expedition, four Regiments for *England*; I have expected this for ſome time, and have ſet down thoſe Regiments which I deſign to Embark, to wit, One Battallion of the Foot Guards, under the Command of Collonel *William Dorrington*; You Collonel *Richard Hamilton*, with your Regiment of Dragoons; the Truth of it is, Brother *Hamilton*, I can very ill ſpare you, for you are my Right Hand in all my Affairs, eſpecially that relating to the Army; but the King will want ſo ſtanch a Man in this Juncture, and has perticularly commanded me to ſend you; the next Regiment is the Lord *F* —— and the Regiment commanded by Collonel *Anthony Hamilton*. ——.

Knock with his Foot.

Enter an Attendant.

Go and bid Sr. *William Ellis* come preſently hither.

Exit Attendant.

I muſt have all the Soldiers Cloaths and Accoutrements kept Clean, eſpecially the Regiment of Guards, for they will be moſt in the Kings Eye, and Quarter'd in *London*, and Mount Guard at *Whitehall*.

Enter Sr. *William Ellis*, Secretary of State.

Let there be Orders immediately diſpatch'd, for Decamping Tents, and other things carefully laid up in the Stores.

Exit Sr. *William.*

Ham. Will not your Excellency raiſe ſome more Forces, in the room of thoſe you ſend away? There will be but few remaining, and many of them not ſtanch neither; when we are gone, you ought to have a watchful eye; you know this

this City of *Dublin*, is not without their Grumbling, and 'tis judg'd, can raiſe Ten Thouſand well Armed Men; 'twill be great Confidence indeed to keep this City in awe, and the Countrey beſides, with five or ſix Regiments of Men.

Tir. I intend to raiſe, in the Room of theſe I ſend away, four Regiments, and becauſe 'twill be unſeemly that our Men ſhou'd embark without Arms, the King has ordered Five Thouſand ſtand of Arms, to be ſent from the *Tower* of *London*, in room of theſe I ſend away.

Mac. Whom does your Excellency deſign for *Collonels?*

Tir. The Lord *Gormonſton*, for the Province of *Leinſter*; Sr. *Valentine Brown*, for the Province of *Munſter*; the Lord *Galway*, the Earl of *Clanricard*'s youngeſt Son, for the Province of *Connaugh*; and the Earl of *Antrim* for the Province of *Ulſter*. Gentlemen, I hope I ſhall ſee you in *Dublin* in a day or two, the Orders are drawing for the Army to March to their Reſpective Quarters; all but ſuch as I ſhall appoint to Embark for *England*.

Exeunt.

Enter Goodman, Servewell *and* Granade.

Enter a Livery Man, and delivers a Letter to Granade.

Gran. Stay without Friend, and I'll ſend an anſwer.

Exit Liveryman.

Granade, Reads, puts it up.

This from my Fair *Lucretia*, impatient for my Return, Seal'd Contracts have paſs'd between us never to be undone.

(*Aſide*)

Good. Come *Granade*, leave off this dull Buſineſs of reading Letters, 'tis I'll warrant from ſome ſhe Friend, complaining of your long Abſence.

Gran. I have done, come to the Purpoſe.

Good. There is ſome Deviliſh thing or another in the Wind, altho we have it not in the Coffee-Houſe, as alſo the Decamping the Army, half the time ſooner than we us'd to do.

Gran. The Order for Marching and Embarking ſeveral Regiments for *England* holds true; ſomething more I have been inform'd, that the Princeſs of *Orange*, has been ſent for, and a Yatch prepared for that Purpoſe; and altho ſhe loves her Fa-

ther very well, yet in the main, ſhe has excus'd her ſelf, in not going. Now by conſent, let us get leave to go for *Dublin*, where we ſhall hear all the Intreagues that are going, I am ſure to have as good Intelligence as is in the Caſtle of *Dublin*.

Serv. We all agree to it, and like the motion extream well.

Exeunt.

ACT. IId.

SCENE Changes to *Dublin-Caſtle.*

Enter Tirconnel, Hamilton, Maccarty, Dorrington, Sheldon.

Tir. Our greateſt Care and Concern, is to ſend our Troopes with all Expedition for *England*, well Equipt and in good Order, they'll be pleaſing to the King, and all that ſee them, that are of the Kings Intereſt.

Ham. But with ſubmiſſion to your Excellencies better Judgment, my Opinion is otherwiſe, That they will be acceptable to his Majeſty, and thoſe of his Friends; no man Queſtions that part: But how acceptable will they be to the Nation in general? The People of *England* being always jealous of an Army, even of their own Countreymen, much more thoſe of a ſtrange Nation. —— They'll look on them as ſtrange, as if they came from the *Indies*; they'll imagine, when they hear our Men jabber *Iriſh*, *the Bloody Iriſh*, they call us, they'll preſently think their Throats will be cut.

Tir. The King does not much value their Fears, if he can but get the Work done he is compleating, for we know it is againſt their Hearts Blood, to have a Standing Army in time of Peace. —— The King, you muſt know, is now working, to make himſelf as Abſolute, as the French King is, to command the Purſes of his Subjects; and tho the Charge and Expence of maintaining an Army, be for the moſt part out of his own Pocket; yet I hope that in a ſhort time, he'll be in a condition to make them Refund, and pay all his Charges, make a good Proviſion for a Standing Army, and none to be employ'd but Catholicks, whereof the Gentry of *Ireland*, will be in the Firſt Rank of his Loyal Subjects.

Mac. As to this Kingdom, there has been a kind of Averſion between an *Iriſhman* and an *Engliſhman*, as there is between the Conquerer and Conquered; the *Engliſh* have all along

along look'd upon the *Iriſh* to be their Underlings, and we look upon our ſelves, to be as good or better in every reſpect than them; and we cannot but bear them a Secret Grudge, which we hope now to repay to our great Advantage, and their Undoing: We'll ſend them back to their Native Soile, with a Vengeance; How many Thouſands of them, together with Lords and Earls, have for this long time enjoy'd ours, and our Anceſtors Eſtates, Lands of Inheritances, *&c.*

Ham. All now is our own again; their great Men begin to ſcour for it, and you will ſee in a very little time, they'll run out of this Kingdom, faſter than their Fore-Fathers came in; they got our Eſtates hardly, and thoſe that ſucceed them, throw them away as Prodigally: How many of them, that not long ſince, made a great Figure, and pretended to do great matters, are Fled and Gone? Fine Eſtates, Fine Houſes, forſaken and left deſolate, for Us, for Us. ——

Claping Maccarty *on the Shoulder.*

to Poſſeſs, Have, Hold and Enjoy, from this time forth and for Ever. They are gone to complain in *England*, and would have the *Engliſh* to come and Fight us and our Army, to eſtabliſh them again, and bring them home to their Houſes and Eſtates: When that is done, who ſo brisk as they? A Man of a Thouſand Pound *per Annum*, ſhou'd for Conſcience ſake, take to one ſide or another, declare on what ſide they'll be, Heretick or Catholick; they think to ſecure all by doing Nothing.

Tir. 'Tis well it is ſo, or elſe thoſe four or five Regiments, wou'd not be ſufficient to keep this Kingdom in awe; their Fine Eſtates, Fine Houſes, Fine Improvements, would not come ſo eaſie to our ſhare.

Enter the Collonels and Chief Officers that are Commanded for England.

Dor. Theſe Gentlemen and my ſelf, wait to know your Excellencies further Commands: Our Men are all on Shipboard, Horſes and all, ſome of them are Half-Seas over.

Tir. I wiſh you Gentlemen all, a good Voyage, and good Succeſs; you'll want no Encouragement, for I can aſſure you, the King has a more than Ordinary Eſteem for you, and has been extream deſirous to ſee ſome of his *Iriſh* Troops. ——

They all take leave and Depart.

Exeunt, thoſe for England.

You, Brother *Hamilton*, and ſuch of our Friends, as you take to accompany you, ſhall have the Yatch for your Attendance.

Ham. I moſt Humbly thank your Excellency, but before I go away, I make bold to ask, if your Lordſhip have receiv'd lately any thing of Moment, which I beg to know. —— There is a great deal of News flying about the Town, but what comes from your Lordſhip we know is certain.

Tir. There has been another Attempt made, to place our Countreymen in the Duke of *Berwick*'s Regiment, that now lies at *Portſmouth*; but 'twould not take, for both the Major, and five Captains, have abſolutely refus'd it; they declare, they'll all loſe their Commiſſions, their Men are all their own Neighbours, and Tennants Sons, and they'll have no Outlandiſh Men, *Iriſh* Papiſts amongſt them, and thus throughout the whole Army, *We'll have no* Tirconnelling *our Regiments*, cry they, *Bring in* Iriſh *Papiſts, every Muſter, to turn us out, when that is done, the whole Kingdom will be Enſlav'd, by the Tiranny of an* Iriſh *Popiſh Army.* —— Notwithſtanding this great Mutiny, they are all ſent for to *London*, to anſwer a Council of War; Father *Peters*, and the French Ambaſſador, are for having them Shot; Chancellor *J*—— to have them Executed the Weſtern way; but 'tis believ'd they'll be forc'd to take them in, if they come off ſo, and then other Regiments will be obliged to follow their Example, which if we can but bring about, our Buſineſs is done.

Ham. I hope all will do well, my Lord, Time calls me away, Wind and Tide haſtens my Departure.

Take Leave, Sheldon *goes out with him.*

Exeunt, Hamilton *and* Sheldon.

Mac. I do not like a Buſineſs of this kind to be made ſo Publick, cou'd none of thoſe Officers be drawn over with Money, the Never-failing Remedy? Better to have given every Officer Double, nay, Treble Pay, than be thus balk'd: If I had been to Adviſe, I would have had a Private Purſe, to have manag'd in theſe Matters; for if one Regiment cou'd have been prevail'd with, on the Account of a Sum of Money, it is very probable, others would have taken the Bate.

Tir. But the ſting in the Tale of it frighted them, *Feed them two or three Months*, cry they, *to make them the fitter to be hanged or burned for Hereticks.* Beſides they are Men of Eſtates, they are no Mercenary Men, and it is not for Money they ſerve; they'll tell you, *'Tis for Honour, the Good of their Countrey*; and

and beſides, the Parliament ſtands their Friends. —— I receiv-ed ſome little diſſatisfying News the laſt Poſt from the Queen, it was ſent her by the Marquiſs of *D'Abbeville*, our Embaſſa-dour in *Holland*; ſomething of the Prince of *Orange*'s Prepara-tion; and that which is the moſt ſurprizing is, this Winter Seaſon. His Deſigns are not yet known.

Mac. What may your Judgement be of this Preparation, Is it againſt *England* or againſt *France*?

Tir. I think it matters not much, ſince we have the King of *France* on our ſide; but however the King will not be Idle, but be in a readineſs, as well by Sea as Land, and will ſoon equal the *Dutch* Fleet.

Mac. But what if the Army in *England* ſhould Revolt, what Condition would we be in then?

Tir. Let the worſt come to the worſt, our Army here in *Ireland*, which I hope in a little time to make up Fifty or Sixty Thouſand Men, and the Aſſiſtance of *France* and our Confe-derate Party in *England*, together with thoſe in *Scotland*, will be ſo formidable, what Power is there that can ſtand before us? We'll ſoon give *England* their Bellies full; then you'll ſee, how the *Engliſh* Hereticks will go to Pot; we'll curb the Inſolence of thoſe Rebells, by Judges and Juries all Roman Catholicks; We'll ſinge the Hereticks. ——

Enter Sheldon.

Collonel *Sheldon*, Did you ſee my Brother *Hamilton* ſafely Aboard the Yatch?

Shel. I did my Lord, he was ſomething concern'd for leav-ing your Excellency in this great Juncture of Affairs, the ſhort neſs of the Time, gave us no more opportunity, than to drink your and your Counteſſes good Health, to whom he gives his moſt Humble Service; the Yatch was at that time under Sail, and I hope by this time in ſight of the Welch Coaſt.

Tir. I wiſh him, and thoſe Gentlemen along with him, a moſt Happy Proſperous Voyage, and to ſucceed in all their Undertakings; indeed if the King could have ſpar'd him, 'twould have been much better to the Advantage of this Nation. ——

Enter an Expreſs, and delivers it to Tirconnel.

Pauſes a while, Reads out.

This is from Father *Peters*, the King's Confeſſor.

The News we have now, is not of the best, for from Holland, *we have advice, that the Prince of* Orange *is put to Sea, and where he designs to Land is Uncertain; 'tis generally Reported, in some part of the North of* England, *where the King is sending and drawing down his Forces to lye on the Sea Coast: Some little Suspition there is of the Army, as also of the Fleet. —— Affairs are now of a Frowning Aspect: You are Ordered by the King's Commands, to Raise what Forces you possibly can, and Model them as you think fit: Our Cabinet-Counsil is set: I am sent for: I call on the* French *Embassador by the way. Farewell,*

Petre.

Mac. Should any thing interrupt this our great Undertaking, we should be all undone. Our Imployments, our Families and our Cause Ruined; all now depends on your Excellencies Prudent Management. I hope the Prince of *Orange*, has not enter'd into a Combination and Confederacy, with those Stubborn and Rebellious *English* Hereticks, that have been so long a Plague to our Antient Nation.

Tir. 'Tis not to be doubted, but he is in close Leigue with *England*, and Invited over, or else he would not have Ventur'd this Winter Season. The Army, the Fleet, all are suspected to be engaged in this Deep Design: The whole is imputed to the Negligence of our Embassador, the Marquis *D'Abbevile*; he has been so lull'd asleep, by those of that Countrey, and indeed who wou'd have expected this, when we thought the Proud *Hollander* durst not refuse sending over that Reverend Doctor, who has written and affronted the Papacy, when so many Peremptory Letters were sent them; they at the same time, Furnishing Ships to Invade *England*, when we and *France* were in so close Conjunction, and ready to over-run all *Europe*: But I see we are not yet ripe enough, to set up an *English* Inquisition.

Mac. Under Favour, my Lord, the Ecclesiastical Court, has such large Power given them, that they will at last turn to be the High Court of Inquisition.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to a Spacious House.

Enter Leonora, Catherina, Mrs. Matron, *standing at a Distance.* Catherina *with a Letter in her hand.*

Leon. Now Sister, I am sure you are pleased, your Affable Smilling Countenance makes it appear so.

Cath.

Cath. Why ſhould you think ſo? 'Tis nothing but the effects of a pritty Dream, when Sleep had cloſed mine Eyes.

Leon. Pritty Sweet Dream, when Sleep had cloſed mine Eyes! Pritty Sweet Siſter, I know as well as that Candle burns, the reaſon of your being ſo pleaſant; Come, come, you Dream'd of Captain *Servewell*, that he was come to Town, and Careſſing you, ſitting on his knee.

Cath. What if I was, ſo long as there was nothing but what was Honourable This Diſcourſe is Modelled, for no other Purpoſe than to rub you up, and to bring Captain *Goodman* in play, with his Brave Meen, Marching at the head of his Company, how you us'd to pink and wink and ſight the Morning he uſed to Mount the Guard at the Caſtle? Your *Serviture*, always waited on you the day before, purpoſely that you might have the Proſpect of your Dear the next Morning; you never failed to be at the Dining Room Window, to ſee how moſt dextrouſly he was ſet forth to Entertain my Pritty Siſter, *En Paſſant*, and above all other days, your Head and Hair, were ſo Sweetly in Order, that you was a moſt Pritty Charming Angel: His Hat was to the ground, you in return, dropt him a Courteſey in Compliment. when the Show was over, you was brisk and pleaſant, as a New Marryed Bride, with juſt one Nights Taſte of the Pleaſures of Love; When you uſed to wait on my Father, at his getting up that Morning; you ſtill put it on me, I know your meaning as well as your ſelf; If any thing had fallen out croſs, either your Lover did not Mount the Guard, or that you was not at the Window, your Meat did you no Good all that Week; *Lord Bleſs me*, crys my Mother, *this Girl does not eat her Meat*, when all this while, Poor Siſter *Leonora*, was only in a Love Fit.

Leonora *Spies the Letter in* Catherina's *Hand.* —— *Won'd Force it from her.*

Leon. This holding the Letter in her Hand, was purpoſely that I might read the Letter.

Strives to get the Letter from Catherina.

Cath. You ſhall have it indeed Siſter, on the Account you will ſhow me Captain *Goodmans* Letter; indeed Siſter, if I thought you wou'd be ſo rude, you ſhou'd not have ſeen it.

Leon. You ſhall have Captain *Goodmans* Letter, upon my Honour you ſhall have it, and read it.

Cath. There then is Captain *Servewell's* Letter, Read it.

Leonora Reads.

My Fair Catee, *and Beloved* Catherine!

How am I joy'd, with the Thoughts of my Dear Pritty Mistress, Night and Day, Eating and Drinking? ——

Looks off.

Drunk and Sober, He shou'd have said.

My Thoughts are still on my Catee, *and my most Beloved* Catherine

O Delicate and Sweet! Looks off.

My Dear Heart, on Monday *next, at Three in the Afternoon, at Mrs.* Matrons; *My Dear* Catee, *and Beloved* Catherine,

True with All Affectionate Love,

Hen. Servewell.

From the Camp, near the Prince of *Wales*'s Head, joyning to the *Mass-House*.

Laughs Heartily.

These are Mighty Lines indeed: This is my *Servewell* all over: Who wou'd ever Dream, a Girle so Young, shou'd enter into such deep Intreagues already, and now scarce Fifteen?

Laughs.

Cath. Why not I Mrs. *Leonora*, as well as one of Five and Twenty? If they mis-improve their time, must I do so too? I'll get a Lad shall be able to go to the Queens Wars by that time. Come, Come, let me see Captain *Goodmans* Letter, if it be as Learned an Epistle as *Servewell*'s. —— The Letter, the Letter, Sister.

Leon. Before I give you Captain *Goodman*'s Letter, you must come to these several Conditions.

Cath. I did not come to any Conditions with you, when you had my Letter.

Leon. That is because you are a Year Younger than I; this you must be sure to do, whilst you have the commanding Power, never Capitulate or sign Articles, till all Conditions are granted

granted, leſt you come by the worſt. —— I'll be as free as any Girl can be, and I love the Honourable Pleaſing Diverſion of a Gentleman, that I know is my Equal; and this I told Captain *Goodman*, for whom I have a great Eſteem; but if ever he Tranſgreſſed the bounds of Modeſty, or in the leaſt to blemiſh my Honour, I would never look on him more.

Cath. But Siſter, What is this to the Letter?

Leon. Now for Conditions, you muſt keep all Private, in relation to what ſhall paſs between my Captain and me, and I'll do the ſame with you; next, we muſt not truſt our ſelves with Letters of this kind, but burn them immediately, for fear of Diſcovery, for if our Parents ſhould know of them, there would be a foul Houſe. —— The next thing is, there being ſo great Conjunction in our Loves to our Captains, we may have frequent Diſcourſes in private, and make obſervations on thoſe Gentlemen we deſign for Bed and Board. —— Give me your Hand, —— You'll keep all theſe Conditions Inviolable.

Cath. I'll obſerve them all. —— There's my Hand, I'll obſerve them all, and there is a Kiſs to *Servewell*.

Leon. There's my Letter, and a Kiſs to *Goodman*.

Catherina Reads.

My Dear *Leonora*.

Thy Matchleſs Worth, and thoſe Honourable Entertainments, thy Free and Obliging Humour at all times haſt grac'd me with, has ſo Captivated my Heart, that I am abſolutely thy Priſoner; every Day ſeems a Year, till I ſee my Dear Leonora. *On* Monday *next, at Three at Mrs.* Matrons, *my Heart, my Life and all, I'll Proſtrate at Sweet* Leonora's *Feet.*

Thine for Ever,

Charles Goodman.

Cath. This Letter is very dull.

Leon. Not ſo dull as yours; where *Goodman* is ſhallow in Compliments, he has it in good Nature and deep Affection; leſs of Compliment and more of Love. *Goodman* in all Perfections. —— This is his Name and Title.

Cath. Servewell, that is, Pleaſe me, Love me, Serve me, that is both his Name and Title, ſo far Mrs. *Leonora* I am even with you.

Leon. Mrs. *Matron*, pray advance, Captain *Goodman* and

Captain *Servewell* will be in Town, and at your House on *Monday* next, at Three in the Afternoon; We will be there half an hour sooner.

Mat. Well Ladies, There are not two such sweet Gentlemen in the Kingdom; I have known them this long time, you'll be very happy in them, and I cannot but admire your Choice.

Leon. We have a mind to see how their Pulses beat, and what humour their in, as soon as they knock at the Door, lead them up into the Dining Room; tell them you are sorry at their Disappointment, in that Mrs. *Leonora*, is gone with her Father into the Countrey, to his Countrey-House, and Mrs. *Catherina*, is Indispos'd; We'll be behind the Curtain, in the withdrawing Room, to observe how they take it: That the Ladies had ordered you to lay in a Dozen of Champaine, in which they desired you to Drink their Health, and a large Pigeon Pye, and a Dozen of Chickens and Asparagus, and that they were heartily sorry, that they could not give you a Meeting.

Mat. I shall observe every particular of your Instructions, Mrs. *Leonora*, and Mrs. *Catherina*, your Humble Servant.

Exit Mrs. *Matron.*

Leon. Now Sister, according to Contract, let us burn our Love-Letters: Here, Burn you *Goodmans* Letter, and I'll Burn *Servewells* Letter: My Heart will not give me to Burn his Letter, I so dearly Love.

They Burn each others Letter in the Candle.

Cath. Now Sister, let's go home, and take the Air on the *Stran'd*, in my Fathers Coach; We'll take the Castle in our way, and see if Madam *Lucretia*, the *English* Lady that came to *Ireland* with the Countess, will go with us, we owe her a Visit.

Leon. It may be she may be prevail'd with to go to Mrs. *Matrons* on *Monday*, and 'tis an Hundred to one, but Captain *Granade*, may come along with the two Captains, they are Inseparable Companions, then we shall be very prettily Match'd; who knows but the Lady may take a likeing to Captain *Granade?* I'll do what I can to forward it.

Cath. And so will I, I do assure you, He is a Person very agreeable in Ladies Converfation.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE Changes to *Dublin-Caſtle.*

Enter Granade *Solus.*

Gran. Now for my Fair *Lucretia*, I have been ſo long Abſent from; every Month has been a Year, till I ſaw her again; Bleſt be the Happy Hour, when we joyn'd Two Hearts in One, ſo as nothing but Death can part. ——

Enter Lucretia, *He Embraces Her.*

—— My Dear, Time Flyes away with ſome, but not with me; Long, long have I ſpent many a Melancholly Hour for want of Thee, the partner of my Heart. — As ſoon as Orders were given for Decamping, I diſpatch'd my Affairs with the greateſt Dilligence. I Rode the greateſt part of the Night, Repos'd my ſelf for an Hour, and immediately came to ſee my Dear, my Dear *Lucretia.*

Embraces Her.

Luc. I Bleſs the Hour of my Firſt Acquaintance, and the Happy Time our Hearts were joyn'd in One.

Takes out Lucretia's *Letter.*

Gran. This, this has ſupply'd *Lucretia*'s Place in her Abſence.

Shews her Letter.

Luc. What is there now, that I can pleaſe thee with? Or what is there more that can add to *Granade*'s Content and Satisfaction? And now that we are met again, what News and Intelligence is ſtirring, you ſhall have it at the firſt hand, for I have recourſe to all weighty Matters, that are at any time brought from *England* or *France*; I have it from the Counteſs, who hides nothing of Moment from me. —— Know then, the laſt Surpriſing News was, that the Prince of *Orange* is at Sea, deſigning for *England*, for which the King is drawing down his Forces to divert his Landing; but where the Prince intends to Land is Uncertain, which has cauſed a great Conſternation at the Caſtle: The Army in *England*, 'tis thought on all Hands, will joyn the Prince of *Orange* at his Landing. — The Fleet drink his Health, putting an Orange in their Drink, inſtead of a Toaſt. — The Lord Deputy is very blank upon it; the laſt Night he burnt his Wig; the Night before, he threw

his Cravat into the Fire; all which, brought the good Counteſs into Tears; ſeemingly I ſympathized with her. —— I hear there is another Pacquet come into the Harbour. — She tells me, theſe are weighty matters, when he is in ſuch a Paſſion. —— Still as News comes, you ſhall have the Truth of every thing. ——

On *Thurſday*, I had the Honour to receive a Viſit from two Ladies of this City, Mrs. *Leonora*, and Mrs. *Catherina*, Alderman *Brewers* Daughters, two very Pretty Women; they prevailed with me, to take the Air with them on the *Strand*, and on *Monday* next, they lie under an Obligation, to be at Mrs. *Matrons* in *Oxmantown-Green*, where two Officers of the Army, their Relations, will wait on them: They Invited me, at firſt, I excuſed my ſelf, but afterwards, when they told me, that one Captain *Granade* was expected there, I gave them a ſort of a ſlight Promiſe, it appears, that their Friends and you, are Inſeparable Companions; that you, are a very Obliging Perſon, and I ſhould be pleaſed with your Converſation. I told them, that as for Courtſhip, I had Proteſted againſt it, till my Return again for *England*; ſo Pray take it upon you, as though you never knew me; I'll be, before them, very Obſtinate in thoſe matters. —— My Dear, I'll keep thee no longer, for I believe you are both Hungry and Dry, and if I ſhould entertain you here, it might breed ſome Diſcourſes in the Houſe, which I would not for the World, ſhould come to the Counteſs: She has wiſht me to many Gentlemen of this Countrey; but I would not hear of it, acquainting her that I was already Engaged to an *Engliſh* Gentleman. — Farewell, till *Monday*, Three in the Afternoon. ——

She knocks with her Foot.

Enter the Waiting Gentlewoman.

Shew this Gentleman down the back Stairs.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to *Dublin*.

Enter Goodman, Servewell, Granade.

Gran. Good News, Brave News, Dainty News.
Good. What is it?
Serv. What is it, Dear *Granade*.
Gran. The laſt Expreſs that comes to the *Caſtle*, acquaint us

us, that the Prince of *Orange* is at Sea, but it is not known where he intends to Land: And King *James* is drawing down his Forces to oppose his Landing.

Good. Sure the Prince of *Orange* will not venture to Land this Winter-Season, when the King has such an Army in the Field.

Serv. Do you think the Prince of *Orange* comes with his Fingers in his Mouth? No, there is something hid that you and I do not understand.

Gran. I wish his Highness a safe Landing: 'Tis no question but his coming is to Retrieve the Rights and Liberties of *England*, which now are almost ruin'd by the Growth of Popery, which brings in Slavery to the Protestant Cause.

Good. God send him an happy Landing, wheresoever he is, I would to God I was with him, then my Heart would be at rest; But this Sea, this Herring-Pond is such a plaguy Step. —— However, if these things prove true, 'twill make our *Irish* Gentlemen pull in their Horns. —— I thought something was the matter, when we had such a sudden Order for Decamping.

Gran. If this holds *Tyrconnel* will have something more to do, than taking of *Buda*; for if the Prince of *Orange* and *England* come about his Ears for holding out *Ireland*; they'll work his great Carcass for him; 'tis not his *Irish* Soldiers, he so much depends upon, will protect him.

Good. Since you're so kind at all times, to let me participate of your good News, pray take something from me. —— I am to sup with my Mistress (my Wife she is to be) Fair *Leonora* on *Monday*; and pray let me have your good Company; tho' I have not had an Answer to my Letter, yet I am sure she will be there, if no extraordinary thing happen.

Serv. You have just bespoke Captain *Granade*, for I designed to have had him to the Entertainment that my little Mistress, Fair *Catherina*, has provided.

Gran. I am sorry that these happy Hours of engaging your Mistresses, should fall out in one Evening, I cannot oblige you both, but must accept of the first Invitation.

Good. At Three on *Monday* meet me at *Lawrence*'s Coffee-House on *Cork-Hill*, something sooner if you can; we must be punctual, for nothing is so disobliging amongst Ladies as Disappointments, I would not be a Minute behind my Promise for never so much.

Gran. Hold, There is another Express come, I shall have it to Night, or in the Morning; but this is certain, there is worse and worse News at the Castle; *Tirconnel* is very Blank upon it; he burnt his Wigg the last Night, and the Night

before, he threw his Crevat into the Fire: Ha, ha, ha, is not this Brave? Be True and Stanch to our Country: Stand ſtiff to the Proteſtant Intereſt; all will go well on our ſide yet.

[*They Laugh, Embracing one another going out.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Dublin-Caſtle.*

Enter Tirconnel, Sheldon, Maccarty.

[Tirconnel *in his Dumps, his Hat down, his Countenance ſad.*]

Shel. Your Excellency pleaſes to let us partake of the News, which, as we preſume, is not of the beſt; however, we will, as far as in us lies, endeavour to give your Excellency ſuch Advice in our Council, as may be neceſſary for the Publick Good.

Tir. The Prince of *Orange* is Landed.

Mac. [*Starts back.*] We're all undone!

Shel. Why are we Undone? He is far enough from us yet.

Mac. How can it be help'd, ſince the *Engliſh* and *Dutch* are join'd, which was fear'd all along; the Prince of *Orange* cou'd never have come over, had not the *Dutch* furniſh'd him with Ships and Land-Forces; you'll ſee they'll ſtick as cloſe to one another as Burr.

Shel. Pray, my Lord, in what part of *England* is the Prince Landed?

Tir. In the *Weſt*, that place of damn'd Whigs; they'll all Riſe for him, as they did for *Monmouth*: He'll meet with great Encouragement.

Shel. Your Excellency is not apprehenſive, but that the *Engliſh* Army will ſtand ſtiffly in defence of their King and Country; for when *Monmouth* Landed, they unanimouſly Oppoſed him, and thoſe in Rebellion that were with him.

Tir. The Caſe is much alter'd ſince that time, for the People of *England* are much diſſatisfied at the Growth of Popery. Cry they, *This is not to be endur'd, to be Threaten'd at this rate, to have our Churches turn'd into Maſs-Houſes, to be brought in a ſhort time to Fire and Faggot; our King to Rule us by Arbitrary Power, as the French does.* 'Tis thought there is a Plot carry'd on, under-hand, and encourag'd, as well by the Nobility, as the Gentry of *England.*

Mac.

Mac. What Damn'd Ill Luck have we had, that we could not make the Army in *England*, Pure Catholick, as well as in *Ireland*; I thought what would come of it; their thundring up their Mass-Houses in several Places of the City and Suburbs, their Jesuits Schools, their Ecclesiastical Court, their Religious Houses, their *Quo Warranto's*, Papish Justices of Peace, Closetting, *&c.* 'Twas all ill tim'd, the Army should have been the first Reform'd; the Jesuits, may I be so bold with your Excellence, acted like Asses; they must be always creeping into the Council of Kings.

Tir. Come Gentlemen, this is our help at last, you are my True Friends, and whom the King can Trust; let us chear up our Hearts, 'tis not so bad as every one thinks; I have Private Orders, with all speed to give out Commissions to as many as can Raise Men.

Enter Sr. William Ellis, *Secretary of State, and delivers* Tirconnel *a List of what Collonels are to Raise Regiments.*

—— These are those Collonells, that I have Commissions for, and understand are in great forwardness. —— Read this List Collonel *Sheldon.*

Shel. Lord Galway, *Earl of* Antrim, *Lord* Gormanston, *Sr.* Valentine Brown, *Lord* Dillon, *Lord* Slane, *Lord* Clanricard, *Lord* Clare, *Lord* Tyr-Oen, *Lord* Ævagh, *Lord* Strabane, *Lord* Limrick, *Lord* Dulick, *Lord* Killmallock, *Lord* Enniskillen, *Lord Mayor of* Dublin, *Collonel* Fits-garret, *Collonel* Nugent, *Collonel* Moore, *Collonel* Sutherland, *Collonel* O-Bryan, *Collonel* Ramsey, *Collonel* Godon O'Neile, *Collonel* Porter, *Collonel* Mac. Mahon, *Collonel* Sarsfield. *Collonel* Cormuch O'Neile, *Collonel* Lutterell, *Collonel* Maccarty-Moore, *Collonel* Maccarty-Reah.

Tir. These Thirty Regiments will be compleat in a very short time, besides the Standing Army; *Sr.* William, I'll give you a List of more Collonels, that are to Raise Regiments, to Morrow; I must have Compleat, Horse, Foot and Dragoons, Fifty Thousand Effective Men; that is my Instructions, besides the Militia of every County, who are to be put in a good Defensive and Offensive Posture, that the may Crush and Overcome any Disorders or Violence, that shall be used, by those that take the Name of *British Protestants.* —— That Private List, Primate *Macguire* gave me, of Twenty Thousand Men, their Names and Places of Aboad, was design'd indeed to Reform the Army in *England*; but that not succeeding, I design'd to form a New Battalion of Guards, of the Choicest. The rest must be plac'd in the New Levies.

Mac. But what ſhall we do my Lord, for Arms, Money, Cloaths and Proviſions for all theſe Men? It cannot be done on a Sudden: To get Men is eaſie, but to provide for them is the matter.

Tir. Theſe things ſhall all be provided as ſoon as Raiſed, for we do not intend to raiſe Forces, but in ſome manner or other to Subſiſt them; and for Arms and other Neceſſaries, we ſhall have them out of *France*; this muſt firſt be done, I muſt engage the Collonels and Captains to maintain their Troops and Companies, three Months on their own Charge, which will be no longer than *March* next; I hope to have the King at the Head of us, the beginning of that Month, or ſooner.

Shel. Ah Marry, if that can be done, 'twill be brave indeed.

Tir. Theſe and all other weighty Matters, muſt be argued in Council, and what ſhall appear moſt proper to be done; the firſt thing, moſt neceſſary is, how to get Money, which muſt be by Coyning Braſs and Copper, and Erecting a Mint for Coynage. We had a Preſident before us, on an Urgent Occaſion in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, who Coyned Leather, and made it paſs Current, in room of Silver, ſome of which I have ſeen in the *Tower* of *London*: And when King *James* is ſeated on his Throne in Peace, the Braſs and Copper Money will be called in, and paid out in Silver.— I have ordered Commiſſioners to ſet every day, but *Sundays*, for a Speedy Diſpatch.— I muſt go and ſee what Progreſs is made.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to Mrs. *Matrons* Houſe.

Enter Leonora, Catherina, Lucretia, *Mrs.* Matron *Attending.*

Leon. Mrs. *Matron*, Do you remember what I told you the other day, when laſt here, in Relation to an Entertainment, for the Captains that are to be here this Evening?

Mat. I have Punctually Obſerved in every particular, what your Commands were: I never fail on thoſe Accounts. —— Firſt then, I was to tell Captain *Goodman* and Captain *Servewell*, that the Ladies beg'd their Pardon for not Coming.

Leon. Right.

Mat. That Mrs. *Leonora* was gone with her Father, to his Countrey Houſe.

Leon. Right.

Mat.

Mat. And that Mrs. *Catherina*, was Indiſpos'd. ——

Leon. Right.

Mat. However, I had a Dozen of Champaine, a Pigeon Pye, and a Dozen of Roaſted Chickens and Aſparagus, for their Entertainment.

Leon. Right, Moſt Admirable well Remembred.——Come ſhew us where we may ſtand Undiſcover'd; ſee them, and they not ſee us.

Cath. Come then and place us. ——

Madam Luctetia *goes firſt.*

—— Very well,— This Mrs. *Matron* is as good as any in the City, in carrying on an Intriegue.

Exit.

Enter Goodman and Granade.

Leon. There they are, there's my Beloved *Goodman.*

Cath. Siſter, I am Undone, Where's *Servewell*?

Leon. Hold your Tongue, and ſpeak not a word.

Good. This is the Houſe. ——

Enter a Servant.

Is Mrs. *Matron* within?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Good. Call her to us.

Exit Servant.

Enter Servewell.

Cath. Now Siſter, my Heart's at eaſe, there's my Deat *Servewell.*

Good. What do you here *Servewell*? Has your Miſtreſs diſappointed you?

Gran. We Three, ſhall be too many for one Woman.

Serv. Diſappointed, do you ſay *Goodman*? Not at all, This is the Place I appointed Mrs. *Catherina* to Meet.

Good. And I am ſure, this is the Place I appointed to meet *Leonora.*

Gran. This Miſtake is eaſily ſolv'd; you appointed your Miſtreſſes to Meet at one and the ſame Place, and did not compare your Letters together; that Diſpute is at an end, and and well it is ſo; We ſhall have the good Company of both the Ladies.

Enter Mrs. Matron, *they all Salute her.*

Mat. Gentlemen, and Worthy Captains, I am mighty ſorry that your Worſhips ſhou'd be ſo Diſapointed.

Looking them in the Face, and drawing up her Mouth.

Good. How Diſapointed Mrs. *Matron?*

Mat. Why truly Sir, give me leave to ſpeak, the very laſt Night, I was given to Underſtand, that Mrs. *Leonora*, was order'd by her Father, to go with him to their Countrey Houſe (mightily diſatisfied) and begs an Hundred Pardons, but muſt obey her Fathers Commands.

Good. I am heartily ſorry that it happens ſo, we muſt expect to meet with Diſapointments as well as others. — But is ſhe well?

Mat. Very well, Sir, they were both hopping and dancing about this Room the other Night, and wiſh'd they had your Company.

Good. Alas! I was never ſo Diſapointed in all my Life.

Pulls his Hat over his Eyes, and ſtands very Demure.

Serv. Chear up *Goodman*, There's a Chicken's Heart indeed; if my Miſtreſs had broke her Elbow, I wou'd not be ſo much concern'd. — But pray Mrs. *Matron*, where is my pretty Mrs. *Catherina*? She, Poor Girl, is confin'd to ſtay within, and keep Houſe, I'll warrant you.

Mat. Something worſe than that.

Serv. How, Worſe than that? Marry God forbid.

Mat. She is Indiſpoſed, and was Blooded this Morning.

Serv. Alas! I never met with ſuch a Misfortune in all my Life, my Miſtreſs Sick, I'll go home, and not ſtir out of my Chamber this Week, Faſt the whole time without Eating or Drinking.

Pulls his Hat over his Eyes, and ſtands as the other.

Exit Matron.

Luc. You Ladies here in *Dubin*, manage your Lovers rarely well, Mrs. *Matron* does her Buſineſs to the Life: I wou'd ſwear ſhe was in earneſt.

Gran. Why how now Captains; All your Metal Vaniſh'd away? This is ſuch a Meeting between Lovers after Six Months Abſence, I never ſaw the like. ——

He

He turns up one of their Hats, and then the other.

Theſe are ſuch Love Fits! Come be of good Courage, I wou'd not for Five Pounds, miſt of this Diverſion; this Love is enough to put a Man out of his Senſes; Come, a Bottle a piece of Mrs. *Matrons* Champane, will bring you to your Senſes again.

Cath. I will out Sifter, Poor *Servewell* will want Bleeding in earneſt.

Leon. You ſhall not ſtir; Is the Girl bewitch'd?

Cath. I will not carry the Jeſt too far: They'll be ſo Dumfounded, they'll never ſpeak again; they'll neither be fit for Bed nor Board.

Leon. This Girl is a ſad Girl, ſhe is ſo much concern'd for her Captain, there is no keeping her within Bounds. ——

To Lucretia.

—— Pray, Madam, Lead the way.

Enter Lucretia *Unmask'd*, Leonora *and* Catherina *Mask'd.*

Gran. Look ye, *Goodman* and *Servewell*, here are Three Ladies, one to ſpare, the Lady without the Mask, I hope will fall to my ſhare.

Good. *Turning his head and looking.*
That Lady without the Mask, I do not know.

Serv. The next her hath the Meen, and is about the pitch of *Leonora.*

To Catherina.

Leon. Go you up Sifter, to *Goodman*, he does not know your Voice, and I'll accoſt *Servewell.*

Cath. What Captain, at your Centry Poſt? You ſhou'd have cry'd, *Who comes there?*

Laughs heartily.

Leon. Captain, If you are diſturb'd, Call your Corporal.

Laughs.

Serv. Odds-life, this is like Mrs. *Catherina*, but her Voice is different.

Cath. Well Sifter, I can hold out no longer.

Puts off her Mask.

Serv. My Dear *Catherina.* ——

Embraces her.

My Dear Heart and Life.

Leon. *Pulls off her Mask.*

My Dear *Goodman,* Do you know me? I am not gone into the Countrey.

Goodman *Embraces her.*

Good. My Dear, I ſee thou art not.

Granade *all this while, walking ſide by ſide with* Lucretia, *who takes an oppertunity, and puts a Note in* Granade's *Hand — He reads, At Four to Morrow in the* Dear-Park. *Enter a Servant and places Three Chairs;* Goodman *takes* Leonora *by the hand, and ſets down with her on his Knee;* Servewell *does the ſame with* Catherina; Granada *leads* Lucretia, *and ſets her in the Third Chair, and ſtands by her.*

Gran. Madam, The great Happineſs you have given me, to be thus Honoured in your Company, by the means of theſe Ladies, I hope to improve to your Satisfaction and my own Felicity.

Lucretia *Riſes.*

Luc. Sir, The Freedom I have Allowed, is no more than Common Civility and Reſpect, I ought to ſhow to a Man of Arms, but no more; my Inclinations are already fixt, and therefore it will be Improper to make any further Addreſſes.

They all Riſe.

Leon. Madam, As to that of your Inclinations and Engagements to another, I can ſay nothing to that, but otherwiſe, this Gentleman is a very agreeable Perſon, and one which any Gentlewoman wou'd be happy in making their Choice of.

Gran. How Unhappy am I, to ſee theſe Lovers enjoy all Innocent Freedom? Nothing can be deſired more; And I Unfortunate Man, in the management of Love, have none to Careſs me, nor I them; I do not in the leaſt, Envy the Happineſs that others Enjoy; and may you, *Fair Lady,* for ever poſſeſs your Choice.

Luc. I hope I ſhall, and all the World is not compar'd to him

him, that had first my Maiden Love.

Leonora *walks off with* Granade.

Leon. Sr, Be not discouraged, this may be all but a Copy of her Countenance; she may come too yet.

Enter Mrs. Matron.

Mat. Gentlemen and Ladies, the Table is spread, which was provided by those Ladies, in the Drawing Room.

Exit Mrs. Matron.

To *Granade.*

Cath. Indeed Sir, there shall be nothing wanting in me, to press the Lady to a Compliance; there must be a great deal of Courtship first; my Sister *Leonora*, held out a long time; Ladies will know what Humour their Lovers are of, before they'll meet with Encouragement.

Leon. Pray Madam, *Lucretia*, Lead the way.

Luc. Not at all Madam, I came in first, and will go out last, with these Captains leave.

They all go before, and Granade *leading* Lucretia, *She puts her Arm about his Waste.*

Exeunt.

Enter Goodman, Servewell *and* Granade.

Gran. Now we have Usher'd in the Ladies, We'll take a moments time to discourse of other Matters: The last News is, All is lost in *England*, as to the Popish Party; the Prince of *Orange*, Seated at *Whitehall* and St. *James's*; the Queen, Prince of *Wales*, fled for *France*; King *James* will follow suddenly after. —— Father *Petre* and all the Popish Clergy Fled, or Absconded. —— Nothing so pleasant, as that the Lord Chancellor *Jeffreys*, was taken in a Tarpaulin Habit by the Mob, and is now in the *Tower* of *London*.

Good. O Blessed Times! What will become of these forward Sparks? The Waacancies, the Plaaushes will fall on our side; No sooner up than down.

Serv. How fain wou'd I be driving them from Bog to Bog, from Mountain to Mountain; I hope to see the time, that

we may get as good Debentures, as our Fathers did before us, in the late Wars of Forty One.

Gran. Since the Raiſing theſe *Iriſh* Regiments, we have Melancholly News every day, of the Plundering the Poor Proteſtants, and robbing them of all they have, Waſting and Taking away all their Subſtance, inſomuch that from all Parts, they fly to *Dublin*, *Cork*, *Kinſale*, ſome making their Eſcapes for *England* and *Scotland*, with the little they have left, ſome into the North, thinking that a ſafe Place.

Good. Theſe Varlets, we hear, are not contented to take the Sheep and Cattle from the Poor Proteſtants, and Sell them for little or nothing, but they run their Skeans and Swords through them, and leave them Dead in the Field; they have the wickedneſs to ſay, *That in a ſhort time they'll ſerve the Owners the ſame ſauce.*

Gran. 'Twill be time of thinking on ſome other way of Living, and not to ſtay here, unleſs we'll have our Throats cut, I had a whiſpering, as if all the Proteſtant Officers, were to be clap'd in Priſon, for 'tis certain, ſome Rogues of them will form ſome ſham Plot, and ſwear to it, and not only run us to Jayle, but Hang us. —— My Deſign is for the North, do you what you think fit.

Serv. I have ſome Arrears due to me, which I would willingly get before I ſcour for it.

Gran. I do not mind the Arrears, the Gentlemen in the North, will not let us want Money; there ſhould be no Excuſes, when the Intereſt of our Countrey, the Honour of *England*, and the ſafety of the Proteſtant Religion, lies at Stake: *Goodman* has a Wife to Marry, and cannot go; *Servewell* is about the Edge of Matrimony, he cannot come. Well,

All this and Ten Times more, I'll lay aſide,
And Truſt to Providence to be my Guide:
Ten Thouſand ſoon will Wellcome my Retreat,
And Heav'ns Great Bleſſing, make me Fortunate.

Good. Come let's in, an Ounce of Mirth is better than a Pound of Sorrow; our Miſtreſſes, *Servewell*, wait for us; the Prince's Health ſhall Merrily go about in good Champane, we'll be Merry with the Ladies.

Serv. What the Prince of *Wales*'s Health.

Good. No you dull Dog, This!

Pulls out an Orange.

Gran. We have preſt on the Ladies Patience, I muſt confeſs

ſeſs, but they are ſo good, a ſmall Apology will ſerve their turn ; But what will become of me? I muſt make Love at a diſtance, ſet by, whilſt you Compliment your Miſtreſſes, Kiſs and Smuggle till their Lips are Red again. My Amours, I fear, will terminate in a Bumper of Champane.

Exeunt.

ACT IIId.

SCENE Changes to *Dublin-Caſtle.*

Enter Tirconnel, Sheldon, Maccarty.

Tir. The Parting with my Brother Collonel *Richard Hamilton*, is an Heart-break to me; Tis not to be thought the Inconveniency and Perplexity I lye under, for want of him, to Manage the Soldiery Part; it lay in his way, and what he was bred to: Whom have I in the Kingdom, to be Compar'd to him, that has that Experience to manage ſo weighty a Concern? That which was the great Thing of all, he was a Perſon Ador'd by all the Gentry, and good Catholicks of *Ireland*, and the Life of the Soldier.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, Collonel *Dorrington*, with ſome Officers, are ſafely Arriv'd at *Rings-End* from *England*.

Tir. Speed immediately, and let them come to me, without any Formallity of putting on any other Cloaths, or altering their Garb. ——

Exit Meſſenger.

—— This indeed puts Life and Spirit in me; He is a Perſon of Experience, next to Collonel *Hamilton*, Collonel of the Kings Foot Guards; a great Poſt: I have been ſo perplext, that I have eat or drank very little, theſe two or three days.

Knocks.

Enter an Attendant.

Fetch here a Dram of *Uſquebaugh*, *Dorrington*'s Good Health.

Maccarty *and* Sheldon *take each of them a Glaſs.*

Enter Collonel Dorrington, *as from Shipboard,* Tirconnel *Embraces him.*

Tir. Wellcome, Wellcome, as my own Heart, Wellcome into *Ireland*, I am glad to see you safe Return'd back from those Dangers, ye have been exposed to; I fear all is not well on the other side; the Melancholly News I had some Days since, by your Returning back so soon, I fear is confirm'd.

Dor. My Lord, All is lost in *England*, the whole *English* Army Revolted to the Prince of *Orange*, except some Scattering Numbers making their escape hither; the Fleet likewise. The Popes Nuntio, Father *Petre*, &c. In fine, all my Friends of the Popish Clergy fled for *France*, or Absconded; the Religious Houses, Mass-Houses, Jesuits Schools, *&c.* are all pull'd down by the Mob; the Queen and Prince of *Wales*, are Embark'd for *France*, and the King will not tarry long; the Prince of *Orange*, has taken up his Quarters at St. *James's*. I had a lucky Opportunity to kiss the Kings Hand, His Last Words were, *Desire* Tirconnel to take Care of *Ireland*.

Tir. This is what I Dreaded all along, when our Countrey-Men were refused to be put into the *English* Army: That Private List of Twenty Thousand Men, which Men were to be sent Obscurely for *England*, wou'd have done the Work. — Well might the *French* King Cajole and Laugh, Reflecting on the King's Weak Designs, to Establish the Romish Religion with a Protestant Army. He had better have kept his Money in his Pocket, than to Train up an Army to Turn his Enemies. We are all in for Cakes and Ale, Gentlemen, let us get out as well as we can. —— However we shall very suddenly have a Fine Army, Fifty Thousand Effective Men, and those Choice Pick'd Men, and can have as many more if there be Occasion. ——

My Longing Desire is, to hear of the Kings Safe Landing in *France*; you'll find 'twill turn the Scale for all this: He'll have what Assistance the *French* King can give him: This Kingdom, is entirely at his Devotion, so is great part of *Scotland*; *Edenburgh Castle* is in the Kings Hands: Many Thousand of the Disaffected Party in *England*, will joyn with the King, as soon as a good Oppertunity offers; so if rightly consider'd, King *James* has the better end of the Staff. Let *England* or the Prince of *Orange* do their worst.

Dor. I must beg your Excellency's Pardon for some small time, to change my Garb, and then will wait on your Excellency.

Exit.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger in Haſt.

Meſ. My Lord, Collonel *Richard Hamilton* is Landed.

Tir. How! How am I Bleſt? —— Go Meſſenger, let a Sumptuous Dinner be Prepared; I'll Kill the Fatted Calf, and Wine ſhall about in Bowles; *England* take Care, your Lands ſhall be ours, and ſo ſhall your Copy-Holds.

Ireland *ſhall be the Place of Valour and Renown.*
We'll Catholicks *ſet up, and* Hereticks *pull down.*

Enter Collonel Richard Hamilton, *as from Shipboard.*
Salutes Tirconnel.

Dear Brother *Hamilton.* ——

Embraces him.

Thy Happy Landing Extreamly Rejoyces me; thy Council, Conduct and Long Experience in War, will give great Life to our Glorious Undertaking, thou willt be the Idol of our New Raiſed Forces, and to all the Army their Support: I'll make thee, next my ſelf, Chief Commander, and from henceforth I Entitle thee, Leiutenant General of all His Majeſty's Forces in the Kingdom of *Ireland.*

Ham. I Moſt Humbly Thank your Excellency; your Favours at all Times have been Extream Large, beyond my Deſervings; but my Buſineſs is not at this time, to accept of any Preferment, but a Summons from the Prince of *Orange*, to Surrender the Kingdom, and deliver the Sword in Peace, and all things thereto belonging.

Tir. How, Sir; Is this your Meſſage, for me to Surrender the Kingdom, and at the head of Fifty Thouſand of our Warlike Nation? No, Sir, It ſhall never be ſaid, that *Tirconnel*, ſhou'd do ſo foul an Act. Did the King my Maſter, Honour me with his Commiſſion, Intruſt me with the Sword, make me Vice-Roy of *Ireland*, and ſo lately ſent me word, to take Care of this Kingdom, to Betray my Truſt, Betray my Countrey? No, no, the Name of *Tirconnel*, the Name of *Talbot*, never committed ſo foul a Crime.

Ham. My Lord, On this Meſſage am I ſent, and to this Meſſage you are to Return your Anſwer; mine Honour lies at ſtake, and no leſs than a Peer of *England*, is bound for my Return; I'll not forfeit my Honour for a Dukedom. Fifteen Days are allowed by the Prince of *Orange*, for my Return; and this upon my Honour.

Tir. And upon my Honour, I'll return a ſuitable Anſwer to your Meſſage, Neither *England* nor *Orange* ſhall make me flinch one tittle, from my Duty, Faith, and True Allegiance, which I owe to my Soveraign Prince: I fear, Sir, your late Voyage, and want of your Natural Reſt, does incommode you; Pray Repoſe your ſelf for a while, and conſider well the Buſineſs you are about, which I hope will mould you into a better Temper, and conſider your own Advantage in the firſt Place, and next, the Kings moſt Important Affairs, how much they call on you for Help.

Hm. I ſhall my Lord, Obey your Commands, and indeed I am in great want of Sleep, Your Excellencies moſt Faithful Servant. ——

A General here, and in *England* nothing, nor in hopes of any thing I muſt conſider of this. (*Aſide*)

Exit Hambleton.

Shel. If Collonel *Hamilton* ſhou'd refuſe your Excellencies great Offers, and ſtick to the Engagement of Returning for *England*, we ſhou'd have a great loſs.

Tir. I hope 'twill blow over, 'tis nothing but the Effects of want of Sleep. —— I do not think, he is a Man of ſo ſmall Prudence, to come over with ſuch a Meſſage, but he has ſome Deſign of his own in it, I am ſure the King will never look upon him more. But however I'll ſend Primate *Maguire*, and the Provincial of the Jeſuits to him, who I do not queſtion will over-rule him with prevailing Arguments; and pray do you go Collonel *Sheldon*, with the *Primate*, you heard all Paſſages that have happened between us, and ſee how you can work upon him.

Exit Sheldon.

Enter Two Collonels.

1 *Col.* My Lord, We have Compleated our Regiments, but to Provide for them, our Officers and Soldiers, with Proviſions, is the Difficult Point.

Tir. For this moſt Important Affair, I muſt hold a Council, among whom, I muſt have ſome of the Clergy. Who waits?

Enter an Attendant.

Go immediately for the Biſhop of *Clohar*, Father *Symon*, Fryer *Fitz-garret*; let a Meſſenger be ſent for the Lord Mayor, and both the Sheriffs. Hold, you'll find them all at Coun-

cil,

cil, Setling the Mint, for Coining the Braſs and Copper Money; they and the Commiſſioners of the Revenue are Setling that Affair. ——

Exit Meſſenger.

The great thing will be how to fall into a Regular Method, for Providing Suſtenance, and a daily Allowance for Soldiers; and for ſuch Officers, that cannot ſupply themſelves, to Live on their own Charge, till *March*, which is not all out Three Months; and how to ſecure Payment to thoſe that ſhall give them Credit; 'twill not be long, I hope, before our Braſs Money comes out.

Enter Lord Mayor, *with his Gold Chain, Two* Sheriffs, *Biſhop of* Cloher, *Father* Symon, *Fryer* Fitz-garret.

Tir. My Lord, and you Worthy Prelates, ye are not Ignorant of the great Neceſſity, in putting the Kingdom in Arms, to Defend our Countrey, which now is in great Danger; I ſent to you, to Advice me in this Urgent Affair, how to provide for the Army in Victuals and other Neceſſaries, till I hear from his Majeſty.

Clo. The only way in my Judgment, is to Quarter them upon the Hereticks.

Sym. your Lordſhip means, Nobility, Gentry, Commonalty.

Lord Mayor, Fryer Fitz-garret, *Two Sheriffs in Diſcourſe.*

acc*Tir.* My *Lord Mayor*, What ſay you? You and the Sheriffs are uſtomed in the Affairs of Quartering Soldiers and Officers.

Ld. May. May it pleaſe Your Exeellency, the *Proteſtants* are full of Subſtance; 'twill alſo give great Life to our Valiant Soldiers, that they may in Moderation take ſome Sheep and Cattle from the *Proteſtants*, for their Preſent S pply; 'twi'l not only give Encouragement, but alſo curb the Inſolence of the *Proteſtant* Hereticks; I was Inform'd the other day, of one of the Kings Valiant Soldiers, that wanted Meat, borrowed no more than a Couple of Sheep, where was five Hundred, What did this Damn'd Heretick do, but with a great Cudgel as big as my Writ, beat ſix of his Majeſty's good Subjects, and took away his two Sheep.

Tir. *Laughing.*

Our Boys coming from the Mountains are very T imerous as yet. —— Let them take with Moderation, but firſt from the Abſentees.

Mac. But pray my Lord, may we not Quarter in the Houſes of the Proteſtants, and our Officers and Soldiers command Drink and Victuals.

Tir. Yes, in a civil way, but of all things I hate Complaints.

An Attendant comes in and whiſpers the Lord Tirconnel.

Tir. I am call'd to Council where more weighty Affairs, are in motion, ſo Adieu.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Tirconnel, Hamilton, *and* Maccarty.

Tir. Collonel *Hamilton*, how do you do? I hope you have Reſted well, after your Uneaſie Voyage: I was juſt going to Council, but will wave it till to Morrow, meerly on the Account of having your good Company.

Ham. I moſt Humbly thank your Excellency, I have conſider'd your kind Profers, alſo the Primate and Provincial of the Jeſuits, their Council and Advice; their many Arguments uſed, have ſo prevailed upon me, that I could not any ways excuſe my ſelf; for in the firſt place, breaking my word with the *Prince of Orange*, is the greater Obligation to King *James*, my Dear and Loving Maſter. All Advantages are good againſt an Enemy, and pray where have we a worſe? And then the preſſing Neceſſity of my being here to lead the Army; otherwiſe, I wou'd not break my Word for a Kingdom. my Ambition Soars me to the height of *Preferment*; beſides, the moſt endear'd *Principle* of *Keeping no Faith with a Heretick.*

Tir. My Dear Brother. ——

Embraces him.

The King ſhall Reward thee for this, and beſtow ſuch Honours upon you, as you and your Family ſhall be made for ever. I'll give Orders for your Commiſſion to be drawn immediately; and Gentlemen for your part, I am much engag'd to you, to ſee your Readineſs, that your Troops and Companies are in ſuch forwardneſs.

Mac. The greateſt help we have, which does us the greateſt Kindneſs, is thoſe that lived all their Lives in Proteſtant Families, they are Men well accompliſh'd, and prove the moſt Diligent and Beſt Officers in the Army; they take us to the Place, where their Maſters Arms, and other things are hid, to a conſiderable Value; I'll ſay that for our Nation, they never

Degenerate

Degenerate, for let them live Twenty Years with the *Engliſh*, one ſuch hit as this, brings them all in, they are Proteſtants in outward Appearance, but with the Whiſtle of a Prieſt, they all come in and go to Maſs, with expectation to make their *Engliſh* Maſters their Slaves.

Ham. Gentlemen, The World cannot immagine the Forwardneſs of our Troops; and notwithſtanding the Prince of *Orange*, has enter'd *London*, and King *James*, is obliged to take Sanctuary in *France*, yet 'twill take a conſiderable Time to ſettle the Kingdom; and we ſhall in a ſhort time be ready to Embark for *Scotland*, and advance to the Borders of *England*; 'twill be this five or ſix Months, before *England* can be ſetled, to defend themſelves, much more to give us a Diverſion. You will have in a very little time, Men, Arms, Money, Ammunition, and all out of *France*.

Mac. O what would I give, that our Gracious King was in this Kingdom: How ſoon ſhou'd we have a good Army?

Tir. No, No, *Maccarty*, That is not our Advantage; firſt, I would hear of his ſafe Landing in *France*; then I ſhould be in Expectation of Force from thence, with Money, *&c.* In the mean Time, let us manage wiſely, Fifty Thouſand Men, which with other Help, may do great matters in ſetling King *James* on his Throne again.

Mac. The North, the North, may it pleaſe your Excellency, the ſhutting up the Gates of *Derry* againſt the Earl of *Antrim*'s Regiment, I fear will be of Ill Conſequence; there is their Magazine and Head Quarters.

Tir. That I muſt confeſs was an Unluckly Overſight, to leave it deſtitute of the Kings Forces; I hear 'tis cram'd full of Countrey Whigs, it ſhall not be long before I march a Force againſt them, ſhall pull them out by the Ears. I have laid a Bait of Five Thouſand Pounds, ready Money, which I am certain will take.

Enter an Expreſs. Tirconnel *Reads.*

The King is Landed, and ſafely Arriv'd in France. —— This is all I would have. Come, We'll make ready this Night for a Splended Entertainment, and drink the King and Queens Health, *&c.* and not forget the King of *France*. —— The King is Landed, *Huzzah!* The King is Landed in *France*.

Kiſs one another. *Exeunt.*

SCENE Changes to a *Park*.

Enter Granade, *Solus*.

Gran. This is the Place, in the *Deer-Park*, (*takes out his Watch*) exactly Four,
I am to meet my Dear Intelligencer.

Walks a while.

I ſhall ſtay in this Town, till I'm clapt in Goal, and then I ſhall have made a fine piece of Work of it, eſpecially, if they ſhould find out an Intriegue between this Gentlewoman and my ſelf; they'll ſend her back, Me, they'll Hang.

Enter Lucretia, Granade *runs and Embraces her*.

Gran. O how my Heart Leap'd, when I ſaw thee.

Luc. Did not I act my part well the other Night; I can aſſure you, you are very much beholding to thoſe two Ladies, they have a mighty Eſteem for you; Poor Innocent Girls, they little thought that we were ſo near a kin, and contracted together.

Gran. As firm as they are to their two Captains. You Acted your part extream well; 'Twas a moſt Pleaſant Diverſion, to ſee, how the two Girls manag'd their Lovers, and what an Old Cunning Gipſie, Mrs. *Matron* was, what a Demure Countenance ſhe carry'd? How ſhe drew up her Mouth?

Luc. Now for what News is ſtirring at the *Caſtle*, Collonel *Hamilton*, has at laſt accepted of his Commiſſion, in being Lieutenant General, the King is Landed in *France*, and a large Account of the great Reception the Queen had, at her going to *Paris*, by the *French* Court; 'Twas Reſolv'd the ſame Night, in the *French* King's Cabinet Council, That King *James* ſhould go in Perſon for *Ireland*; they think 'twill be very feaſable, and eaſie to be done, to Land Forces in *Scotland*, out of this Kingdom, before *England* can be in readineſs; theſe are the private deſigns they have in hand.

Gran. Very well, my Dear *Lucretia*, thou giveſt me a very good Account, by which I ſhall know how to manage the better: We'll, to *Chappel-Izod* and ſo to *Dublin*.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to ſeveral Cabbins by a Bog ſide.

Enter

Enter Three New Raiſed Soldiers, Teigue, Turlough, *and* Toby. Teigue, *in a Grey Lac'd Coat.* Turlough, *with a Scarlet Cloak.* Toby *with a Broad Cloth Coat. Old Hats and Brogues on their Feet.*

Tur. Arrah Joy, dou art fery fine, *Teigue*, Fare didſht dou get diſh Laſh'd Coat?

Teig. Whoop, Dere is Plunder Gillore, I did be aufter breaking up my Maaſhters Trunk.

Tur. Dy Maaſhter fill be aufter beating de, for dy bad Manners.

Teig. Fait, I fill be aufter crauking hiſh Pate; I waſh now de good Soldier for de King. ——

But Broder *Turlough*, Arrah, fare didſht dou get dat Braave Cloak, dat is on dy Back?

Tur. My Shelf did tauke it from de *Engliſh* Shentleman, and did give him my Frize Cloak, and did be aufter turn him and his Wife and Shildrens from de Fire, and I and my Comrade, did ſhit down in der Plauſhes, and did maake him bring Mate and Drink, my Shelf and my Wife *Shuaan* did lye in de Feder Bed, and dey did lye in de Kitchin-Shamber. Dis is de waay to get de good Soldier for de King.

Teig. But Cozen *Toby*, Fare did dou get dat *Engliſh* Coat?

Tob. I did taake de *Engliſh* Maans Horſe from him, and he did give me his Coat, and Shix Penche in Money, and did let him tauke his Horſhe. —— God Bleſs King *Shames*, and de good Lord *Tirconnel*: De Cows and de Seep, we do kill dem, and we do eat dem, and de Officer be after bidding us taake dem, and I be de good Soldier for de King.

Turl. *Pulls out a Fine Amber Necklace.* Arrah, Fat be dis pritty Ting? I fill give it for Shix Penche de good *Uſquebaugh.*

Pulls out of his Pocket a Fine Tippet.

Arrah *Teigue*, Fat be dis Ting?

Teig. It be de Mouſhe Skin, made of de one, and de toder Mouſhe Skin.

Tur. Arrah, *Toby*, Fat do dou ſhay dis Ting is?

Tob. It be de Fox Skin, no fait, it be de Dogs Skin.

Tur. You two be de Tree Fool.

Laughs Heartily.

It be de Calfs Skin in de Cows Belly: Fat fill you do wid it?

Teig. I fill maake de Black Cap wid it.
Tur. Toby, Fat fill dou do wid it?
Tob. I fill maake de Purſe wid it, to put de Braſs Money in: No, no, I fill be putting it to my Shore Leg, it keep it faurme.
Tur. You be de Fool, my Shelf, de Wiſhe Maan.

Laughs Heartily.

I fill maake de Cravat of it, Come Broder *Teigue,* tye it on wid dis Riban.

Pulls out a piece of Red Tape, and Blows his Noſe.

Broder, have you any de Sneezing, my Noſhe be Fery Dry.

Teigue *gives him ſome Sneezing.* —— Teigue *Pulls out of his Breeches, a large Womans Scarff.*

Teig. Arrah *Toby,* Tye diſh cloſhe to my Neck.

Pulls out a Tollow Riban, out of his Pocket; Toby *as he is tying of it, cuts half of it off.*

Tob. Der *Teigue,* is haalf for de, and haalf for me.
Teig. Fait and be —— ye ſhall not have it.
Tob. By my Deed, but I fill; for I maake de Swear firſt.

They Scuffle and Fight.

Tur. Toby, you bate my Broder *Teigue,* fait I fill bate de.

Teigue *and* Turlough *beat* Toby *off the Stage, and leaves the Cloak behind them.*

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to *Dublin.*

Enter Goodman, Servewell, *and* Granade.

Gran. The Freſheſt News at the *Caſtle,* is, that King *James* is Landed in *France,* the great Reception the *French* King made, how many of the Princes of the Blood, went to meet him: 'Tis reſolv'd, that King *James* ſhall come for *Ireland* in Perſon. They think 'twill be eaſie to ſend Forces into *Scotland,* to Invade *England,* before there can be any great Oppoſition. Theſe are the Private Deſigns they have in Hand.
Serv. You hold your Reſolution to go for the *North.* I for my

my part, think it impoſſible to take a Journey of an Hundred and Ten Miles, where the *Iriſh* are Exerciſeing under every Hedge.

Gran. 'Tis my Reſolution, Come what will come; Hang me, for certain they will, if they catch me; Deſertion is Death by the Martial Law, and that too in making my Eſcape, and going to the Rebells, as they call them, and turning Rebell my ſelf, and thoſe that go with me.

Good. Dear *Granade*, I wiſh thee an Happy, Proſperous Journey; was I not here engag'd in a weighty Affair, I wou'd have try'd my Fortune with thee; the Truth of it is, *Servewell* and I, as we have been Comrades all along, and are in a ſhort time, to be Brothers in Law, ſo we intend on the firſt opportunity, to Embark for *England* with our Betrothed Dames.

Gran. My Dear *Goodman*, my Dear *Servewell*. ——

Kiſſes them.

Let me Embrace you, Once, Twice, Thrice. ——

Going from one another.

All Joy, Health, Happineſs, on you Attend,
Whilſt in the North, *I* Englands *Cauſe Defend.*

A *Moſes* amongſt the *Iſralites*, let *Pharoah* do his Worſt; the *Egyptians* we'll Deſtroy, and Drown their Mighty Hoſt.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to *Dublin-Caſtle.*

Enter Tirconnel, Hamilton, *D*orrington, Maccarty.

Tir. Theſe Rebells in the North, are continuing ſtill in their Rebellion, Raiſing Men, Money, Arming themſelves, Forming Troops and Companies, Regimenting themſelves, Diſplaying the Prince of *Orange*'s Colours in the Field.

Ham. I had Advice, they are ſtrong in Men, but few Arms.

Tir. I hear they have enter'd into an Aſſociation, and ſeveral of our Run-away Officers and Soldiers, are employed by them; they hold Councils, and have ſent to the Prince of *Orange* for Commiſſions; you ſhall ſee how I'll catch them, and Hang them up by *D*ozens.

Ham. I have an Account, that they are Increas'd to great

Numbers, and that they threaten to Advance towards *Dublin*, but if I might Adviſe your Excellence, I'd give them a Scouring, ſhould ſoon bring them to underſtand their Duty.

Dor. What a moſt Unſufferable, Bold, Audacious Attempt was that, to Surprize Sr. *Thomas Newcomen*'s Regiment? He was forc'd to quit his Quarters, and Retreat to *Dublin*; however moſt of his Regiments Arms fell into the Rebells Hands.

Tir. Let them do their worſt, they cannot well paſs our Garriſon of *Newry*; *Carrigfergus*, is in the heart of them; they threaten to Beſieg that Place; but I have the Confidence in the Earl of *Antrim*, and my Natural Son *Mark Talbot*, his Lieutenant Collonel, that I think there is no *D*anger.

Mac. However, I hear that the Rebells are moderately civil, for although many of them are Headſtrong, yet ſome are Prudent enough, they have not as yet diſturb'd Collonel *O'Neils D*ragoons, that Quarter in the midſt of them, nor us'd any Violence to thoſe of his Family.

Ham. But pray my Lord, what may be judged of theſe Rebells, Is it poſſible they can do any Miſchief? If ſo, 'tis adviſeable, to ſend down immediately part of the Army to Suppreſs them, before any Supplies be ſent them out of *England*: Give me but the Command, and I'll ſoon give your Excellence a good account of them.

Tir. We muſt not go raſhly to work, but conſider that which will be moſt to our Advantage, before we March againſt them; I am inform'd, there are two Advantageous Poſts in that part of the North, one by the Mountains of *Newry*, the other, by *Charlemount* and *Montjoy*, which leads to the head of the *Ban* River, oppoſite to which, is the Caſtle of *Toomb*; the two firſt are Garriſon'd by us, and the other, may be in our Poſſeſſion likewiſe; 'tis unregarded both by the Rebells and us, that being ſecur'd, makes a Paſſage into the heart of the Rebells Countrey: I'll ſend my Orders to Collonel *O'Neil*, to take Poſſeſſion of that Poſt with his *D*ragoons, as alſo, I'll Order a New Rais'd Regiment of Foot, to Joyn him.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to a Spacious Houſe

Enter Lucretia *Veil'd all over in Black.*

Enter a Servant.

Luc. Is Captain *Granade* in his Lodging?

Ser.

Serv. He is lying in his Bed; I believe not very well.
Luc. I muſt ſpeak with him, ſhew me in.

Exit Servant.

The *SCENE* Opens, and Diſcovers a Field-Bed, and *Granade* lying in his Gown, Dreſs'd.

Luc. Ariſe, Ariſe. ——

Granade *Jumps off his Bed, and gets her in his Arms.*

And be Gone. ——

Weeping, with her Handkerchief.

Gran. Alas! My *Dear Lucretia*, What Fate has brought thee hither, in this Mourning Weed? My *Dear Lucretia* tell me.

Holding her in his Arms.

Luc. My Heart ſobs within, and Grief poſſeſſes me I cannot ſpeak.
Gran. O Speak and let me know.
Luc. There's Search made for you, and your Life is in *D*anger.

She Weeps.

Gran. Let not that Grieve thee.
Luc. At Twelve laſt Night, my Mind running on my *D*ear *Granade*, and the Joy I ſhou'd have at the next Meeting, an account was brought, that ſeveral Officers were *D*rinking the Two Proteſtant Princes Health, *Orange* and *Denmark*; Succeſs to the Exterpation of Popery, and the Prince of *Orange*'s Health brought up the Rear. —— My Heart gave me, and Prying further, I caſt my Eye on the Liſt; I ſaw *Granade* one of the firſt. —— This is the Cauſe of my Grief, and for Heavens ſake, make your Eſcape.
Gran. O my *D*ear Guardian Angel! I am ſafe from all *D*anger or Fear, but leave thee I muſt, and ſhall Return to thee again with Great Honour. —— Give Attention to what Strange things I ſhall to thee Relate. —— Muſing on my Bed, and Sleep cloſing my *Eyes*, I ſaw a Bloody Sword hang over my Head, pointing to the *North*: Amaz'd! I awak'd and cry'd, *Heavens Preſerve my* Lucretia.
Luc. O Wonderful!

Gran. I Slept again, and ſaw an Army on their Flight, and I in the midſt; Dead Bodies tumbling, and the Purſuers Crying *Kill, Kill, Spare none, they are Rebells to their Countrey and King*: I Awak'd with great Fear, hardly knew, whether Alive or Dead.

Luc. O wonderful! It Aſtoniſhes me.

Gran. I Slept again, and ſaw a City in Flames, and I in the midſt, begirt with a Numerous Army, Cannons and Mortars, tearing down Town and Wall, and being Heartleſs and Hunger-ſtarv'd, was brought to me a Boyled Horſes Head, and Horſes Blood Bak'd, inſtead of Bread; Hundreds ſtarving for want of Food: Amaz'd, I Cry'd, *No hopes of Relief? Then may ſome Bomb or Cannon, eaſe me of my Grief.*

Luc. Oh! This goes to my Heart.

Gran. I Slept again, and ſaw a Well fill'd Table, with Variety of Meats, and all ſorts of Choice Wines, Great Attendance, and Fair *Lucretia* ſitting by.

Luc. That laſt has Reviv'd my Spirits, that I ſhall ſee my *Granade* again.

Gran. To finiſh yet my Prophetick Dream, I heard one Cry, *Ariſe, Ariſe, Haſt and be Gone, make your Eſcape, for Honour attends you at the Gate.* And muſt I not go when *Lucretia* bids me go? O Fair *Lucretia*, come once more in my Arms; I muſt, I muſt, bid adieu to *Lucretia's* Charms. 'Tis my Fate.

And to Prevent my going, 'Tis too late,
For Honour and Renown, attend me at the Gate.

Luc. Heavens Guard my Dear *Granade*, Keep off all Harms,
And let Succeſs and Honour, wait your Arms
Lucretia will in this Poor Weed Remain,
Till Fortune, ſends me to your Arms again.

He Leads her out.

Exeunt.

Enter Granade, *with his Servant carrying his Cloak*; Frank, *a Granadier Soldier, with a Big Cudgel under his Arm, a Granadier Cap, Sword and Bagonet.*

Gran. Honeſt *Franck*, Thou art the only *Engliſh* Granadier Soldier that is left in the Company: How comes it, that thou art Favour'd above all others? Sure, thou haſt ſome Influence on the Lord *Tirconnel*, or is it, that thou art Six Foot by the Standard?

Franc.

Franc. Why, I'll tell you Sir, I am a Gardiner by Trade, and ſometimes I get Money, by working in his Lordſhip's Garden; all his Countreymen are Gentlemen; no Gentleman to be a Trade, that Title plac'd on an *Iriſh* Man, is as great an Affront, as to kiſs a *Spaniſh* Woman in the Street: We *Engliſh* Men, are the Clowns, and the Tradesmen, that are to work for them; they ſometimes work only to keep themſelves from Starving.

Gran. *Whiſpers* Frank.
What do you think *Frant*, of going with me to *Derry*?

Franc. O, Dear Captain. ——

Hugs him.

You ſave my Life.—— To *Derry*! Shall I be ſo Happy? You know *Peg* at the *Poſt-Office*, the *Scotch* Girl, I ſeldom Mounted Guard, but ſhe had a Quart of Bear for me; I found the Officers too Buſie about her, or elſe, I do verily believe, I ſhou'd have Marryed her.

Gran. Well *Franc*, We'll wave this Diſcourſe, thou knoweſt we have a Dangerous Journey to take, an Hundred and Ten Miles; Diſertion is Death, eſpecially when we run to the Enemy; the Bogs and Mountains Infeſted with Rapparees and Robbers. —— Doſt thou think that thou and I, and *Moſes*, can Engage with half a ſcore at a time.

Franc. I'll warrant you, Sir; I have had a ſad weary Time, of it, amongſt the Rogues; when on the Guard, they call me Rebelly Dog, and hit me in the Teeth with *Derry*. The other day, I heard them not ſpeak well of you.

Gran. Why prithee, *Franc*, What cou'd they ſay of Me?

Franc. They ſaid they would remember your Box for beating them, when at Excerciſe; One of them is a Preiſts Son. —— I cou'd not endure to hear you Abus'd, for old *Portſmouth* ſake, the Place where you liſted me. —— One of them I knock'd down with my fiſt, the other I kick'd out of the Room, I ſnatch'd up his Cudgell, and ſorely beat four of them, I Cry'd, *Room for honeſt Men, you Eternall Sons of Whores.*

Gran. Upon ſuch an Occaſion, ſuch a Stick as that is good: But prithee, what is become of thy two handed Sword thou us'd to wear? I have not ſeen it with thee, this long time.

Franc. I'll tell you Sir, the day before We march'd from *Colraine*, the Place where we quarter'd in the North, I had a Quarrel, with three of theſe *Iriſh*; they abus'd my Landlady, and wou'd not pay their Shot, I chas'd them out of the Houſe, making a Blow, ſtruck it almoſt thro' the Door-Poſt, ding'd down ſix Bricks, Truſty *Roger*, flew in pieces.

Gran. That was a great Loſs indeed — There's Four *Ducats*, go buy another.

Exit Franc.

Moſes, let my Horſes be got ready to Morrow Morning, an hour before day, for I have a great Journey to go, beſides I would willingly be in my Quarters early, by reaſon I am to lie in a Gentlemens Houſe, for fear of Diſcovery. I intend to take all By-Roads, to miſs ſeveral Towns, which are Horſe Quarters.

Enter Franc.

Franc. Noble Captain, I have got a very good one.

Draws it.

I believe not ſuch another in the Army.

Gran. But how *Franc.* did you get it ſo ſoon?

Franc. Why Sir, I had it in my Eye, ever ſince I came to Town, but had not Money to buy it; I gave Twenty Shillings, and here is the reſt of the Money.

Gran. Prithee *Franc.* keep it, and when thou art in the North, drink the *Iriſh* Mens Healths thou left behind.

Franc. I had rather ſee them all Hang'd. — Honeſt Truſty *Roger*, I dare engage, thou wilt have work enough to do, when we get into the North.

Gran. *Franc*, Thou muſt get two more of theſe Swords, One for me, and another for *Moſes*, and I'll give thee Money. What if we take half a Score Granades with us, ſince I have a Spare Horſe? They will ſerve to clear a Paſs, if by chance we ſhould be beſet; and each of us a caſe of Pocket Piſtoles, beſides our Holſter Piſtoles? Thou knoweſt purely how to toſs an Hand Granade.

Franc. 'Tis well thought of, Noble Captain, I dare engage to throw a Hand Granade Twelve Score, three times together, within the Compaſs of the Brims of my Cap, for a Kilderkin of Ale.

Gran. As we Ride along, if any chance to ask my Name, tell them my Name is *Duncan Maccantoſh*, the Kings Bombardier, an Highland Laird.

Fran. That is a Plaguy hard Name, *Duncan Match and Touch*. The Kings Bombardier, and Highland Laird.

Gran. No, *Franc.* Canſt thou not ſay, *Duncan Maccantoſh*?

Franc. *Duncan Match and Touch*, where is the Hurt of it? They'll know one as well as the other, unleſs I could ſpeak Highlands.

Gran.

Gran. As thou wilt, *Franc.* Now for the North.

I'll ſtrip myſelf of all, and Fortune Force,
And thro' the midſt of Dangers ſteer my Courſe.

Rowſe up thy Engliſh *Courage then,*
To London-Derry *make thy way.*
An hundred Miles is but a Step,
Where Fortune *guides, and* Honour *leads th'way.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucretia *Veil'd, with Two Women, her Attendance, in Mourning.*

Lucret. He is gone! He is gone! My *Granade* is gone! The bloody Sword has haſted him away. —— [*Pointing to the North.*

Gone, and gone Alone, where others would not go. Alas! What do theſe Soldiers ſuffer? Over Mountains and Places Infeſted with Robbers and Rapparees; in danger of Life and Cruel Barbarities. What Power can hinder Fate, from which nothing, nothing can eſcape? O what Prophetick Dreams did he to me relate! In the midſt of a Flying Army, crying, *Kill, kill.* —— Heaven ſave my *Granade*, if it be thy bleſſed Will. When that was paſt and o'er; in the midſt of a Burning Town, where Bombs and Cannons roar: My dear *Granade* ſhall I ſee thee more? Horſes, Dogs, and Hides muſt be thy Fare, and then with Bloody Sword thy way muſt Clear, before *Lucretia* can be thine, and then for ever to poſſeſs my Heart: O! never, never more to part. —— Leſt all this Miſery ſhou'd run him to Deſpair, the laſt moſt pleaſing Dream. —— Behold a Banquet, plentiful and rare, with choice of Wines, great Attendance, and *Lucretia* ſitting there: Drums and Trumpets ſhall loud Muſick make, and our Nuptial Joys we'll celebrate: And ſince my Heart is ſomething eas'd, and the Brave Soldier nothing Fears, ſuch is my *Granade*, the ſupport of Country, City, Town, and Court. What will a Soldier of Fortune do, if ſuch as I, with Wealth and Love do not ſupply.

Go on and Conquer, and at your Return,
With Wreaths of Gold we will your Brows adorn.

[*Exeunt,*

SCENE Changes to *Dublin-Caſtle.*

Enter Tirconnel, Hamilton, Dorington, Maccarty.

Tir. Theſe Heretick Proteſtant Officers are ſtrange ſort of People; if I do not turn them out they'll turn themſelves out: Not one in Ten of them are true to our Cauſe; they'd do here as they have done in *England*, were it in their Power.

Ham. Your Excellency timely prevented that Miſchief. —— I only wiſh Affairs had been manag'd there, as well as here.

Tir. What do you think? I have an Account brought me, that no leſs than Seven of theſe Malecontents, theſe Rebel Officers, drank the two Proteſtant Princes Healths. For that indeed I cou'd find no fault; but the Prince of *Orange* brought up the Rear, their Hats to the Floor, *Extirpation of Popery here as well as in* England. Are not theſe fine Youths?

Mac. If I am not miſtaken, this Mutiny is Death, by the Martial Law: Your Excellency has a good opportunity to Hang or Shoot ſome of them, for an Example to the reſt.

Tir. I ſent out my Meſſengers this Morning, to find them out, and Seize them, and clap them in Goal. I ſhall have them here, by and by.

Enter Meſſenger.

Tir. [*To the Meſſenger.*] Are thoſe Mutineers clapt in Goal, that ſo boldly dare kick and ſpurn, and that under my Noſe vent their Treaſons and Rebellions, Drink Confuſion to our Holy Church.

Meſ. I have been ſearching all over the Town; they are not to be found.

Tir. Why are they not to be found? 'Tis ſuch Rogues as you give them Intelligence to be gone; if they are not found, not one of you but I'll turn out. Let me have them brought here immediately.

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

'Twas but the other Day that Captain *Wright* run away for *England*,

England, with the Yatch, and took ſeveral of the Mutunous Officers with him; they ſhall all out; I'll not Truſt one of them; theſe Bold Rebell Officers lie ſtill and cloſe; they'll run away to the Rebells in the North, but I'll way-lay them. Who Waits?

Enter an Attendant.

Go immediately to Sr. *William Ellis*, Secretary of State. Let Orders be ſent to all Garriſon Towns, to apprehend and ſeiz theſe ſeveral Perſons. ——

Gives the Liſt.

Fifty Pounds Reward, at the firſt Notice of their being Taken.

Exit Attendant.

How am I Plagued with theſe ſort of People: The laſt News I receiv'd from the *North*, gives an account, that thoſe Rebells have Intercepted a Boat, I ſent with Proviſions and Ammunitions to *Carrigfergus*, which I fear may prove of Ill Conſequence to that Garriſon.

Ham. There is no other way, then with all ſpeed to ſend down an Army againſt them; I'll deſire but Ten Thouſand Men, and I'll Engage to Conquer the whole North. The longer you forbear, the more difficult you'll find to ſuppreſs them.

Tir. I would willingly delay the time, till I hear what Succeſs, Collonel *O'Neil* has had, in Securing *Tomb* Caſtle, that lies at the head of the River *Ban*, midway between *Charlemont* and *Carrigfergus*; 'tis of great Conſequence to facilitate our Conqueſt in the *North*; The Charge and Care thereof, I'll leave to your Prudent Management. ——

The firſt, and that which is the greateſt Conſequence to be done, is the Diſarming this Proud and Stubborn City of *Dublin*, which is to be performed on *Wedneſday* next, by Proclamation, to bring in, and deliver up (to thoſe I ſhall appoint to Receive them) all their Muskets, Firelocks, Piſtols, Carbines, Pikes, Halbards, Swords, Baggonets, Daggers, or any other Arms, that may be Offenſive Weapons. Strong Guards, are to be ſet in every Street. All which, if not immediately comply'd with, and exactly perform'd, and if afterwards, Search being made, and any of the aforeſaid Arms be found hid in any of the Houſes, Warehouſes, Sceilings, *&c.* All their

Goods ſhall be Confiſcated, and they left to the Mercy of the Soldiers.

Ham. I like, your Excellencies Method very well; you'll get Arms for Ten Thouſand Men.

Tir. This Afternoon, we are to Conſult further in this Matter.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to *LONDON-DERRY.*

Enter Governour of London-Derry, *and* Granade.

Gov. I am heartily glad to ſee you Safe Arriv'd at *Derry*: I thought it Impoſſible for any Armed Man, to Travel an Hundred and Ten Miles, through an Enemies Countrey, without being taken up; I do aſſure you, you run a great Riſque in coming down. *Looks wiſhly upon him.*

Gran. The great Affection to my Countrey, which is now Threatned with an Invaſion, made me engage in this Dangerous Attempt, in leaving *Dublin* and coming to *Derry.*

Gov. How, Sir, an Invaſion? Pray Explain your Self. Do you mean this Kingdom of *Ireland*, where there will be Fifty Thouſand Men in Arms, in a very ſhort time?

Gran. No, Sir, *England*, my Native Countrey. This Kingdom is ſecure enough; an Invaſion into *England*, a *De*ſcent firſt intended into *Scotland*, then on the Borders of *England*. *Tirconnel* is Inform'd, by the unhappy coming over of his Brother in Law, Collonel *Richard Hamilton*, who has accepted of a Commiſſion to be Lieutenant General of the Army, does aſſure him, that *England*, will not be in a Condition of a Firm Settlement (much more to have an Army on foot) for ſome Months, which is the Reaſon, the Lord *Debuty*, is Raiſing all the Forces he can, and that now in the midſt of Winter.

Gov. They'll never Attempt it, for I know their *De*ſign in this matter, is to turn out all the Proteſtants, and to give the Lands to the Old Proprietors, and to have this Kingdom entirely to themſelves, is all they covet or look after.

Gran. 'Tis Sir, as I ſay, I do aſſure you, I had as good Intelligence, as any Man in *Dublin*, both *Tirconnel* and all his Council, think 'tis a very feaſable thing to be done, and 'tis *De*creed in the *French* Kings Cabinet Council long ſince.

Gov. What Invade *England*? It can never be done? And 'tis a Folly to think on't.

Gran. Yes, Sir, and *Scotland* too, for there they muſt begin:

King

King *James* is expected in a very ſhort time in *Ireland*, with Men, Money, Arms and Ammunition, together with ſome Thouſands of Land Forces. There is at this Time, a Fleet getting ready for him to Embark with all Expedition. This City of *Derry* is appointed for one Magazine, and *Carrigfergus* for another, from which Places, and *Belfaſt*, Embarks the Army, whoſe Paſſage is not above three or four Hours Sail: *Ireland* is their own, *Scotland* likewiſe, Duke *Gordon* in Poſſeſſion of *Edenburgh Caſtle*; *Dundee*, at the Head of the *Highlanders*, and at King *James*'s Landing in *Scotland*, more will declare for him; all the *Diſaffected* in *England*, where are many Thouſands will joyn him, beſides the Aſſiſtance the *French* King will give him, which you know is no ſmall Help: Fifty Thouſand intended to March by the way of *Barwick*, and Fifty Thouſand by way of *Carliſle*.

Gov. If it be ſo, this is plain Demonſtration, King *James* has the better end of the Staff, if *England* does not beſtir themſelves, they may be ſurpriz'd.

This Gentleman ſpeaks home to the purpoſe, as if he had been in the midſt of their Conſultations: Ha! I muſt make cloſe Inſpection into all theſe Matters; for altho I have taken Commiſſion under King William, *to be Governour of this Place, yet if there be no probability to ſerve him, why muſt I bring my ſelf to Ruine, when I have a fair Proſpect on the other ſide, to make my Fortune?*

(*Aſide.*)

Turning to him.

I thank you for your good Intelligence, you have given me. If I had a Vacancy in theſe Six Companies I command of the Old Army, you ſhould have it.

Exit Governour.

Enter Franc.

Gran. How now *Franc*? From whence came you? You have been with your Old Girl, *Peg*.

Franc. The Truth of it is, I could not reſt till I had taken one Soop with her. But did you obſerve, the De'il was in the People, as we rid along the Road? They were ſtill asking, who you were? When I was in a good Humour, I told them your Name was *Duntan Match and Touch*, the Kings Bombardier, an Highland Laird, 'twas the ſame to them, as if I had ſpoken *French* or *Dutch*.

Enter two Burgers of Derry, *and Salutes.*

1 *Bur.* We are heartily glad to ſee you ſafe Arriv'd at *Derry*: Surely your Paſſage down was very *Difficult*?

Gran. 'Twas indeed very hazardous, but I was Reſolv'd to Venture, rather than continue amongſt thoſe, that I know are my Mortal Enemies; all that I could expect from them, was a Goal or Hanging.

2 *Burg.* But in caſe you had been Apprehended and Seized by the Way?

Gran. Hanging or Shooting muſt have been my Lot; we were Deſerters all. Honeſt *Franc*, thou wou'dſt have made the Gallows crack.

Franc. The Officers always go before the Soldiers, Noble Captain. *Makes a Bow.*

Gran. That's well ſaid *Franc.* to give me the Prehéminence; but now I am come, is there any Employment: I am like to have none from the Governour.

1 *Burg.* Enough, enough; eſpecialy to One of your Merit, that has ventur'd your *Life* for our Cauſe; The Mayor of the City, ſent us to accompany you, and gives his hearty Service, and will wait on you in a Moment, together will ſome of our Countrey Collonels. Tis great Pity, We have no more of your Sort, that are experienc'd in War; Our New Rais'd Men, are Brave Lufty Fellows; But We are undone, to have them well Excercis'd and put in Order, that they may be fit, for Action. — You do not hear that *Tirconnel* is ſending down any Forces againſt Us.

Gran. No but I aſſure you, that Five Thouſand Pounds is to be given to him, that ſhall find the Way to deliver this Town into the *Iriſh* Hands; you had need take Care, who comes in, and who goes out; it may be thoſe you take to be your greateſt Friends may prove your worſt Enemies.

Enter the Mayor, *with his white Rod, Three Countrey Collonels.*

Granade *Salutes them.*

May. I am heartily glad to ſee you here, after your Dangerous Eſcape.

Gran. I humbly thank you Mr. *Mayor*, I always found the Civilities of this Town to be very great, eſpecially when I Quartered amongſt you: Pray Mr. *Mayor*, what Encouragement may a Man expect, who is an Old Soldier, that has ven-

tur'd

tur'd ſo far as I have done to come amongſt you. — You know I am a Soldier of Fortune, my Sword is my Livelyhood.

May. The Encouragement that We of this Town have agreed upon, as alſo the Countrey, to ſuch as you, that can take the Charge of a Regiment, to Exerciſe and Diſcipline them, is to poſt you Major, with an Allowance of Fifteen Shillings *per diem*, a Brace of Geldings, and an hearty Welcome to any of the Officers Houſes, Five Shillings *per diem* to your Aid-Major, and a good Gelding. Theſe are all the Officers we need.

Gran. Tis enough: The Service I'll engage ſhall be well performed and done.

May. Pleaſe you Sir, to take a Dinner with me to day.

Gran. I'll attend you.

Exeunt manent Burghs,

1 *Bur.* Did you hear what the Worthy Captain ſaid, that Five Thouſand Pounds was bid, for the puting this Town into the Iriſh hands? Pray God, our Governour be right.

2 *Bur.* The Governour is ſo good a Man I'll lay down my Life for him: He'll ſtand by the Cauſe, as long as any Man in the North: Has he not accepted of King *William*'s Commiſſion, taken the Oaths to be True to their Majeſties? For when *Tirconnel* ſent him down with a Batallion of the Old Army (which are thoſe he now Commands) to take Poſſeſſion of this Place, did he not turn out all the *Iriſh* Officers and Soldiers, and took in the former, that *Tirconnel* had Miſplac'd?

1 *Bur.* That was to perform Conditions, otherwiſe we had not let him and his Companies enter the Town; but there are a ſort of People, that have taken up Arms, meerly upon the Account of Self Preſervation, that if ever things ſhou'd run to the Hight, they'll quit and leave us, as you ſee a great many of our Town, are every day packing up their goods, and going for *Scotland*, conveying away their Effects; ſo I fear will the Gentry of the Countrey, take Example by them, and if our Governour, who has the ſole Command of this City, ſhou'd prove Falſe, and an Army come down, What will become of us?

2 *Burg.* Indeed this is a thing ought to be Conſidered, but I muſt commend the Prudence of the Magiſtrates, to Mount Guard with equal Number with the Soldiers,

1 *Burg.* Come let us take a Walk, and learn what further News this Gentleman has brought; he tells of ſtrange things that are Brewing.

Exeunt.

Enter Granade *and* Franc.

Gran. This is ſomething like, a Brace of Geldings, Fifteen Shillings *per diem*, Free Quarters, Mans Meat and Horſe Meat: O! thoſe Fools, *Goodman* and *Servewell*, that would not Venture with me: *The Iriſh are Exerciſing under every Hedge*, Cry they, are fearful of being taken up for Deſerters: 'Tis true indeed, we ſhould have had no Mercy: Why if a Man be born to be Hang'd, who can help it? There's an end of him: But where there is the moſt Danger, there is ſtill the moſt Honour. —— Pox on 'em, they are but of a Mungrel Breed, Nothing like to a True *Engliſh* Mans Courage.

Enter a Lacquy with a Letter, and delivers it to him.

Lac. Sr. I preſume your Name is Captain *Granade*.

Gran. Yes, I go by that Name: Go you out Sweet-Heart; you ſhall have an Anſwer. ——

Exit Boy.

Granade *Reads.*

SIR, Antrim.

Hearing that you have ſo Fortunately made your Eſcape from the Iriſh; *I have ſent this Expreſs to Invite you hither; if not Promis'd, pray accept of being Major to my Regiment: I ſhall think it a great Honour done me, to have ſo good a Soldier as you, under my Command: I would have ſent the Prince of* Orange's *Commiſſion, but it will do as well at the Head of the Regiment.*

Farewell.

Gran. Ha! This is Better and Better; and to a Perſon of Quality; to ſtep up to be a Major at firſt Touch, and in the ſpace of Twenty Days! Pretty well: The Prince's Commiſſion to back it; this entitles me to a Regular Poſt, as alſo Pay; this is much Better than to be a Major to a Countrey Regiment, that have no other Commiſſion than taking Arms in their own Defence. —— *Franc.*

Franc. I am here, *Sir.*

Gran. Prepare to go with me to *Antrim*, to Morrow Morning, 'Tis ſcarce Fifty Miles, we have no Raparee Mountains to go over, all is in our own Territories; this is my Harveſt, where the Corn is the thickeſt, there I'll ſtick in my Hook; be ſure you take leave of *Peg*, your Old Doxy, many a Quart haſt thou had from her, ſince thy coming to *Derry*.

Franc.

Franc. With all my Heart, Noble Captain: I'll go with you thro the World; and I'll be the next Man to you, in all Danger: But Captain, Dear Captain, I Love you; this *Peg*, is a Dear Girl, indeed I muſt tell you, ſomething that is a Secret.

Gran. What is it *Franc*, a mighty Secret, about Whoring, I'll warrant.

Franc. 'Tis now Fourteen Months, ſince we left *Antrim*, the Place we laſt Quarter'd in the North, and where we are now going; I had a Delicate Red-Hair'd Girl, my Landladys Daughter, ſhe was a pure coming Tit, and a Bone-Lace Weaver, ſhe laid up not much Money, whilſt I was there; I'll examine her Purſe for her.

Gran. For Shame, I thought 'twas ſome ſuch Fulſome Story, thou wilt have a Baſtard put upon thee, I hope.

Franc. If ſhe will confeſs Ingeniouſly 'tis mine, before you or any Subſtantial Man in the Pariſh, I'll Father it; I'm ſure ſhe'll put no Trick upon me.

Gran. What have I to do with thy Baſtards? I now remember the Reaſon, your Lac'd Cravat was ſo finely pinch'd, and a Fine Cravat String of Sky Collour'd Fourpenny Riband.

Franc. You muſt needs, Sir, when you come within two or three Miles of the Town, let me ride before to ſee my Dear *Iſabel*, for ſo is her Name: How She'll Hug me! And how I ſhall Hug her! But if ſhe ſhou'd be Marry'd: Hoo la! That wou'd be a Plaguy Buſineſs.

Gran. A Plaguy Buſineſs indeed; they'll have a mighty Bargain of it, to get thy Leavings: Be ſure, you be up early in the Morning.

Exeunt.

ACT. the Fourth.

SCENE Changes to *Dublin*.

Enter Hamilton, Dorrington.

Ham. The Buſineſs of Diſarming the City of *Dublin* being now over, I hope his Excellence will: conſider in time, the Affairs of the North, which ought to be our greateſt Care, leſt it happens that ſome Succours ſhould be ſent out of *England*, altho I think it not very probable, conſidering what Poſture

England is in at this time, and till all is Setled, and the Succession agreed upon, the Prince of *Orange* Crown'd King, no Army can be Levied, or Money Raised, which we know must be done by Act of Parliament; the Thoughts of *Ireland* are not Regarded, tho I have heard, the Prince of *Orange* has press'd the Consideration of *Ireland* often and often, and you you may be sure, the King is not without his Friends in the House, to endeavour to obstruct all Proceedings in that kind, as much as they can.

Dor. All this I do believe, which will, I hope take good Effect in this Kingdom: But since the Disarming the Protestants in this City, and the Adjacent Places, I hear, our Soldiers are very Rude and Insolent, for under pretence of Searching for Arms, they break open Trunks, Chests, Cabinets, and Rob the Protestants of their Goods and Money, make great Disturbance in the City, as also that the Soldiers, Convey Arms into Peoples Houses, in pretence they found them there, and Plunder them of all they have; Officers go into their Churches and disturb them at their Devotion; and as long as they are Tolerated by the Government, they ought not to be Molested.

Ham. This indeed ought to be timely taken care of, and I'll immediately go and acquaint the Lord Deputy. — That a Severe Order be Issued out, for the Prevention of these Abuses for the Future; and that the Soldiers may be severely Punished, where these Irregularities have or shall be Committed.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to *ANTRIM.*

At the End of which is a Spacious House. — A great Lough of Water at the back of the House.

Enter Lord, Granade, *Adjutant, Five Captains, some with Red Scarves, some Blew, some Orange, tyed about their Middle.*

Gran. My Lord, I am much Honoured with your Favour, especially giving me this Command of Major to your Regiment, and the Acquaintance of these Worthy Captains.

Lord Gentlemen, This is the Person, I have made your Major: I desire you will give him all due Respect, according to the Station he is in: Here, Sir, is your Commission.

Delivers Granade *a Parchment Commission. They all Salute him.*

Gran.

Gran. Faithful to the End, ſhall be my Motto.

Lord. The Solemnization of Proclaiming King *William* and Queen *Mary* was performed Yeſterday; I could have wiſhed, Major, you had been with us at the Solemnity.—We muſt now take care of what follows. I had an Account on Yeſterday, whilſt at Church, that Colonel *Cormuch O Neil*, with his Dragoons, was March'd by this Town, which makes us Suſpicious, that ſome Ill Deſign is at Hand, and to be put in Practice ſuddenly, otherwiſe they would not have March'd at ſo unſeaſonable a time as *Sunday* Morning, the time they us'd to be at Maſs.

Enter an Expreſs, delivers it. Lord *Redds:*

[*Exit Expreſs.*

My Lord,

THere is a Regiment of Iriſh, *at this time Ferrying over the River, and has taken Poſſeſſion of the Caſtle of* Toomb, *that ſtands on our ſide the River; they have Advanced half a Mile, and Poſſeſt themſelves of a ſtrong Paſs. Colonel* O Neil's *Troops has joined them.*

This is the Subſtance of the Letter, and the true reaſon of the Dragoons marching by this Town Yeſterday.

Maj. If this Paſs be of Advantage to us, and ſo convenient for them; it is a great Omiſſion, that it had not been taken Care of in time, for ſecuring it, ſince 'tis within our Lines.

Enter another Expreſs. Lord *Reads.*

[*Exit Expreſs.*

My Lord,

THe Enemy is poſſeſt of Toomb *Paſs, and is to be Reinforc'd with Foot from* Charlemont *and* Montjoy, *and the Country is already Threaten'd, that if we do not bring in Hay and Straw, and other neceſſary Proviſions, ſo much as they want, they'll Burn our Houſes and our Corn, your Tenants are already Flying; ſo pray, my Lord, take ſome ſpeedy Care.*

Lord. 'Tis confirm'd on all Hands, we muſt Adviſe what is neceſſary to be done; there are but Nine Miles from hence to the Place where the Enemy has taken Poſſeſſion. We ſhall have them come and Burn this Town.

Maj. Pray, my Lord, let there be no Adviſing, or any further Council in the Matter, for that does but delay Time: Let all be left to my Management, if I do not give your Lordſhip a good Account of them before to Morrow Morning, I am miſtaken. —— Give your Orders that the Regiment may be got together with all ſpeed, and the Troop of Horſe likewiſe; I'll draw a Detachment ſhall do the Work? I'll give them a Cup of Sanctifi'd Sneezing, will make their Hearts ake. By this I ſhall know what Courage our Northern Lads have.

Lord. I'll leave all to your Management.

Maj. Go you, Adjutant, ſee that Five Hundred choice Men be in readineſs, well Armed; the Troop of Horſe, with their Furniture, Back, Breaſt, and Head Pieces. Hold, —— I'll go my ſelf, and ſee all things in order.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE Changes to an Old Caſtle, by a River, in the midſt of a Moraſs.

Enter Colonel O Neil, *with Four of his Followers, Officers.*

O Neil. 'Twas Prince *O Neil* was the great Diſturber of Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign; 'twas he that gave a Viſit to *Philip* of *Spain*, and *Don John*, with an Army and Fleet croſs'd the Main.

'Twas Sir *Phillim*, the Brave Sir *Phillim O Neil*, my Uncle, and my Father's Brother, that was a Plague to the *Britains*. 'Twas he that Drown'd ſo many Hundred in the Black Water, ſparing neither Man, Woman, nor Child; for which, and other Brave Actions, at the Head of his Army, was on the Hill of *Tulliogue*, ſolemnly Crown'd with a Brogue.

[*Turning up his Whiſkers. Struting about.*

1 *Offic.*

1 *Offic.* I hear my Lord *M* —— (one of the Maleconcent Lords) is very much diſſatisfied with our ſecuring this Poſt. He wou'd not have us to be ſo near Neighbours, and is reſolv'd to Attack us, but he'll find it an hard matter to diſlodge us. What quantity of Foot has join'd us?

2 *Offic.* About Five Hundred, and as many more are Ferrying over.

3 *Offic.* I ſhou'd think it too ſoon for the Rebels to fall into open Hoſtilities; for notwithſtanding our Jarrs, no Blood has been ſhed yet; I find his Lordſhip will begin the War.

4 *Offic.* He is an Excepted Perſon, and may begin when he will.

Enter an Iriſh *Man.*

Iriſh. Arrah, Colonel Joy, and for God's ſhaake, I left *Antrim* preſently, and haave broke my Heart wid running ſo faſt, to tall dees dat de Drums are Bateing, and de Trompets are Sounding, and dey fill be vid dee in leſs than a graate while.

O Neil. If they come they come.

1 *Offic.* You Gentlemen of the Foot, ſee that you behave your ſelves well, this being the firſt Engagement that has happen'd in *Ireland*, between the King's Forces and the Rebels.

2 *Offic.* Dey vill not Fight.

3 *Offic.* Why will they not Fight, when they are Marching to Attack us? Have a Care they do not Fight ſo as to make you take to your Heels; that which fears me moſt is, They have got an Over-Sea Soldier, that Heads them, and is their Major.

4 *Offic.* We muſt prepare to make a vigorous Defence.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE Changes to *Antrim.*

Enter Major *and* Adjutant.

Adj. Sir, The Men are all drawn up, and in readineſs to March, with Three Colours, as you order'd.

Maj. Very well, we will be with them time enough: The Ammunition muſt not be given till we are in ſight of the Enemy.—— Order them to March, I'll follow immediately

ately: I'll know what further Orders his Lordſhip has for me. [*Exeunt* Adjutant.

Enter Lord.

Maj. Has your Lordſhip any further Commands?

Lord. None, But if you can poſſibly ſpare ſhedding of Blood.

Enter three Women with Loads on their Backs, running over the Stage.

Women. The Lord bleſs you, The Lord of Heaven bleſs you, ſave us and our Childrens Throats from being cut by the *Iriſh.*

[*Exeunt Women.*

Enter two Women.

Women. If yea do not make haſt yea's do nea geud; the *Iriſhes* are Ferrying over by hundreds.

[*Exeunt Women.*

Enter two Old Women.

Old Wom. They are all Robbing, Stripping and Raviſhing.

[*Exeunt Women.*

Maj. Here's Work indeed, when we come there *Teague* will have more Wit than to ſtand his Ground; and ſince your Lordſhip is not for ſhedding of Blood, the beſt way will be to ſend a Trumpet with Propoſals.

Lord. It ſhall be done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE Changes to *Tomb-Caſtle*, as before.

Enter Colonel O Neil, *with Three Officers.*

O Neil. Does the Rebels appear in ſight yet?

1 *Offic.* No, but they are on their March towards us.

O Neil. What Numbers?

1 *Offic.* They are judg'd to be Five Hundred, and Two Troops of Horſe, one of them Back, Breaſt, and Headpiece.

[*Trumpet Sounds.*]

2 *Offic.*

2 *Offic.* The Rebels Trumpet.
O Neil. Let in the Trumpet.

Enter Trumpet with Propoſals.

Trump. Who Commands here?
O Neil. I do.
Trump. In the Name of King *William* and Queen *Mary*, you are Summoned to quit this Paſs, and to Deliver it up to thoſe that are coming againſt you, the Foot Repaſs the River, and the Dragoons return back to their former Quarters, and you ſhall have ſafe Conduct. This is my Meſſage, to which you are immediately to return your Anſwer.
O Neil. We do not own, nor acknowledge any but King *James*, and will Obey none but him, and the Lord *Tirconnel*, his Deputy.
1 *Offic.* Here are our Orders from the General, till that be Contradicted, we will keep and maintain our Poſt, unleſs you are able to Beat us out; ſo take this for your Anſwer; but withal, take Care what you do.
Trump. I'll haſt back; there is one a coming that will not be long in diſputing Matters.

[*Exeunt Trumpet*, O Neil, *and Officers.*

SCENE changes to a Hill, where are Encamp'd the *Britiſh.*

Enter Major, *and Three Captains.*

Maj. Well, this is but the Prologue to a deeper Tragedy, that muſt ſoon be Acted, and how theſe Gentlemen of this part of the North have Managed (I mean the Army that is to Oppoſe, and Fight Lieutenant-General *Hamilton*) a very ſhort time will decide. ——

Enter Trumpet.

What ſays our Antagoniſt?
Trump. They will own none but King *James*, and the Lord *Tirconnel*, his Deputy; they would have ſhown me *Tirconnel*'s Orders, and is reſolved to Maintain the Paſs, unleſs you can beat them out; but withal, bids you take care, what you do in oppoſing the Government.

Maj. Repair to your Troop, you have perform'd your Meſſage very well. [*Exit Trump.*
This ſmall Enterpriſe is but little, yet it may give Life to a greater Action: How happy and how good Fortune has favour'd my Retreat, the next Day of my coming to defeat the Enemy and theſe Rebels, with force of Arms to Kill and Beat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Toomb-Caſtle*, as before.

[*Drums beat, Trumpets ſound a Charge, ſeveral Shots going off within; anſwered by another.*]

Enter Six Iriſh *Soldiers, Brogues on their Feet, and Half-Pikes, on the Run, purſu'd by Three North-Country-Men; Three of the* Iriſh *Men run croſs the Stage and get away, the other Engage; one of the* Iriſh *falls on his Knees, crying,* For God's ſhaake ſhaave my Life. *The other,* The Dee'l of Life will we ſave: *Shoots Two with Piſtols, and the other run thro': They drop. The Three North-Country-Men on the purſuit.*

[Exeunt.

Enter Major, *and Three Captains.*

Maj. When we drew up within half Muſket-ſhot of them, (a Bog between) our Horſe drew up on the Right, for conveniency of Ground, what a Shout they gave? Did they think we wou'd not Fight them?

1 *Cap.* How our Men Nickar'd with their Teeth to be at them, and ſtript themſelves to their Waſtcoats, to be light for Purſuit.

2 *Capt.* To ſee how their Prieſts went from Rank to Rank, and ſprinkled Holy Water on them with a great Bruſh?

3 *Capt.* When you ſent off your ſeveral Detachments and began to Fire, how the Rogues began to break in the Rear, and Run, and how forward our Men were to purſue them?

Maj. I muſt withdraw a while, and give my Lord an Account of our Victory. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Franc, *dreſs'd in a large Buff-Coat, an Head-piece on his Head, with a Boy carrying his Granadiers Cap and Coat, his Sword in his Hand, drawn, leading in an* Iriſh *Soldier by the Collar.*

Ir. Man.

Ir. Man. Who bub-boo, Who-la-loo, God be wid my Broders Shoul, he is Dad, and my ſhelf is going wid him.

Frenc. Hold your Damn'd Noiſe, you Dog, tell me the Truth, or off goes your Head, and I'll ſtick it on the point of this Sword.

Ir. Man. By my deed Joy, I wou'd not be after ſheing dat bad ſhite: My Head ſtick dare! I fill tell de all de Trut.

Franc. Who's Coat is this on my Back?

Ir. Man. By my deed it is dy own Coat, Dear Joy.

Franc. I know that as well as thou canſt tell me, but who's was it an hour ago.

Ir. Man. *Turns up the Lappets.*

Dis Coat was Captain *Maunus Macmohons* Sharging Coat, he was my Foſter-Fathers Uncles Broder.

Franc. *Fetches a Sigh.*

A Damn'd Strong Fellow, I was at work with him, a long time, before I could Uncaſe him; but tell me, Haſt thou a Wife?

Ir. Man. I have a Wife and Shiſter.

Franc. A Wife and a Shiſter; Are they not Red Hair'd.

Ir. Man. Yes be dey.

Franc. Now tell me Truth, didſt thou Raviſh any of our Proteſtant Women?

Ir. Man. I did make de Fornication upon dem, a little, a little.

Franc. Art not thou a Great Sinner for that little, little? and didſt thou ever Confeſs that to the Prieſt?

Ir. Man. No, we did maake de Fornication one upon de toder.

Franc. That is, the Prieſt did make the Fornication firſt, and you did after.

Ir. Man. Dat is de Trut of de Matter.

Franc. Shall I make the Fornication upon thy Wife and Shifter.

Ir. Man. Ay, Dou maake de Fornication upon my Wife, my Shifter, and upon my Moder and Grand Moder, and Shaave my Life, Joy.

Franc. Come along with me, Thou canſt ſing the ſame Tune as thou didſt, when thou cam'ſt in.

Ir. Man. I can ſhing batter.

Franc. Get into this Priſon, I'll take thee out by and by, be ſure you have a Song ready, when I call upon you.

Exeunt.

Enter Major *and* Adjutant.

Maj. How ſtands Affairs now? What Number Kill'd and

Wounded of the Enemies?

Aaj. About an Hundred of the *Irish*, of our side very few, not above Six or Seven; most of our Men, are return'd from the Pursuit.

Maj. Have you sent away the Express? I know, my Lord will be impatient, till he has a full Account of our Engagement.

Adj. I have, Sir.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to *Dublin-Castle.*

Enter Tirconnel, Hamilton, Dorrington, Maccarty.

Ham. My Lord, I attend your Excellencies last Commands; to morrow I have appointed for a General Rendezvous, to be at *Droghedah*, of all the Forces design'd for the *Northern* Expedition, Horse Foot and Dragoons to be employ'd against the Rebells, this done, I'll advance to the Frontiers.

Tir. Sir, I wish you all Success imaginable, Good Fortune attend all your Undertakings.

Salutes the rest.

Exit Hamil.

Enter an Express and delivers it to Tirconnel. *and he Reads: Pawsing a little.*

Tir. These Rebells of the *North.* Who can forbear to enter with Fire and Sword? Hanging and Quartering is too good for them. — What think you? But Collonel *O'Neil's* Party is Routed, Kill'd and put to Flight; the Dragoons Horses, and Furniture is fallen into their hands.

Mac. Sure my Lord, there was some Miscarriage in the Matter, by Surprize, or your Orders were not Punctually Obey'd, or else such a Rabble, cou'd never have Forc'd such a Considerable Pass.

Tir. I have not the perticulars, but Beaten our Men are, that's certain; he that Headed them, is an Old Campaigner, an Over-Sea Soldier, they call him *Granade*: He Commanded a Company of Granadiers, not long ago amongst us, but now forsooth, is Major of those Confus'd Rabble; I'll give Five Hundred Pounds for his Head, Dead or Alive; I thought to have caught him; he was one of those Mutineers, that drank the Prince of *Orange*'s Health the other day.

Mac. These Granadiers are Plaguy Desperate Fellows, especially, when they have been some time at the Trade.

Dor.

Dor. If that be the Officer of Granadiers, as your Lordſhip talks of, that Headed them, they are no Confuſed Rabble; he was once under my Command, and bore Arms in the French Army, he has been a long time Experienced, and will undertake any thing, let it be never ſo Hazardous, that Officer you'll find will do you more Miſchief than an Hundred others, for whereſoever he comes, as ſoon as they know him, they'll make him Commander in Chief.

Tir. Can he not be taken off with Money, or a Promiſe of Good Preferment?

Dor. He is a Gentleman of a very good Family in *England*; he'll ſtand up for the *Honour* of his Countrey, and what Preferment he has already got, and what he is in Expectation from the Prince of *Orange*. No bribes will take. — Preferment ſhould have been given before he left our Army; and if he ſhou'd chance to get into *Derry*, and Command there, he knows the Stratagems of War ſo well, that you'll find it a very difficult Matter to take the Town.

Tir. I'll ſend an Expreſs immediately to Lieutenant General *Hamilton*, to March all his Forces by the way of *Newry*, and let the gaining the River *Ban* alone.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to *Antrim.*

Enter Lord, Major, *three Captains and* Franc.

Maj. I hope, my Lord, the Routing of the Enemy, and the Re-taking the Paſs was to your Satisfaction.

Lord. I fear there was a great deal of Bloodſhed.

Maj. Very little, Forty or Fifty Kill'd, and about as many Wounded; not ſo many, if the Enemy cou'd have ſwam.—— This Spark. —— *Pointing to* Franc.
can give your Lordſhip the beſt Account, he was in the midſt of the Action.

Franc. Why, truly my Lord, I had *Truſty Roger*, whet on Purpoſe. *Draws it.*

Lord Starts Back.

I Kill'd Fifteen, your Lordſhip may ſee the Blood.

Lord. Certainly, Honeſt Man, thou never thinkſt to go to Heaven, I believe Major, he is one of your Old Granadiers, a Devliſh Sour Fellow.

Franc. I cou'd with all my Soul, kill Fifteen every Morning,

rather than go to your Lordſhips Buttery, though I like a Jack of your Lordſhips March Beer, very well.

Lord. Thou art every part of thee, a Granadier, paſt Grace. But, dear Major, this certainly will bring the Army down upon us.

Maj. No matter if it does, if all our Northern Lads, behave themſelves no worſe, and the Enemy prove no better.— My Lord, Here are ſome of our Officers, have a mind to give your Lordſhips Lady, and your pretty Neice, ſome Muſick, together with a little Diverſion, after our good Succeſs in Beating the Enemy.

Lord. Any thing, Major, of your Contrivance, will be very Acceptable to us all.

Exeunt.

Enter Servants, and Places Six Chairs. Enter Lord *leading in his Lady, Three Ladies follow; they ſit down. Enter Eight Men, with Head Pieces, the Bars drawn over their Faces; the Right Hand* Man *Sings.*

Have Courage then my Boys,
Englands Cauſe ſhall Flouriſh;
We'll make them Run,
With Firing our Gun,
Let nothing then Diſcourage.
Hamilton, is Marching down,
With his Army of Brogues,
Nothing in their Mouths,
But Rebell, Rebell Rogues.
We'll Meet and Fight them on the Plain,
And to the Mountains Run again:
Old *Englands* Cauſe we will maintain.

Chorus.

Hamilton *is coming down,*
With an Army for to Fight us.
With Sword in hand,
We'll make them Run;
Their Numbers ſhall not fright us.

They all Dance, all fall into one Rank; the Major *diſcovers himſelf, pulls off his Head-piece; the Lord and Lady Riſe, all ſit down.* Franc. *Fetches the* Iriſh Man *out of Priſon, leading him by the Coller.*

Franc.

Franc. Come then, Sing me the Song, and I'll ſave your Life.

Iriſh *Man Sings.*

O Broder Brogue, fat ſall we more do?
We'll Run to de Mountains, and cry, Hoo-la-loo,
Our Cows and our Seeps, and our Garran too.

I, by my Shoul, ſill cut de Capier,
And ſil throw away, de Gun and de Rapier,
And maake de Run, thro' de Bog and de Water.

And ſen I do maake home to my Fader,
I ſill be after dig my Potato,
And Drink my good Bonny Clabber.

I maake de Rye Bread, and Grind de Quarne,
Shurning de Milk, and Roaſting de Malahaune:
Lye down on de Ruſh Bed, and do de toder Ting,
And be no more de good Soldier, for de King, de King.
And be no more de good Soldier, for de King, de King.

God Bleſh my Maaſhter, he did ſhave my Life.

Stoops down to Kiſs Franc's *Feet.*

Franc. I'll be as good as my Word, for once; I do Pardon thee: Now carry me on thy Back, that I may make the Fornication a little, a little, upon dey Wife, dye Shiſter, dey Moder and dey Grand Moder.

Gets upon the Iriſh Man's *Back.*

Ir. Man. Dou art more heavy, dan de Sack of my Countrey Potatoes, or de Barrel of de good Buttermilk.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Lord, Major, *and one Captain.*

Maj. Pray, my Lord, in what Poſture is our Army to Oppoſe the Enemy, when they come down? Has there been any Rendezvous of our Forces lately? In what Poſture is our Artillery? What Carriages are provided for our Ammunition?

Lord. I fear little or none, I never heard of any.

Maj. Why then, we do nothing, we had an Account at *Dublin*, that there were Thirty Thouſand Able Fighting Men in the *North*.

Lord. 'Tis well, if we have a Quarter of that Number when we go on Service; we have indeed our Grand Council of Five, and our Barony Council, that meet commonly every week, but ſo far as I can underſtand, little is done any more than Noiſe, to Amuſe the Enemy. —— This Gentleman, Captain *Knock*, is one of the Barony Council, he can inform you beſt.

Maj. Pray, Captain *Knock*, Reſolve me in what Condition, is this part of the North? By reaſon all People have their Eye on the Motion of thoſe two Counties, *Down* and *Antrim*, being next, and immediately on the Frontiers.

Knock. Why truly, Sir, if Eating good Meat, and Drinking good Drink, be good, we have enough of that, and truly not much of any thing elſe, as for any Proviſion made for War, there is very little of that.

Maj. Pray, Captain *Knock*, What Regiments of Horſe, Foot and Dragoons, have we in readineſs, to oppoſe the *Iriſh* Forces? For 'tis concluded, on all hands, their Army is on the March towards us: Did you ſee of late, the Forces drawn together, the Number of Artillery, Carriages for Ammunition, Proviſions, *&c*?

Knock. Not any, Sir, and as far as I underſtand, if the Enemy come down, they will not draw their Regiments together, one Collonel will keep his Regiment to watch *Carrigt fergus*, leſt they Sally out, and Burn his Town; another at *Lisbon*, to ſecure that Town; another at *Belfaſt*, and ſo on; the thing we depended on ſo long, was to be joyned by ſome from the other parts of the North: What ſignifies what Forces we have in thoſe two Counties, unleſs we had ſome of their Experienc'd Men to lead us, that wou'd be ſtanch to the Cauſe? We are but a Rabble without Form or Order; We have been lull'd a ſleep all along, by fair Promiſes from the Governour of *Derry*; *Hamilton* Governour of two Counties, *Tyrone* and *Dongal*, who Promis'd to come with a Body of three or four Thouſand Men, Horſe, Foot and Dragoons, to our Aſſiſtance; they know the Enemy would Attack us firſt; ſome Field Pieces they Promis'd to bring along with them; they are Experienced Commanders, and accounted the beſt in the Kingdom, but they have left us in the Lurch, and 'tis fear'd they will do the ſame at *Derry*. —— There's no Probability of making Head againſt the *Iriſh* Army here, having met with ſo many Diſappointments. —— This is truly my Opinion of the matter; and if you had not come amongſt us, and ſhew'd

us

us ſomething of Soldierſhip, we have not any elſe, that can.

Lord. This is certain, the true ſtate of this our Affairs: This Part of the North we are in, is in a very Sad and Miſerable Condition.

Maj. O Dilnal Fate! What ſhall be done, when we are thus Betray'd?

Enter an Expreſs, and Delivers a Letter.

Lord. *Reads.*

My Lord,

I muſt deſire your Preſence this Afternoon at Three, to conſider of a moſt Preſſing Affair, that conterns us all, the Enemy is far Advanced, and if no Oppoſition be made, will be upon us in two days at fartheſt; bring along with you Major Granade,; *here is one Mr.* Osborne *come with Propoſals from* Tirconnel, *which we have before us to conſider.* *Farewell.*

Now, Major, is the time, we muſt ſtand or flye.

Maj. I ſee no probability of making any Defence, conſidering our Unprovidedneſs for Action.

Knock. I am certain, 'twas never intended, to Engage the Enemy, any further than to talk Big and Swagger, make our ſelves three times more than we are, depending on Forces out of *England.*

Lord. We muſt be preſent at three a Clock this Afternoon, to debate of what is moſt proper to be done in this moſt Urgent Affair.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to a *Council-Chamber.*

Enter two Servants, ſetting a Table and Chairs.
Enter two Attendants, bare headed, make Room for the Council of Five.
Enter the Council and place themſelves in the Chairs.
Enter Lord *and* Major, *two Chairs being ſet for them.*

Lord Preſ. Let the Lord Deputies Propoſals be Read, only the Heads, the Subſtance of the Matter.

Secretary Reads.

I. *His Excellency does not delight in the Blood and Devaſtati-*

on of the said Province, but however Resents their Taking and Continuing in Arms, and the Affronts done by them, to his Majesty's Government, and by Indignities done to the Late Proclamation of Clemency, Issued 29th of February, *last past.*

II. *Notwithstanding all which, he is willing to Receive the said Province into Protection, provided they immediatey deliver up to his Army, for his Majesty's Use, their Arms, Serviceable Horses, and Provided, they deliver up to his Majesty these Excepted Persons; to wit,* ——————————
If they shall remain in this Kingdom and can be had.

III. *And for further manifestation of his Designs to prevent Blood, he is willing to grant safe Conduct, even to the said Persons, or any other of their Party, to and from his Excellency, and to and from* Lieutenant General Hamilton, *Commander of a part of his Majesty's Army, if they intend any Peaceable or Reasonable Treaty; but withal, will not upon the said, or any other Account, stop the March of the said part of his Army, no not for an hour; and if it shall appear in such Treaty, that they took up Arms meerly for Self-Preservation, then he will Pardon, even the said Three Persons also, but is hopeless, that any such thing can be made appear, seeing many of them have already Received and Accepted of Commissions from the Prince of* Orange, *and Display'd his Colours in the Field, as his Excellency is Credibly Inform'd.*

IV. *If these Terms be not immediately agreed unto, he will with a part of his Army Fight them, which Part he intends shall be at* Newry, *on* Monday *the Eleventh Instant; with which, from thence, he'll march to* Belfast, *and from thence to* Colraine, *and* London-Derry, *as his Excellency intends; and that the County* Irish *(not of the Army)* Men, Women and Boys, *now all Armed, with Half Pikes and Baggonets, in the Counties of* Cavan, Monahan, Tyrone, London-Derry, *&c. will, upon the Approach of the said Part of the Army, and Resistance thereunto made, immediately enter upon a* Massacre *of the* Brittish *in the said Counties, which Force and Violence of the Rabble, his Excellency saith, he cannot Restrain.*

Lord Pres. The Business in plain Terms, is this, Do you agree to deliver up your Arms and Serviceable Horses, and stand to the Mercy of the Enemy?

All. We will not agree to such Dishonourable Conditions, We'll all Dye first.

Lord Pres. Call in Mr. *Osborne.* ——

Enter Mr. Osborne.

—— We have consider'd the Proposals you have brought us, and Return the Lord *Tirconnel* this Answer; that his Proposals

ſals are very Diſhonourable, and his Propoſals are Rejected.

Exit Osborne.

The next thing is, Shall we Fight the Enemy?

All. We agree to Fight the Enemy.

Lord Preſ. What ſay you Major? You have been often in Action, which none of us ever were: What ſay you?

Maj. I cannot Reſolve your Lordſhip in this matter, till I ſee the Forces drawn together, and then I ſhall be capable to inform you, whether it be proper to Engage the Enemy or not, then to hold a Council will be Neceſſary, whether to Fight or Retreat.

All. This is very Rationally Spoke.

Lord. Preſ. I'll Order the Army at Five to Morrow Morning to be at *Blaze-Moore*; and Major, I do appoint you to form the Army, in ſuch a Method, as you think moſt fit to Engage the Enemy.

Maj. I thank your Lordſhip (this is a Place for a Major General) I'll warrant we'll Beat them, if we make but a good Appearance.

Lord Preſ. Adjourn the Court till Eight to Morrow Morning. *On my Conſcience we'll Beat them*, cryes one; and, *On my Conſcience, we'll make them run*, cryes another.

Attendance going before: Make Room for the Council of Five.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to *Newry*, a Town with a Bridge over a Large River.

Enter Lieutenant *General* Hamilton, *with a Generals Trunchion*; Dorington, *two Collonels.*

Dor. What News has your Excellency, from your Correſpondents in the North, as to the Poſture of the Rebells?

Ham. Alas! 'Tis not thoſe I ſeek; little Honour is gain'd by thoſe, who are but Duſt under my Feet, but as Rubbiſh thrown out of my way; 'Tis when we get on the *Engliſh* Shore, there is Honour laid up in Store; there we'll place our Standard, and March on Victoriouſly, and ſhake the foundation of their New Moulded Monarchy.

All Towns and Cities ſhall their Homage Pay,
York, *With her Keys, ſhall meet us on the way.*

1 *Col.* The News from the Rebells, is ſomewhat uncertain, only they are in a great Conſternation; ſome of their Chief have left them, and more are making off: No Troops or Regiments joyn'd as yet, nor ſo much as a Cannon, nor a Carriage for their Ammunition; no methods at all of Soldiery, but a meer Diſtracted Multitude.

Dor. That is ſtrange, Have they not a ſtrong Body of Men on their Frontier, and but Six Miles from us?

Ham. A ſort of a Regiment of Dragoons, Ill Mounted and as Baſely Equipt, Muskets, Carabines, Long Guns, and ſome Foot, moſt of them Pikes: Poor Miſerable People, I pitty them, I hope they will comply with the Propoſals ſent by my Lord *Tirconnel*.

2 *Coll.* We have had a particular Account all along, of their motion; they were ſo wiſe as to give leave to Father *Haggerty*, who has all along been amongſt them, and made his Obſervations, to paſs to the Lord Deputy, by reaſon they thought his Excellency had not Intelligence good enough.

Ham. Dorrington, Cauſe the reſt of the Army, to March to the Frontiers, to be there this Night, and the Morrow we'll dare them to Fight.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to a *Council-Chamber*, as before.

Enter two Servants, and ſets a Table and Chairs, two Servants before them Bare-Headed, Make room for the Council of Five.

A Servant brings in a Portmantua Trunk, and ſets it at the ſide of the Wall; another ſix Bundles of Papers, and lays them on the Table.

Enter Major.

Maj. My Lord, I have been at *Blaze-Moor* this three hours, and no Appearance of either Horſe or Foot, ſaving thoſe under my Command; I made the more ſpeed to acquaint your Lordſhip and the Honourable Council, leſt you ſhould be Surpriſed, by reaſon the Enemy is Advancing.

Enter an Officer.

Offi. All our People are broke at *Drummore*, moſt of the Dragoons Kill'd, the Foot totally cut off, the Enemy hot in Purſuit, and within a Mile of this Place.

Preſ. Every Man ſhift for himſelf.

Some

Some Running out at one Door, ſome out at another; ſome Running in again, crying, My Horſe, my Horſe, I am an Excepted Perſon; *another,* My Portmantle, my Money, my Money; *another,* The Lord have Mercy upon us, the Enemy, the Enemy; *another* What Number, Brother Officer? What Number? *Officer,* Two or Three Hundred.—— Ah! Lord, two or three Thouſand, doſt thou ſay?

Exeunt Council.

Maj. I thought what would become of the Buſineſs, when nothing was done, Week after Week, but ſitting at Council, an excellent way of Fighting the Enemy: 'Twill be time for me to go to the Regiment, and quit the Council Chamber. When they are all fled and gone, I ſhall have the Honour to bring up the Rear.

Exit Major.

Officer that brought the News of the Rout, takes up the Portmantle.

Offi. This is the Treaſure of the Council of Five; they were in ſuch Plaguy haſt in Running, they cou'd not ſee it; if I can but bear it off, 'tis a good Prize, but Confounded Heavy. *Gets it on his Shoulders.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, Sir, That Portmantle is my Maſters.
Offi. Who's your Maſter, you Dog?
Serv. He is gone before.
Offi. And I am going After. —— Your Maſters? You Son of a Whore; 'tis my Portmantle.

Carries it out.

Exeunt.

Enter Lieutenant General Hamilton, Dorrington, *with two Officers.*

Ham. Is this all the ſport we ſhall have? Where's their Thirty Thouſand Northern Lads: What? Here's Papers; a Bundle of Commiſſions; the Prince of *Orange* was a Wiſe Man, to give ſuch Fellows Commiſſions.

Dor. They'll hardly gain *Ireland* by ſuch as theſe; they ar certainly all Mad Men.

Enter a Store-Keeper.

S. Keeper. And pleaſe your Excellency, there is Fifteen Barrels of Powder, and as much of Ball, Proviſion for Twenty Thouſand Men for three Months.

Ham. Let all be carefully lay'd up, and nothing Imbezled, and a Guard to take Care thereof.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to *Lisborne*, a Large Town with one Street.

Enter Major, Adjutant, *three Officers.*

Maj. I cannot but think how finely thoſe Regiments will watch *Carigfergus*, *Belfaſt* and *Lisborne*, &c. A Pox of Ill Luck, if our Army had but ſtood, I had been a Major General, but now I may be General, Lieutenant General, Brigadier, all my ſelf.

Enter Three Dragoons, Running Croſs the Stage.

1 *Drag.* The Days loſt, the Days loſt, the Enemy killing awe our Men; Flye, Flye for your Lives, ye're awe Dead Men.

Exeunt.

Enter three more Running.

Firſt, Raully Lads, Raully Lads.——

Run away as faſt as they can.

Three more Running, Raully, Raully.

Maj. Ha, ha, ha, *Laughing.*
Stand, or I'll run my Sword through you; I ſee no Enemy, if they come, I'll ſend them as faſt back; 'Tis not three or four Broaken Troops, ſhall make me run: Stop, ſtop, all that has Arms.

Enter an Officer, all Dirty.

Offi.

Offi. Pray Collonel, where ſhall I draw up my Men?

Maj. This Officer underſtands his Buſineſs; he preſerves as many of his Men, as he can. —— Draw up upon the Left of the Regiment. —— Pray what is become of our Horſe?

Offi. As many as was yeſterday, ſo many will be to Morrow; they are gone to Conduct the Chief Officers to the Sea Shore.

Exit Officer.

Maj. Adjutant, Give Orders for the Regiment to March off from the left, I'll bring up the Rear; let all the Colours Fly.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, Dorrington.

Ham. What a Bugbear this North hath been all along! What great oppoſition we ſhould meet with! How the Diſaffected Flatter'd themſelves, what mighty Feats the Northern Men wou'd do! No leſs than Thirty Thouſand up in Arms, and had declar'd for the Prince of *Orange*.

Dor. One well Diſciplin'd Regiment, under Pay, is worth them all.

Shel. I underſtand that the Mayor of *Belfaſt*, and the Majeſtrates of the Adjacent Towns, are preparing to attend your Excellency, to Morrow Morning, to know your Pleaſure, as to the Quartering of your Army, and what elſe may be neceſſary for the Kings Service.

Ham. To Morrow I ſhall be at leiſure, to give them a Hearing; I muſt of Neceſſity ſtay here two or three days, to compoſe matters, and muſt this Night ſend away an Expreſs to the Lord Deputy, of our great Succeſs; let ſtrict orders be given out this Night, that the Soldiers behave themſelves civilly in their Quarters, that the Countrey be not Moleſted; I'll hang up the firſt Man, that commits any Diſorders; ſo let them look to it.

Exeunt.

A C T. the Fifth.

SCENE Changes to *Antrim*.

Enter Lord, Major, Adjutant.

Lord. Well, *Major*, I have heard with a great deal of Attention, the Paſſages, how Affairs were managed at the Council

of Five, and alſo how it went upon our Retreat, there is no ſtaying for me, and the Enemy ſo near at hand, and I one of the Excepted Perſons; I'll be gone this Night: Pray let there be a good Guard to Conduct my Wife and Neice to *Colraine*, to Morrow Morning.

Maj. I'll be her Guard my ſelf, and wiſh your Lordſhip a Safe Journey. ——

Exit Lord.

Adjutant, I ſaw but a ſmall Appearance of Men, with the Colours when we March'd into Town.

Adj. Moſt of the Men are gone to take Care of their Wives and Children, ſome of them will bring their Families along with them to *Colrain*; others will leave them amongſt their Friends, that did not take up Arms; ſome their greateſt Buſineſs is to bring Proviſions; you'll have them all at *Colraine*, in two or three days, they can ſtay no longer for fear of the Enemy.

Maj. Poor Souls, I pitty them that have Wives and Families; there will be but ſorrowful meeting, and as ſad Parting, when their Wives and Children will be left to the Mercy of the Enemy: Stay they muſt not, for *Tirconnel*'s Proclamation will Hang and Quarter them: Let the Colours be ſtript from the Staves, and bring them to me, that I may put them in my Portmantle; we'll Mount them again when we come to *Colraine*; the Sport is but beginning yet, when we come there, we ſhall be equal with the Enemy in Number, then they ſhall ſee how we'll bruſh their Jackets.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to *Lisborne.*

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, Dorrington, *followed by an Officer of the Guards.*

Offi. My Lord, here is the Soveraign of *Antrim*, come to Attend your Excellency with three Burghers of the Town.

Ham. Conduct them in.

Enter Soveraign and Three Burghers.

Sov. May it Pleaſe your Excellency (as in Duty Bound) I am come in behalf of my ſelf, and the Inhabitants of *Antrim*, as Humble Supplicants, Beging your Excellencies Favour and Protection, to preſerve us, and our Town from Ruin: We have had a very Ill Time of it, by theſe Rebells that are in Arms, againſt the King and the Government; we have heard

of

of your Gracious Clemency to other places of our Neighbourhood, in like manner, we beg your Excellency to have the ſame Regard to us.

Ham. I hope, Gentlemen, you were none of thoſe Rebells that took Commiſſion from the Prince of *Orange*, Raiſed Men and Bore Arms againſt your Rightful Soveraign.

Sov. Not we, we are poor Houſe-Keepers, that have all along paid Scot and Lot, and cheerfully paid Taxes to Support the Government.

Ham. You ſhall be well Protected, ſo long as you behave your ſelves Orderly and as good Subjects.

Sov. You will find us at all times, ready to obey your Excellencies Commands, and Quarter your Officers and Soldiers, or any thing elſe, that lies in our power to Perform.

Ham. Call in Three of my Guard.——

Enter Three Troopers in Red Coats Lac'd, and Carabine Belts.

—— You are to go with the Soveraign, and be Safeguards at *Antrim*, and ſee that no Diſorders be committed by either Officer or Soldier, or any of the Army, and that they Pay for what they call for.

Dor. Pray, how many of the Rebells, paſt through your Town.

1 *Burg.* About Two Thouſand in Broken Battallions, Broken Troops, *&c.*

Ham. What did you think of your Thirty Thouſand Northern Lads, who were for Beating *Tirconnel*, and all his Army.

2 *Burg.* Alas! They are poor Miſled Diſtracted People, they run and know not whether they go.

3 *Burg.* 'Twas my Advice to them, an Hundred times, to ſtay at home, and follow their Trades, when their Officers would be fetching them to Exerciſe.

1 *Burg.* In gued troth, Sir, yous haw them awe at *Derry*.

2 *Burg.* They's awe gang before you to *Derry*.

3 *Burg.* *Pulls one of the Guard aſide.*
Sir, Ligg at my Houſe, ya's get a Hearty Wellcome.

Troop. 'Tis agreed on, you need not invite me twice.

2 *Burg.* *Pulls another Trooper aſide.*
Pray, Sir, Ligg at my Houſe, ya's pay nothing for Meat or Drink. ——.

Troop. Nor Tobacco.

1 *Burg.* *Pulls another.*
Lodge at my Houſe, all's at your Service.

Troop Brandy Three times a day.

Sov. Your Excellencies moſt Humble Servant.

Exeunt Soveraign, Burghers, Guards.

Enter an Expreſs, delivers a Letter.

Ham. Reads.
The King is Landed ſafe at *Kingſale*, with Men Arms and Ammunition.

All ſhake their Hats over their Heads.

All The King is Landed ſafe at *Kingſale*, with Men, Arms, and Ammunition, *Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!*

Ham. The Twelfth of *March*, the Glorious Bleſſed Day, our King is ſafely Arrived in the Weſtern Bay, and Fifty Thouſand Marching by his Side. Methinks I ſee the *Gallick* Fleet, with Ecchoing Cannon Roar, to Wellcome him to our *Hibernian* Shore, and thoſe Floating Caſtles fill'd with Arms, Cannon, Bombs and Ammunition to Chaſtiſe his Foes, and Vanquiſh all that ſhall him oppoſe. He, Great Prince, does only take a Tour about, Firſt to *Ireland*, then to *Scotland*, then to *Englands* Court.

I with an Hundred Thouſand that bemoan
His Loſs, will ſafely place him on his Throne.

SCENE Changes to the Town of *Antrim*, with a Spacious Houſe near a Lough.

Enter Major *in Jack-boots, and Riding Garb, goes towards the Ladies Bed-Chamber; Knocks.*
Enter Mrs. Abigal.

Maj. Pray, Is your Lady ready to take Coach.

Abi. Lord! Sir, my Lady has had a very bad Night of it, for want of my Lords Company; She's juſt now fallen into a Slumber.

Maj. Slumber me no Slumber, if the Enemy chance to nab me this Morning, I ſhall have a worſe day of it, than your Lady has had a Night, and 'tis a wonder, they are not here before now, they were within Twelve Miles of this Place, yeſterday; Pox of this Knight Errantry, What a pritty experiment have I found out to be Nooz'd? Introduce me into your Ladies Chamber.

Abi.

Abi. Lord! Sir, What do you mean to be so Rude? 'Tis well my Lord is not at home.

Maj. Hold your Tongue, you will have half a dozen Dragoons about your Rump. —— Stand by, and let me in.

Abi. Marry, Bless my Ladies Rump.

Major enters into the Ladies Bed-Chamber.

Maj. Madam, is your Ladiship awake? Do you design to go to your Husband, or to stand to the Mercy of the Enemies Dragoons?

Lady. Lord Defend me from the Enemies Dragoons; I'll go to my Husband.

Maj. Come then, Madam, on with your Morning Gown, and let me carry you in my Arms to the Coach; the Enemy is just at the Towns end.

Lady. If you please, Sir, to withdraw but one quarter of an hour, I'll be ready immediately: *Abigal, Abigal,* Wake my Neice. —— My Son and Daughter had the good Luck to go Yesterday.

Major withdraws into the Outer Chamber.

Enter Adjutant.

Maj. Well *Adjutant,* You do not yet discover any Body of the Enemy Advancing, are the Scouts plac'd about the Hills?

Adj. They are.

Maj. Make all the Haste you can, and call them in, that I may have a good Rear-Guard; let there be Six Able Horse Men, to clear the way, before the Coach.

Exit Adjutant.

The Lady and Neice come out of the Chamber.

Lady. Now, Sir, we are ready to attend you; my Poor Lord will be in a Peck of Troubles for me. —— Twenty four Miles is a long Journey. —— Lord! Sir, Is there no Danger by the Way?

Maj. My Life for yours, Madam, no Danger; you'll be well Guarded.

Major *takes her by the Hand and Leads her.*

Laay. *Just going out.*

Abigal, Run back, and bring the Box of Sweetmeats, and Basket of Cordial Water; 'twill be convenient for us, Sir, on the Road.

Exeunt.

Abigal *Runs back.*

Abi. Alas! I had quite forgot the Box of Sweetmeats, and Basket of Cordial Water. —— Half a Dozen of Dragoons about my Rump; I did not understand the Gentlemans meaning, till I told my Lady, she Laugh'd Heartily, and so did Mrs. *Catherine*, by my Virginity.

Exit Abigal.

SCENE Changes to *Colraine*, a Large Round Compleat Town; a Bridge over a Large River.

Enter Lord, one Gentleman and Servant.

Lord. I admire I have no News of my Wife, being brought off; *James* away immediately, take *Swift-foot*, and ride out two or three Miles, and learn if there be any News of your Lady. ——

Exit James.

I am even out of Patience, that I did not stay my self; I with my Servants might have been a good Help, but then had I been taken, and sent a Prisoner to *Tirconnel*; he'd sooner have made me shorter by the Head: I could not, if you'll believe me, rest all Night, for thoughts of my Wife, one time I dreamt, that my Wife was drawn out of the Coach, and Abus'd by Rude Dragoons, my Pretty Neice in the same Condition, Mrs. *Abigal* skreeking and crying. —— I Dream'd again, that the *Major* was over-power'd, and the first that fell a Sacrifice to their Fury; Lord! Sir, I would give all I have in the World, to hear they are Safe.

Gent. All this might have been prevented, had your Lordship sent off your Lady; for as matters were manag'd, there was no more expectation of Beating the Enemy, than Crossing the Seas, without Boat or Vessel. I thought surely your Lordship was beside your self, for upon the Rout the Enemy gave us; O how the Chief Officers came into Town, Whip and Spur, made strait into the Parlour, where all sorts of Wine, and

and a well ſpread Table, Variety of Meats for all to go to; they drank two or three Glaſſes, ſcarce eat five bits, but immediately to Horſe, Whip and Spur, ſtrait to *Derry*, tho' Fifty Miles from the Enemy, and not ſafe there neither, till they got on Shipboard. I never ſaw People in ſuch a Fright; all this time your Lordſhip was Unconcern'd, took no care in ſending off your Lady, when in Reallity, you was in worſe Circumſtances than any of the Fore-Runners; your Lordſhip was like one ſtupified, till I convinc'd you of your Danger; then you was as much on the other Extream; you thought every Townſman that came to take your Advice, was come to Apprehend you, to make an Atonement for them to the Enemy. —— 'Twas then, *Pray*, Major, *take Care of my Wife*: Did you not ſee the Poor Lady, burſt out in Crying, when ſhe ſaw you was leaving her?

Lord. —— *Stamps with his Feet.*

Tis all too true, I wiſh to God, I had ſtaid with her, or brought her along with me.

Gent. Your Lordſhip knows, how Tedious Women are to be got ready in a Morning, and how many Pickthanks are in a Town, that are ready enough to whip over Twelve Miles to give the Enemy an Account, that you were gone, but left your Lady to follow you the next Morning, and a Slender Party of Horſe to Guard her: 'Tis true, ſetting aſide your Lordſhips Diſatisfaction, I believe they'll not be ſo Inhumane, to do a Lady any further harm than ſtripping her of her Jewells, and all things of Value: 'Tis the Gentleman, the *Major*, his Circumſtances are ſo bad, that you know *Tirconnel* offered a Reward of Five Hundred Pounds to any that cou'd bring him Alive or Dead.

Enter James *with one Man.*

Lord. What News *James*, no Appearance? No News yet of your Lady?

Jam. This Honeſt Man left the Town, about Six this Morning, and ſaw a Party of about Thirty Horſe, drawn up before your Lordſhips Gate, and a Coach and Six Horſes; they told him, 'Twas a Guard for your Lady.

Enter another Countreyman.

Countreym. My Lord, About Ten Miles from this place, I, with many others, Diſcover'd a Party of about an Hundred Horſe; they might be as many more for what I could tell, they were all on the Gallop, the ſteam that came from

them was like a Miſt, I never ſaw ſo Terrible a Sight, in all my Life, and altho' I am now ſafe enough, yet I am ſtill ſhaking; ſome Cry'd, *They were the Enemy*; others Cry'd, *They were our Men, and the Enemy in Purſuit*: for my part I look'd back but once, which was to ſee if they gain'd Ground on me, I whip'd and ſpur'd, till I came hither, and this is all the Account I can give, I do aſſure your Lordſhip.

Gent. 'Tis not to be doubted, but your Account is true enough; thou wert a Stout Fellow all the while: Stand by, we ſhall have more News preſently.

Enter an Expreſs, one of his Lordſhips Servants.

Lord. Now I know all's ſafe: Here's *Harry*, one of my Servants, whom I left with my Wife.

Harry. My Lord, All is well, I left my Lady about Five Miles off; they kept cloſe at my Heels, and are paſt Danger of any Enemy.

Lord. What Guard was there about the Coach?

Harry. Six Horſe Men to clear the way, and about a Quarter of a Mile behind, the Major brought up the Rear, with a Guard of Fifty Horſe; he had under him *Bloody-Bones*, your Lordſhips Charging Horſe; my Lady ſent me before, to ſatisfie your Lordſhip, all is well.

Enter Major *in a Riding Garb, with Jack Boots, leading the Lady, the Ladies Neice and Mrs.* Abigal. *following. Lord Embraces his Lady.*

Maj. My *Lord*, I have deliver'd up my Charge, which is your *Lady*, and this pretty Lady your Neice; I wiſh they may never happen into the like Danger: I was Reſolv'd to have loſt my Life, had any thing happened otherways than well, for the Preſervation of the Ladies.

Lord Embraces him.

Lord. I am infinitely Engag'd to you for this Favour.—— Pray accept of theſe Guineas.

Offers him a Purſe.

Maj. Not a Farthing, I am much more Indebted to your Lordſhip than this comes to.

Lord. My Wife deſires you to take it, you may have occaſion for it in the Seige.

Maj

Maj. I muſt beg both your Pardons; Pray, my Lord, think me not one of thoſe; in all this Service, I ſeek Honour, more than Advantage or Profit.

Lord. My Dear, What is proper to give this Gentleman, or he to accept of?

Lady. Give him *Bloody-Bones*, your Lordſhips Charging-Horſe, ſince you intend to make no Uſe of him your Self.

Lord. He is, Sir, at your Service, as alſo this Scymiter; in exchange, you ſhall give me me your Sword, which I'll keep for your ſake.

They Exchange Swords.

Maj. My Lord, you do me too great an Honour; but ſince you have Grac'd me, with theſe Two Rich Preſents, I do aſſure you, I'll make good uſe of them both, to the Deſtruction of our Enemies, and the Honour of my Countrey: I underſtand your Lordſhip deſigns for *England* very ſuddenly.

Lord. I do.

Maj. Then I'll deſire one Favour, which is, that you'll Aſſign over to me, your Collonels Commiſſion.

Lord. I'll do it with all my heart, you deſerve it, were it a Generals Commiſſion.

Maj. I moſt Humbly Thank your Lordſhip. —— I do not Queſtion, but if I Survive the Seige of *Derry*, ſo to Demonſtrate my Service for King *William* and my Countrey, that his Majeſty will Confirm this Command upon me.

Major *Draws out Two Inches of the Scymiter.*

Pray, Madam, Touch but this, with one of your Fingers, and 'twill make it Invincible; and You, my Pretty Lady, may in time be a Soldiers Friend.

Lady and Neice pull of their Gloves, and Touch it.

Lady. May you ever Conquer your Enemy; may you ever be Happy and Succeſsful. My Lord, with your leave, Noble *Engliſh* Captain, Accept of this Diamond, in token of the Juſt Reſpect I have to your Great Merrits, and Extraordinary Service done me.

Major, *Kiſſes her Hand.*

You were my Safe Conductor; when my Son and Daughter left me, you were my Preſerver; when the Spouſe of my Em-

braces left me, 'Twas you Noble Captain, brought me through all Dangers.

Neice. Dear Aunt, ſome Gratitude I ought to ſhew, this Gentleman has Preſerv'd me too; ſomething ought to be done on my part. ——

Turns about.

Oh! Methinks ſomething has touch'd my Heart. ——

Turns again.

Take this Ruby, and think of me, be ſo kind; tho I am gone, my Heart I leave behind.

Maj. What Gratitude can I make for theſe Favours? A Miſtreſs I have, that is both Loving and Kind, to whom I have ſworn ever to be True: 'Tis Great *Brittans* Queen.

That now Reigns Empreſs of the Weſtern *Iſles,*
And Graces me, True Brittan, *with Her Smiles.*
Stand, Stand, She Cryes, and keep your Martial Ground,
Your Valour will your Enemies Confound.

Lord leading his Lady, and Major the Neice.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to *Dublin.*

Enter Tirconnel, *Primate* Maguire, Maccarty.

Tir. The King is Landed in the *Weſt*, and our Enemies are Beaten in the *North*, and now 'tis about the Twentieth of *March*, where ſhall we be at *Michaelmas*? By that time, *London* have a Care.

Enter an Expreſs at one Door, an Expreſs at the other Door.

—— This from the *Weſt*, the other from the *North*, confirms my laſt News, as alſo our Armies Advancing near *Colraine*, which is but Twenty Four Miles from *London-Derry*, and this in Twelve Days, I can aſſure you Lieutenant General *Hamilton* loſt no time.

Mac. I do not Queſtion, but in a Week or Ten Days more, we ſhall be entirely Maſters of this Antient and Moſt Renowned Kingdom of *Ireland.*

Prim.

Prim. This Kingdom ſhall be for ever Famous to After-Ages, in pulling down and extirpating of Hereſy, and confuſion of all the ſwarming Hereticks, that have Infeſted this our Holy Iſland ſo many Ages paſt.

Tir. This other Expreſs is an Account at large of the King's Embarcation out of *France*, and his Arrival at *Kingſale*, together with the great Stores for War, Arms, Artillery, and Ammunition, and Land Forces that come with him.

Mac. Pray, my Lord, let me Peruſe the Invoice of the ſeveral Particulars.

[*Reads.*]

Two Thouſand Barrels of Powder.
Ten Thouſand Weight of Match.
Fifteen Thouſand Muſkets.
Five Thouſand Pikes.
Ten Thouſand Collars of Bandaliers.
Ten Thouſand Cartridge Boxes.
Five Thouſand choice Firelocks.
Ten Thouſand Carabines.
Five Thouſand Match and Firelocks together.
Twenty Thouſand Hand Granadoes.
Forty Five Pieces of Cannon.
Fifteen Mortars.
Twenty Thouſand Bombs of all ſorts.
Five Hundred Thouſand Flints.
Five Thouſand Land Forces.
Three Hundred Experienc'd Officers.
Five Thouſand Sling Muſkets for Dragoons and Granadiers.
Beſides great Supplies are daily expected.

Tir. Theſe, with Fifty Thouſand Luſty Fellows of our Warlike Nation, together with our Friends in *England* and *Scotland*, with the Aſſiſtance we ſhall have from *France*, and King *James* at the Head of them, will make a tickling Army, ſuch, as I can aſſure you, will put *England* to their Trumps.

Mac. There will be more than we ſhall have occaſion for.

Tir. No, Sir, We may have occaſion for as many more; the beſt of it is, our Country will afford them: When we get on the Borders of *England*, 'tis deſign'd to have two

ſeperate Armies, the more Expeditious we are, the ſooner will the King Advance to *London*.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Colraine*, as before.

Enter Major, *in his firſt Garb, and the Scymiter by his Side.*

Maj. Well, 'Tis well 'tis no worſe, if ever I fooliſhly throw myſelf into ſuch an hazard again, let me be Accurſt; a fine Piece of Gallantry! Cannot Lords and Gentlemen take care of their Wives? 'Twou'd have been a damn'd Reproach to have been knock'd on the Head at the Arſe of the Coach: Well, 'tis over; I'll ſay as the Child ſays, *I'll do ſo no more.* A Soldier has his Trade to learn; Civility and Courteſie are the Badges of a Soldier's Honour.

Which truly call'd me quickly to Attend,
And the Fair Sexes Innocence defend.
'Tis Nobler thus to make a ſafe Retreat,
Than otherways the Enemy to Defeat,
For this my Service my Reward is great.

[Looking on the Diamond and Ruby.

May the kind Donors be at all times bleſt,
With Vertue ever, and with Love poſſeſt.

Now for the Publick Cauſe, you are to underſtand, we that are now on the Flight, are all to be Hang'd. —— Oh! it grieves my Heart, we have not thoſe that would be Stanch, and Faithful to the Cauſe, and do as I have done; we'd Chaſtiſe their Inſolence, and make them, like whipt Dogs, for Fear to Run. ——

Enter Adjutant, and Three Captains.

Adjutant, are all our Men come up?

Adj. Pretty well, Sir, there are very few wanting.

Maj. That pleaſes me, they ſtick purely to the Cauſe. Adjutant, Call in my Servant. ——

Enter Servant.

Take

Take this Key, and open the Portmantle, and deliver out the Twelve Colours, to the Adjutant, and let them be Mounted and ready for to Morrows Exercise.

Exeunt Adjutant and Servant.

1 *Capt.* Did you observe, when we March'd from *Lisborne*, how the Guns Fir'd from *Carrigfergus* Castle?

2 *Capt.* That was for Joy of the Rout of *Dromoore*, and to Wellcome Lieutenant General *Hamilton* to the North.

3 *Capt.* We may thank them for that, that would not let us come together.

Maj. Now we are come into the Territories of *London-Derry*, you'll see other sort of Management, than we had in the Counties of *Downe* and *Antrim*; here they know their Business, the Governour of *Derry*, and the Governour of this Town, are Old Experienc'd Soldiers. ——

Drums Beating a March.

Who are those that are Marching with their Drums Beating? I thought we had been the first to show our Forwardness and Willingness to the Service. ——

Enter Mes David Hewston.

Let's stand aside, this is *Mes. David Hewston*, Captain of the Covenanters.

Mes David, *with a Large Grey Cap, Boat Fashion, Furr'd with Badgers Skin, a Grey Suit, a Plain Cravat, White Stockins, a Case of Side Pistols, sticking in his Girdle, a large Cutting Sword in a Waste Belt, a Baggonet, a large Scotch Durke by his side, hanging down, a Fuzee leaning on his Arm, two Officers going on each side of him, one carrying the Collours, following him, Eight after him with Arms; in the midst of the Collours, in large Letters, was written,* THE CO—VENANT; *one going before, Crying,* The Covenant, the Holy League and Covenant.

Dav. Come Lauds, gang alangs wid me, wa's bate *Hamilton* our sels.

Maj. This is a Rare Fellow indeed. Your Lowlanders are nothing to the Mountaineers. *(Aside)*

1 *Offi.* Many mukle day ha yea preach tull us, in the Mountains Deare Meſs *David*, all is now come to paſs.

2 *Offi.* Papacy and Prelacy maake a muckle din thro' the Waarl'd, they'll awe deu nea gued.

3 *Offi.* The Wicked, Beloved, are an Abominaa—— tion to the Covenant, and tull us, they are the Adopted Sons of our firſt Father *Adam*.

They all fetch a Yawn.

Dav. Come, Gantlemen, Gang wid me, I's deſtroy Five Hundred with my ean Haund.

Meſs David, *and the reſt, March Round the Stage, the Enſign gives a Flouriſh with his Collours, going off.*

Maj. Did you obſerve *David Hewſton*, Captain of the Covenanters, in his Warlike Poſture?

1 *Capt.* Rogues, when we were up the Countrey at *Lisborne* againſt the Enemy; He, and his Sanctified Gang, were Plundering the Countrey, they had a deſign to have Plundered the Lady Marchioneſs of *Antrims* Caſtle, but were prevented.

Maj. What pitty it was, that Meſs *David*, was not at the Rout of *Dromoore*, to have Deſtroy'd Five Hundred with his ean Haund.

2 *Cap.* I hear he has a mind to joyn his Company with your Regiment; he'll both Preach and Fight.

Maj. I ſhall beg his Pardon, my Regiment is ſo full already, there is no room for the Covenant.

Exeunt.

Enter Governour of Colrane, Major, Adjutant.

Gov. How like you the Works about this Town? Are they not in an indifferent good Condition? The Inhabitants and Gentlemen of the Adjacent Places, have been at no ſmall Charge and Expence, in Repairing the Ramparts, Clearing the Foſſee, Building Gates and Drawbridges. 'Tis my opinion, it may hold out a Seige, till we have help out of *England*.

Maj. I am of the ſame Opinion, that this Place, is of good Defence, conſidering Lieutenant General *Hamilton*, has not above Six Thouſand Men.—— But, Pray Sir, How is the Town furniſhed with Proviſions?

Gov. That they have enough, great Stores of Proviſions are laid

laid in, both by the Inhabitants and Country, a great Quantity of Arms and Ammunition, is now loading at *Derry*, of which we ſhall have our ſhare; Fifteen Hundred Arms are come here already.

Maj. By this means, theſe two Towns, *Colraine* and *Derry*, may Retrieve all this Kingdom, which if not, all *Ireland* is loſt; and who knows the Ill Conſequence that may Attend: We have much the Advantage, conſidering the Ill time of the Year, the Coldneſs of the Seaſon, and the Snowy Weather; the Enemy cannot lie in the Field, and cannot undertake any thing; we may Fight them, or we may let them alone; in a ſhort time both Proviſions and Forrage will fail them, for in ſpight of their Hearts, they cannot paſs this Town, 'tis ſo well Guarded by this Navigable River: beſides we have double their Number of Men, and can put them to Defiance.

Gov. Pray, Sir, Inform me about the Buſineſs of *Dromoore*, when Lieutenant General *Hamilton* Routed your Army, which we thought, wou'd have Defended the Frontier; for him, with Five or Six Thouſand Men, to worſt and defeat ſuch a Body of Men, as you were Reputed to be, is ſomething ſtrange and unaccountable; thoſe *Iriſh* Men are Deviliſh Fighting Fellows, you were, I warrant you Six to one.

Maj. No, Sir, I wou'd not have you, to have ſo Ill Opinion of us neither; we were not one to two of them, we wanted ſome to put us in Form and Method, for when our Chief Officers ſent for Commiſſions to King *William*, they ſhould have Solicited at the ſame time, to have had ſome Men of Experience, to have been ſent, but that I ſuppoſe, the King thought this Kingdom was not barren of ſuch: But as to the Manageing part, which is that you deſire to know; ſuch ſort of Conduct was never known or heard of before, and Men of the leaſt ſenſe, wou'd have Manag'd better; for when we muſt fight or flye, we had not Men to make Oppoſition; and when the Enemy was within Three Miles of our Head Quarters, our Chief Men, that is, our General and others, were at Council, the Council of Five, they call themſelves, tho' they were all Collonels of our Sham Army, the Fighting Part was not thought of.

The Noiſe of Thirty Thouſand Men, Speaking Big, and Bidding them Defiance, they thought was ſufficient to frighten and ſcare the Enemy, that they never durſt Advance into the North to Engage us; Nay, 'twas ſo, that I know a certain Perſon, that had the name of a Collonel of a Regiment, that had not Rais'd a Man, though he had Commiſſion for a Regiment, a Month or Six Weeks before; that was the Reaſon, and the Ill Management together, that *Tirconnel* deſpis'd

us, and ſent no more than Six Thouſand to Conquer the *North*; for *Tirconnel* knew in every particular, what Circumſtances we were in, as well as we did our ſelves, though we thought he did not; and as things were Order'd, half of thoſe Six Thouſand wou'd have Reduc'd the whole Province of *Ulſter*, which conſiſteth of Seven or Eight Counties, computed to be of *Britiſh* Proteſtants, One Hundred Thouſand. Our Generals and Chief Commanders, Truſted to the Large Promiſes, you, and the Governour of *Derry* made, and other Men concern'd, that you would have Timely Advanc'd to their Aſſiſtance.— 'Twas good Conduct and Experience in you, to let things run to the laſt Extremity: At my firſt going amongſt them, which was ſoon after my Eſcape from *Dublin*, I laid before them thoſe Subſtantial Methods, which had they been obſerv'ed, we had never been at this Paſs, as to ſuffer them to get this Advantage.

Firſt, I laid before them, that there ought to be a Rendezvous of the Army, by which, every Collonel and Officer, might ſee what was wanting in their Regiments and Companies and provide in time, to ſupply any Defect, that ſhould appear to be ſo, as to Arms, Accoutrements, *&c.* for Men they had enough.

The next was, to Mark out a Camp in ſome Advantageous Poſt, near a Sea-Port Town, ſo that Succours might be ſent out of *England* or *Scotland*.

This Camp, I Engag'd to Compleat for Thirty or Forty Thouſand Men in a Weeks time, both in Building Huts for the Soldiers, and Hovells for the Horſe, that they might ſtand and lye dry; when that was done, without much hindrance, the Countrey might go to their Labour. In the mean time, to make Works, and erect Batteries, where they wou'd be as ſafe, as in a ſtrong Town; bring in all the Forrage, and what they cou'd not bring in, upon the Approach of the Enemy, Burn and Deſtroy; and if this Method had been followed, and the Enemy had come down, their Horſe would have Starv'd by the Coldneſs of the Weather and for want of Meat, when we ſhould have had enough of all things; this would have encouraged the Countrey, to have come to the Camp, and brought their Effects with them, as Cattle, Proviſions, *&c.* when they ſaw there was a Place of Safety, and the moſt Conſiderable Men of the Countrey, Heading them, and Engaged in the Cauſe: Much more I Propos'd, which the Preſident of the Council cannot deny.—— But for want of this, and putting themſelves in Form and Order for Defence, every one that had any thing, fled for *Scotland* or *England*, when there might have been an Army of what Force they pleas'd; but all

was

was neglected, and nothing done, till about three or four days, that the Enemy Advanced upon us; then Sr. *Arthur* and I, were sent to find out a fitting Place to Encamp, but 'twas too late; all which brought us into this Condition, and God knows, what Fatal Consequence may ensue.

Gov. I must confess, your Advice was good, and ought to have been followed, and 'tis much to our Loss, that it was not put in Practise, and 'tis no wonder, that Lieutenant General *Hamilton* gets the Advantage, when you tell me, there were few or none to Oppose them.

Maj. I discours'd several on this Affair, and told my Lord *M*—p particularly, *That unless they came to those measures of Soldiery, all wou'd run into Confusion, and our Cause would be Lost.* But I found, still they were in Expectation of Forces sent out of *England*, and a great Dependance they had of you, and the Governour of *Derry*, who had the Command of Four or Five Counties, in which are accounted Men of Great Experience, that had been Field Officers for some time in the Standing Army, and told me, how you had given them great Encouragement, fed them with Fair Promises, to assist them with two or three Thousand Men; Buoy'd themup with doing Great Matters, but did Nothing. ——

And 'tis Admirable, that one or both of you, did not make a step, when it was but a day, or a day and halfs Riding, to see and inform your selves; if things were rightly Managed, and one to have been still acting amongst them, and to have Encourag'd them; 'twas all your own Concern, to be joyntly engag'd to maintain the Frontier of your Countrey, and to give your helping Hand, for it would come to you at last. —— For you see for want of good Conduct, and good Management, *Hamilton* with his Army, is in a manner before the Gates of this Town; and I think it wou'd have been as great Credit to you, to have commanded an Army in the Field, as to be at this Time penn'd up within the Walls of *Colraine*. And to my knowledge, the Disappointments they received from you, and the Governour of *Derry*, made them careless, and seek for their own Safety; for your Indifferency and Slackness, and slight of the Service which was so weighty and of great Concern to the Three Kingdoms, made them very much suspect, and question what Interest you was in; and 'tis hard to know at this Time, whether your Resolutions, be to serve King *William*, or King *James*.

Gov. Sir I hope, you do not reflect on me, or the Governour of *Derry*, so as to question that Part, I have been at great Charge and Expence, but all for the Service of King *William*.

Maj. Sir, You must excuse me, if I think my self oblig'd to

ſpeak home to the Matter; Your Circumſtances are far different from mine, and all thoſe that fled before the *Enemy*; you have not yet thought it a proper Time to accept of King *William's* Commiſſion (tho' the Governour of *Derry* has, and how he'll manage that Part, Time will try) but I have and will ſtand by his Commiſſion; Neither have you diſplay'd his Colours in the Field, nor *Engaged* or Fought thoſe, I call the *Enemy*, nor have you acted in Contempt of the Government, nor Violated *Tirconnell's* Proclamation, he ſet forth, of Clemency, to thoſe that wou'd Comply therewith; and thoſe that have not gone or acted beyond the Bounds of Self-Preſervation, are Safe; ſo far as *Tirconnel* or *Hamilton* ſhall keep their word; tho' I am of the Belief, you'll not ſtay, and run the hazard of an *Iriſh* Jury; but I, Poor Dog, expect no Mercy if they Catch me. ——

But this is my Comfort, there are yet ſome Thouſands with me, that bid Defiance, do what the *Iriſh* can, or will pretend to; and I am Reſolv'd to Continue Stedfaſt in King *William's* Intereſt, and the Honour of my Countrey; and I'll fight them whereſoever I meet them, if I think my ſelf able to *Engage* them, in ſpight of *Tirconnel's* Proclamation; and will never quit the Intereſt of my Countrey, ſo long as I am a Living Man, nor the Cauſe I am *Engag'd* in, let the Dangers and Miſeries be what it will.

Gov. I do not well underſtand your Diſcourſe, in Cenſuring either the Governour of *Derry*, or my Conduct, at this rate; but we muſt ſet aſide all Diſputes, and wave all Miſcarriages, that have hitherto happened, and provide for the Defence of this Place, which is of the greateſt Importance. I am juſt taking Horſe to go to *Derry*, to Conſult the Governour in all theſe Matters.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to the *Iriſh* Camp, Joyning a to Small Market Town.

Enter Lieutenant General Hamilton, *with three Officers.*

Ham. We are now Advanc'd to *Ballimony*, Six Miles from *Colraine*, the Rebells Quarters, let there be a Squadron of Horſe, ſent to diſcover what they are a doing. Let there be Orders likewiſe, to Apprehend the Raparees, that ſhall be found Plundering and Robing the Countrey, eſpecialaſy to thoſe I have given my Protection: I ſhall never be quiet from Complaints till I hang an Hundred of them.

Enter

Enter an Expreſs, and delivers it to Hamilton.

This for my Brother the Lord *Tirconnel.*

Reads.

The King is Safely Arriv'd at Dublin *this day, and deſigns in a Week or Ten Days, to begin his Journey to* Derry : *Pray as ſoon as you be in Poſſeſſion of that Place, let all the Veſſels in the Harbour be taken up, and hired for the Kings Embarcation ; Orders are ſent to* Belfaſt *and* Carigfergus *on the ſame Account ; the King is impatient to be at* Derry, *to proſecute the Intended Enterprize in going for* Scotland, *&c. I have given him an Account of your good Conduct, and the Forwardneſs of your Advance, being now within two days March of* Derry. *His Majeſty is very well ſatisfied therewith, I never ſaw him look better, conſidering his great Journey, and long Voyage this Winter Seaſon. The Counteſs, your Siſter, give her Service. Farewell,*

Tirconnel.

Poſtſcript.

Loſe no time, but puſh on with Vigour, that Derry *may be ours, that nothing may delay the King in his Floating to* Scotland ; *Promiſe largely both in Money and Employment, to the Chief and Leading Men of the Rebells. I'll moſt Religiouſly Perform, whatſoever you ſhall Engage or Promiſe to do.*

Here's Encouragement enough and enough; if the Rebells be not worſe than Devils, they'll lay hold of this Opportunity. I'll immediately Advance before the Town, and if I can bring them to Reaſonable Terms, and Accept of Honourable Conditions, we ſhall be the ſooner at *Derry.*

Exeunt.

Enter Three Iriſh *Women, at one Door, and two* Scotch *Women at the other, leading a little Boy.*

1 *Ir. Wom.* See, ſee thoſe two *Scotch* Bitches.

2 *Ir. Wom.* We will ſtrip them to their Smocks.

3 *Ir. Wom.* —— *Giving a Flurt with her hand.* What are yea, Mrs *Scotch* Woman ?

Scot. An what are yea, Mrs. *Iriſh* Woman ?

Gives another Flurt with her hand.

1 *Ir. Wom* Come, come, Strip, ſtrip, yea *Scotch* Bitch, yea Rebell Whore.

1 *Scot.* I'ſe nea Rebell Whore. *They Fight.*

2 *Ir. Wom.* Your Husbands are Rebells in *Colraine* and *Derry.*

They all Fight; the Child cryes.

1 *Sc. Wom.* *Gets clear and Runs.*
I'ſe gang and fetch *Saunders and Jemmy.*

Second Iriſh *Woman, pulling and beating the* Scotch *Woman, the* Scotch *Woman, holding faſt her Cloaths.*

Sc. Wom. The Deell a bit, ſall yea hau my Goone, can youa neet let me be, ſure, ſure, the Woman's beſides her ſell.

Third Iriſh *Woman, goes to the little Boy, to take off his Coat.*

3 *Ir. Wo.* This Coat will be juſt big enough for my Son *Rory*.
The firſt Iriſh *Woman, gets the* Scotch *Womans Mant off, the other* Iriſh *Woman, with a drawn Durk, helping her.*

3 *Ir. Wom.* I'll rip up your Belly, you *Scotch* Bitch.
3 *Ir. Wom.* Talk of *Rory*; this will make little *Patrick* a Coſſack
Sc. Wom. The Deel *Rory* yea, I ſhall be ſtarved this Cold Weather, and ſo will my Boy too.

Enter Two Rapatees, with Half Pikes.

1 *Rap.* By St. *Patrick*, dis is Bravely done.
2 *Rap.* Come, come, you *Scotch* Whore, Strip, ſtrip.
1 *Ir. Wom.* Burn my hands if I have not her very Smock.
1 *Rap.* Burn my hands and Feet too, if I do not put the Raviſh upon her.
2 *Rap.* My ſhelf will maake de Raviſh de firſht Time.
2 *Rap.* But my Shelf be de batter Shentleman, and dou ſalt maake de Raaviſh, ſen my Shelf be aufter tauking my Bret, and den I fill halp yea, and ſo ſall *Shuaan* dat does be ſtanding dare.
Scot. Oh! For God ſauke, take aw that I have, and do not do that Wickedneſs to a poor Diſtreſſd *Scotch* Woman.

Falling on her Knees, the little Boy ſtanding before her.

Enter Scotch *Woman.*

Scot. Here's one coming, will mauke yea gearne.

Enter

Enter Scotch *Countreyman.*

Sco. M. What the Deel is doing here? *Jennet* ſtript, and the Bearne.

Sc. Wom. Fye *Jemmy*, Fye, Whare hau yea bin, theſe *Iriſhes* hau taen my Cleathes from little *Saunder* and my ſell.

Scotch *Man draws his Sword, and lays on the Rapparees, they run out, the* Iriſh *Woman after, and drops the Cloaths, and one of the* Iriſh *Womans Mantle.*

Scot. M. You'l hau my Weefs Goone, yeas nea kenn what Siller it Coſt, when I coapt it; Iſe maake the Muckle Black Deel fly out of you. Here's fine Rappareeing; I ken weell, General *Hamilton* will nea let peor Folk be Rappareed, wee's his ean Countrey Folk.

Scotch *Woman gets all her things, and helps on with the others Maunt, and the little Boys Coat, the other* Scotch *Woman takes up the* Iriſh *Womans Mantle that was dropt.*

Scot. Wom. Maake *Rory* a Caſſock, I kenn whau haus the batter; this piece of Cloath, will maake *Saunder*, an Out Coat

Scot. M. Come Laſſes, gang along wid me.

Exeunt

Enter Major, Captain *and* Adjutant.

Maj. I had an Account, the laſt night, by a Spye I ſent out, that Lieutenant Generall *Hamilton*, deſigned to Inveſt this Town to day, on this Side of the River. His meaning is, to ſee if he can bring us to Conditions, and Surrender; they have a deep Deſign in hand, to have the whole Kingdom entirely to themſelves, but they may be miſtaken, unleſs Treachery and Villany are predominant, which I'll endeavour to prevent. They muſt take us to be the greateſt Cowards in the World, when we are twelve or fifteen thouſand Men, and they not half the Number, to think, that we will tamely deliver up this Town which is the Key of *Derry*, without fighting a Stroke.

Enter an Expreſs.

Exp. Sir, the Enemy are all on their long March, and with-

in two Miles of this Town: The Valleys ſeem to be a Crimſon dye, the Glittering of their Arms make a Terrible Show.

Maj. I admire the Governour (whoſe preſence at this Time wou'd be neceſſary) is not return'd, from the Conſultation he has had with the Governour of *Derry*, who are both in the ſelf ſame Intereſt: I wiſh all may be Right.

Enter an Officer.

Offi. The Governour is juſt now allighted; he ſaw the Enemy on their March, as he came along the Road; the very firſt thing he told me, was, that the Town was not Tenable, againſt ſuch an Army, and wiſh'd me with all ſpeed to be gone; I told him your Horſes and mine, were two Miles off; no matter, ſays he, ſend for them with all haſt; I told him, I muſt conſult you, who was my Superiour.

Maj. Was it in Publick or Private, he told you, this Town was not Tenable?

Offi. In Private, Sir, he took me aſide, and told me what I tell you, and the more, becauſe I am of his own Name.

Maj. He'll never tell me that, I'll warrant him.—— Go back and tell him, I'll place my Twelve Colours in the Teeth of the Enemy, on yonder Rampart, and let me ſee, if all the Iriſh Army dare touch one of them, we are enough to fight them, in the plain Field, much more, to defend this Town; our Men are Exaſperated, they'll fight ſtoutly, I wiſh I had but the Try-al, —— To ſay, The Town is not Tenable, is a Jeſt; there is ſome ſecret Pernicious Deſign carrying on, which I fear will not be for our Advantage.

Enter *Franc.*

Franc. Sir, What do you mean to do? Shall we not Fight? I never ſaw, you backward before.

Maj. There is a Seaſon for all things, *Franc.*

Franc. *Draws his Sword.*
If thou doſt nothing this day, I'll throw thee in the River, as I did the other.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to the *Iriſh Camp.*

Enter Hamilton, *with his Generals Staff,* Dorrington *and Five others.*

Ham. How Brave are theſe our Soldiers, compared with thoſe

thoſe Heartleſs Timorous People, who are but as Piſmires in our way? How are they frighted and flye before us? They will not ſo much as ſtay in the Town, and look us in the Face

Enter an Officer.

Offi. May it pleaſe your Excellency, the Enemy has quitted the Town, I ſaw a Regiment Marching out, which I judg'd to be the Rear Guard of their Army.

Ham. I did think as much: But are you ſure, they have Deſerted the Town?

Offi. Moſt certain, their Backs were towards me, and had I but Twenty Men more, I'd March into the Town; your Excellency wou'd do well, to cauſe a Party, to March with all ſpeed, for fear the Rebells ſhou'd Burn the Bridge.

Ham. Cauſe immediately a Regiment of Dragoons to March in haſt, and the Regiment of Guards to follow, whilſt I bring up the Main Body of the Army; from thence to *Derry* and the Kingdom is our own.

Exeunt.

Five or Six Cannon Shot going off, Small Shot. A Shout within, They Run, they Run.

SCENE Changes to *Colraine.*

Enter Major and Three Officers.

1 *Offi.* I proteſt, Sir, it ſtartled me, to ſee how boldly the Enemy Advanc'd up to the Gates, contrary to their Ancient Cuſtom.

2 *Offi.* They thought 'twas no more, than get up and Ride, to have the Gates thrown open, and they to March into Town.

3 *Offi.* 'Twas indeed good Policy, to March up to the Teeth of us; we ſhew'd them as good a Trick, for we never Fired till we cou'd knock them on the Head with Stones; and when we were ſure of them, then we fired, and I think we Maul'd them.

Maj. Always take this for a Rule, never Fire, till you have the word of Command, and that you are ſo near the Enemy, that you cannot miſs them; I never ſaw Men March up more Reſolutely, nor run faſter away; they had ſome Aſſurance more than Ordinary, that the Town was not Tenable; 'Twou'd have been Excellent Service done to *Hamilton*, for them to have March'd in without any Oppoſition. —— Let them take what they have got. —— Theſe were the Beſt of

their Men; I knew them by their Livery, to be Dragoons' and the Regiment of Guards.

1 *Offi.* They have paid for the Roaſt, they lye fine and thick about the Gates.

2 *Offi.* How they Retreated and Run, without Firing a Shot: took ſhelter behind the Hedges, as though the Buſhes wou'd ſave them? I obſerv'd the Officers got behind the Buſhes firſt.

Maj. They'll never thus ſhamefully give over the Cauſe; Lieutenant General *Hamilton*, will give us the other Bruſh; they are Mettle Lads, they'll Charge us Sword in Hand, the next Attack they make. —— I know they have a mind to have ſome of my Colours, and I have a mind to have ſome of their Arms and Redcoats.

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Sir, The Enemy are drawing off in great Conſternation, the Hedges prove no Shelter to them; we ſhoot them at Pleaſure.

Maj. Did you ſee the Governour, all this time of Action?

Offi. Not ſeen by us.

Maj. He's now waſhing his Hands, he'll have none of their Innocent Blood laid to his Charge: Is there care taken for a Sally? We have them at a great Diſadvantage, and cannot miſs of a Victory.

Offi. The Gates are ſo Barracado'd up with Stones and Rubbiſh, that it will take up an hour to clear them.

Maj. That's an Excellent piece of Policy, to keep all ſafe, that we ſhall make no Advantage upon the Enemy; at this Rate, we are more Friends to them then Enemies; 'tis indeed odds to have two to one againſt them, and not to have Port Liberty; this is all in Obedience to *Tirconnels* Proclamation.— Thoſe that take up Arms meerly for Self-Preſervation, he will Pardon. —— Did you ſee his Regiments Colours?

Offi. Not at all, and we are ſure, none of his Men Fir'd a Gun. —— Colours they have none.

Maj. 'Tis ſuch as we, are exempted from Pardon, that have Accepted of Commiſſions from the Prince of *Orange*, Diſplay'd his Colours in the Field, Plac'd them on the Rampart of this Town, and Kill'd their Men. —— The Governour is Guilty of none of theſe things, he'll pretend Self-Preſervation, make no Rupture on *Tirconnel*'s Proclamation, he'll have his Coſen *Hamilton*'s Protection, when we ſhall be Hang'd and Quarter'd for Rebells.

This

This Governour of ours, you'll ſee, will give over the Cauſe, as far as I have a gueſs of the matter; this furious way of Acting in killing the *Iriſh*, is not at all to his likeing.

Enter Franc. *with Five Priſoners, one of them goes up to the* Major, *turns his Head and looks him in the Face.*

Priſ. Coſen, Arrah Coſen *Burn*, dis be your own Self.

Maj. Teigue Burn, what makes thou here, I thought you had been an Officer in the *Iriſh* Army.

Teig. We did maake the Waacancy, but when de *French* Mans did come, dey did maake de turn out upon my Shelf and upon my Coſen *Dermot*, dat be ſtanding dare.

Derm. Arrah whit deah, Coſen *Burn*, 'tis di own Shelf Joy. *Buſles to get his Snuff Horn out of his Pocket.* fill dou taake de good Sneezing, 'tis of my Grandmoders own Manking.

Maj. But Mr. *Teigue Burn*, from whence comes the Kindred.

Teig. I'll be after telling de, de hind part of di Naame, is *Burn*.

Maj. What does that ſignifie?

Teig. My ſhelf fill tell de, *Michelburn*, is de ſamie ting, as *Michal Burn*, *Michul Mac-Burn*, or *Burn-Mac-Michel*; ſen de *Burn*, come behind or before, dey are ſtill de Blood of de *Burn*, and de *Burn* be de Clan, or de great Shentlemans of the County of *Wicklow*, as de *Cavenaughs* be de Clan and de great Peoples of de County of *Waxford*.

Maj. And are you, *Dermot*, of the Blood of the *Burns*.

Der. Ay, by my Deed am I, my Moder was of de *Tool*, and my Fader was of de *Burn*, and ſome do call me, *Dermot-Tool-Mac-Burn*, dat is *Tool* by my Moder, and *Burn* by my Fader.

Maj. Very well, when I go into the Country of the *Burns*, I'll furniſh my ſelf with Sneezing, for my Relations, that will warm their Noſes. I freely diſcharge you from being any longer Priſoners.

Teig. God Save you, you be de very good Cozen to my ſhelf and *Dermot*.

Derm. Slan lat, Slan lat.

As Teigue *and* Dermot *are going out* Franc *takes hold of them.*

Franc. Though you are Diſcharg'd, and of the Blood of the *Burns*, you muſt leave your Coats behind you, they are my Fee; Come, Strip, Strip.

Maj. Let them paſs, *Franc*, I'll make thee Satisfaction for their Coats.

Exeunt Two Iriſh Priſoners.

Maj. When you take Priſoners, *Frank*, and give them Quarters, you ſhould not ſtrip them afterwards.

Franc. Ay, Ay, that's a Jeſt indeed, had you or I been taken Priſoners, *Hamilton* wou'd not only diſpos'd of our Cloaths, but Hang'd us; the Cloaths of your Bleſſed Kindred, would have been two days good Drinking for me, the Beſt of it is, I have Three left yet: See here, *Major*, this Rogue of a Sergeant, and theſe two Granadiers, are of the ſame Company, we left behind us at *Dublin*.

Serg. *Courtney.*

Maj. 'Tis a very great Wonder thou gaveſt them Quarter: But how got you over the Rampart, ſince the Gates were Barracado'd up with Stones and Dirt?

Franc. By Ropes, Sir, we cetch'd theſe Youths below in the Mill, about half Musket ſhot from the Wall; we Kill'd all but theſe I brought Priſoners; but I Repent ſince, they were not ſo kind to you and me, when we were in *Dublin*.

Maj. Let them be put upon the Guard.

Franc. *Going out of the Door.*

Franc. Come Lads, let us ſee what Money you have in your Breeches, that we may Drink. ——

Pulls out Beads.

You Sons of Whores, you have got the Pope in your Belly inſtead of Money; I could find in my Heart to ſtick you to the Wall; Come, come away, it is the ſame thing, we'll Drink theſe Three Red Coats on your Backs. Will you take Service, and be good Soldiers for King *William*?

All. Wid all our Hearts Joy, we fill be de good Soldiers.

Franc, You Dogs, you ſerve King *William*, I'll Drink your Cloaths, and ſend you back to *Hamilton*, like Lowſie Rogues as you are.

Exeunt Franc. *and Priſoners.*

Maj. Now we'll to the Governour, and ſee how Affairs are Manag'd ſince the Enemy are fled.

Exit.

SCENE.

SCENE Changes to the *Iriſh* Camp,

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, *and* Dorrington.

Ham. A very ſharp Oppoſition, we have caught a *Tartar*; I did not think to have met with ſuch Rough Handling, by the Governour of *Colraine*, I thought him more my Friend. Theſe Rebells ſuffer'd our Men to Advance juſt to the ditch of the Rampart, and to their very Gates, and then they Fir'd ſo faſt amongſt our Men, that it forc'd them to Retreat; they never ſo much as fac'd about, till they got behind the Hedges and Ditches; 'twould have ſav'd our Credit, had but our Men Fired, and 'twould have ſhown ſomething of Soldiery, but to Run away vexes me, thoſe Rebelly Dogs could do no more than Run away.

Dor. Hang them for Cowards, 'Tis well they have thoſe Sod Works between them and us, or elſe they would have Fled to *Derry*.

Shel. Our Loſs is great, but at *Derry* we'll make them ſwing, and teach them how to be Rebells againſt their King.

Ham. I muſt now Return back, with the Loſs of two or three hundred Arms, *&c.* beſides what we have Wounded, I thought I had ſome Aſſurance not to have been thus handled; the Rebells I believe, have not loſt a Man.

Shel. Pray, Sir, Conſider, the Fault may not lye where you Suppoſe, for do you conſider, what ſort of Men theſe Rebells are, they are not under Regular Diſcipline, they'll not be guided or Govern'd, they are all an Head-ſtrong People, 'tis well if you are not ſerv'd ſo at *Derry*.

Ham. You are in the right, let us be drawing off, this Snowy Weather, and this time of the Year, will not allow of a Regular Seige; I wiſh they may not make a Sally, and fall upon us in our Retreat; we may pay dear for our Fooling.—— Cauſe the Foot to March off with all ſpeed, and I my ſelf will bring up the Rear.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to *Colraine*.

Enter Governour, Major, *and one Officer*.

Gov. The Enemy are all March'd off, and I am very glad of it, that we are eas'd of ſuch Neighbours, they left behind them, a fine parcel of Men for us to Bury.

Maj. But the Barracadoing the Gates of the Town, with

Stones and Rubbiſh, was a pretty Buſineſs. —— If we neglect Fighting the Enemy, when we have ſuch Advantage, we muſt intend never to Fight them, but tamely ſuffer our ſelves to be Deſtroy'd. —— Had we but made a Sally, we had obtain'd a Signal Victory, Baggage, Artillery, *&c.* all would have fallen into our Hands; our Foot was double theirs, and ſo was our Horſe.

Gov. That's over, and not to be diſcourſed of, our Buſineſs now, will be to keep the ſeveral Paſſes on the River, for ſince they cannot get the Town, they'll endeavour to gain the River, to prevent which, *Major*, do you immediately March this Evening, and Man thoſe ſeveral Paſſes, which are along the River, but leave behind you, two of your Companies, Capt. *Bell*, and Capt. *Bickerſtaff*, to ſtrengthen the Garriſon, they ſhall be well Provided for, with both Money and Proviſions.

Maj. This is Unreaſonable, to take from me two of my Beſt Companies, as good as any other three, and to ſend me at the ſame time, upon Service, to Guard Paſſes Twenty Miles in Length, againſt a whole *Iriſh* Army. —— You had more need ſend three or four Regiments, and appoint ſuch a Number of Men at every paſs, ſufficient to Repulſe an Enemy, or rather ſend Strong Detachments, with Ammunition and Proviſion, and give me the Command of them; I'll ſpoil their Sport from getting over. —— A piece of a Regiment, and at the ſame time, take from me the beſt of my Men!

Gov. Sir, You are not to tell me my Buſineſs, It muſt be ſo.

Maj. If it muſt be ſo, it muſt be ſo; but at the ſame time, I muſt tell you, 'Tis very Unfare. Pray what Ammunition muſt I have?

Gov. For Ammunition, I'll ſend it after you; Proviſions, you muſt take it from the Countrey.

Maj. This is hard on the other hand, when my Men go Abroad to look for Proviſions, the Enemy takes their Advantage, and by that means gain the River; you'll be far enough off, to give me any Aſſiſtance. Certainly a Man that has had ſo much Experience as you have had, cannot be ſo Ignorant in the Methods of Soldery, as to Manage at this Rate, when there is an Army of Twelve or Fourteen Thouſand Men, under your Command: 'Tis true, you was my Commanding Officer, ſome part of King *Charles*'s Reign, and in King *James*'s, and now in King *Williams* Service, and I never knew you ſo much out of Reaſon; I do aſſure you, I'll give the Governour of *Derry* an Account, let him take Notice of it or not. —— But I find, you have not yet accepted of King *William*'s Commiſſion,

miſſion, ſo you may go where you pleaſe; there may be a time when you'll be glad of his Commiſſion. —— But I have accepted of it, and Diſplay'd his Colours in the Field, and I care not a Pin for *Tirconnel* or *Hamilton*; I muſt ſtay, and will ſtick by the Bit; I have but a Life to looſe, and I'll Venture it for the Honour of my Countrey.

Gov. It may be I may ſtay as long as you.

Maj. But I know you will not, and ſo Farewel; Remember me to all on the other ſide, eſpecially to thoſe who have left me in the Lurch; you'll be for *Scotland*, viſit your Relations there, ſtand and ſee how the wind Blows, if Favourable on the Proteſtant ſide, then for *England*, get a Reward for your paſt good Service done here; divide the Bear Skin, before ſhe be catch'd, be ſet down for an *Iriſh* Forfeiture, Miſrepreſent Good Service, that what you procure to your Self, may be the more Conſiderable, a Thouſand a Year, no leſs, ſo Farewel, General.

Exit Major.

Gov. I may ſpeak my Mind freely to you, 'Tis not paſt Four Months, ſince he Deſerted the Kings Service, and now forſooth, is a *Major*, and without Conſideration, or weighing Matters, in what Circumſtances we are in, Engaged a Party of the Kings Forces, not far from this Place; kill'd Forty or Fifty, when at the ſame time, the Governour of *Derry*, my ſelf, and ſome more were endeavouring to Compoſe and Accommodate Matters, before the Fire broke out into a Flame. For we do not think *England*, to be in ſuch a Condition, as to hazard our Lives and Eſtates, in Engageing in her Intereſt, till ſhe is more ſetled; for I am indeed for the good of this Kingdom, and the Proteſtant Intereſt as much as any Man, but to take up Arms, Accept of Commiſſions, Diſplay the Colours of a Foreign Prince, ought more than once or twice to be conſider'd. —— A Buſineſs of this great Concern, ought not to be Raſhly done. —— This I muſt confeſs, and on this Account, both the Governour of *Derry*, and my ſelf, thought this Man not fit to be Truſted, in what private Buſineſs we have in hand, of which the Governour of *Derry* gave me a Caution; for I do aſſure you, that King *James* is Landed ſome time ſince at *Kingſale*, with a Fleet of Ships from *France*, and has brought with him, as I am inform'd, Ten Thouſand Land Men, and Five Hundred Old Experienc'd Officers, who will be provided for in the *Iriſh* Army, which conſiſts of Fifty Thouſand Men, nothing will be wanting in any thing the French King can ſupply him with. —— King *James* is now at *Dublin*, and will be very ſoon at *Derry*, and from thence go to *Scotland*, and ſo

for *England*.—— They'll have an Army about their Ears, before they'll be provided to oppoſe thoſe that ſhall Invade them. Do you think that the Governour of *Derry*, my ſelf and all of you, ought not to act with a great deal of Caution? For I do aſſure you, that King *James*, has much the better end of the Staff.

Offi. Truly, Sir, you ſpeak much to the Purpoſe, and a great deal of Reaſon there is for what you ſay, there is no Probability that thoſe Regular Troops that are now with Lieutenant General *Hamilton*, ſhou'd be worſted by thoſe ſorry People that are up in Arms; and for my part I do not care to come under the laſh of an *Iriſh* Army, but will for *Scotland* or *England*, as ſoon as I can get to *Derry*.

Gov. What ſaid our Worthy *Major*? What a Pretty Buſineſs it was to Barracadoe up the Gates with Stones and Rubbiſh, hindring us to Sally out? Nothing would pleaſe me better, than to ſee this forward Spark Nooz'd, this *Engliſh*-Man that ſhall propoſe Rules to me.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Lieutenant General Hamilton, Sheldon, Dorrington.

Ham. The Management of our Great Deſign, is now to Force the River, for we do but linger out our Time, the River muſt be gain'd, to which Purpoſe, I ſecured ſeveral Boats, that will hold Fifty or Sixty Men each; by break of Day this Morning they were to Land, and Engage the Rebells, and to beat them from their Entrenchments, but I have not as yet, had an Account of their Succeſs.

Enter an Officer.

Offi. May it pleaſe your Excellency, our Army has forc'd their Paſſage, beat off the Rebells, and now are Ferrying over the reſt of the Foot; they are in great Fear, leſt the Rebells Horſe ſhould come down upon them.

Ham. Never Trouble your ſelf about that, I dare Engage, none of the Rebells Horſe or Foot, will give them any Diſturbance, any more than they have done already. But, Pray, in what manner did they gain the River?

Offi. Juſt at break of Day, we had three Boats Mann'd with Fifty Men each, they came to the Rebells ſide, undiſcovered;

we

we Fired on them, and they on us; and altho they had thrown up a Breaſt Work, yet upon our Mens Advancing, the Rebells quitted their Poſt, and March'd away.

Ham. What Number might there be of the Rebells?

Offi. As far as we could diſcover, about Fifty Men, there was two parts Pikes, and one part Muskets.

Ham. A Pretty Management. —— Theſe Pikes, I ſuppoſe, were intended, to keep our Horſe from Swiming over the River; where was their Army, that they ſhould be ſo weak, when they knew, we would bend their utmoſt Force againſt them.

Offi. That we had no Account of, they are both ſhort of Ammunition and Proviſions.

Ham. I'll away, and give out my Neceſſary Orders, what is further to be done.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to *Colraine*.

Enter Governour *and Six Officers.*

Gov. The Enemy has now gain'd the River upon us, the Buſineſs is now at an End; and for my part of the matter, I'll be no further Concern'd, let who will take up the Cudgells, and for the Government of this Town, take it who will, I have done with it, and the Kingdom; I'll for *Scotland*, where I have ſome Friends and Relations, that will make me Wellcome: I'll take care of one; I am brought here into a Præmunire, by theſe Peoples Raſh Methods, and Unlucky Proceedings; I could have wiſh'd it had been otherwiſe. —— Let them get clear, as well as they can, I'll firſt go to *Derry*, and give the Governour an Account of what has happened, and then as many of you, as have good Horſes, may accompany me, to the North-weſt part of the County of *Donygall*, which is Seventy Miles from this Place, where I have provided a Veſſel for Exportation, and have a good quantity of Fiſh Oyl, which I hope will come to a good Market in *Scotland*; I can but think what work will be made with theſe People, when Lieutenant General *Hamilton* and King *James*, Arrives at *Derry*; I fear 'twill be far worſe than *Monmouth*'s Rebellion, and the great Execution that followed in the Weſt of *England*, for which they may thank themſelves, and the Worthy *Major* in perticular. In the laſt place, Gentlemen, thoſe that ſtay, I muſt deſire, to take care to ſet the Bridge on

Fird, for fear we be pursued by the Enemy: So every one shift for himself.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to a Village, by a River Side.

Enter Major, *Three Captains and Adjutant.*

Maj. Adjutant, Did you send away the Express, that I gave you, to the Governour of *Colraine*?

Adj. I did, and he is, I believe, by this time Returning.

Maj. If any Miscarriage has happened, he may thank himself; the Fault let it lye at his Door, for at mine it cannot; had he supply'd me with Ammunition and Provisions, and such Necessaries as I wanted, and a good Reinforcement, the Enemy shou'd have never gain'd the River, or we at this time been forc'd to Retreat.

Enter an Express.

——— What News from the Governour? No Letters or Orders?

Exp. Not any, Sir, The Governour is Fled, and left all in Distraction, all the Army is making the best of their way to *Derry*.

Maj. 'Tis time for me then to think of Marching, lest we be swallowed up by the Enemy: *Adjutant*, are all our Men come in from their several Guards, where they are Posted?

Adj. They are.

Maj. Have they got any Refreshments?

Adj. They have, Sir, Pretty well for a March, their Knapsacks are indifferently well fill'd with Bread and Beef.

Maj. Order all Officers to their Posts, and march off from the left; I still have the Post of Honour, to bring up the Rear of a Flying Army.

Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to the *Irish Camp.*

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, Dorrington.

Ham. The Rebells are fled and gone, nothing will now stop us, till we get to *Derry*, that Nest of Rebells; they'll Capitulate, and be well satisfied, that we hang half and save half. — *Sheldon*, Give orders that the Regiment of Guards, March and take

take Poſſeſſion of *Colraine*; a Guard plac'd upon the Bridge. Give a ſtrict Charge that no Diſorder be committed; the Train of Artillery and Baggage march by break of Day, to Morrow Morning. — The Foot, from their ſeveral Encampment. All to be at *Newtown* to Morrow Night. I hope to be in Poſſeſſion of *Derry* before the King Arrives, notwithſtanding he is on his Journey; and in a Month, to have the beſt part of Fifty Thouſand Men ſafely Landed in *Scotland*. If thoſe People of *England* have not a care, we may give them a Scowring may make their Hearts ake; and then I'll make my Apology for not returning back for *England* at the appointed time, which was Fourteen Days; but I have done it in leſs than Four Months. However I ſhall be as good as my Word, tho' not ſo ſoon as I Promis'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE Changes to *Derry*, repreſenting the Suburbs on Fire. A ſolemn Martial Funeral.

[*About half a quarter of an Hours Pauſe. Enter Two Trumpets in deep Mourning, ſounding a Funeral March: Two Drummers, their Drums in Mourning, with Scarves, Hatbands and Gloves, beating a ſoft Funeral March, followed with Two Enſigns with Orange Colours in Mourning, themſelves with Scarves, Hatbands, Gloves, follow'd by Two Officers in deep Mourning.*]

[*The Drums and Trumpets ceaſe, the Right-hand Officer pointing at thoſe that ſtand behind him.*]

Offic. This is for our Departed Friends, not forgeting our late Governour, that left us in the Lurch; not that they are Dead, but Dead to us.

Danger and Fear have put theſe Men to Flight,
Whilſt we behind preſerve Great-Britains *Right.*

[Drums beat, Trumpets ſound a ſecond time.]

Enter Major *and Six Officers in deep Mourning.*

[*Trumpets and Drums ceaſe.*]

Maj. The diſmal Time is coming on, all the Kingdom loſt but one poor Town, and that you ſee in Flames ——

[*Pointing at* Derry *Suburbs in a ſmoke.*

The Chief Commanders, that ſhould have been our ſupport, fled and gone, and I poor Slave am left alone: I cannot move beyond my Fate, which is to undergo the greateſt of Miſery, and the greateſt of Danger. —— Fire and Smoke without, Peſtilence and Famine within: My Food decreed from above is Horſes, Tallow, and Hides, Horſes Blood boil'd, moſt deſired Food. —— To be Inſulted over by a Mercileſs Enemy! 'Tis my Fate, I cannot eſcape. —— Oh! Under what Planet was I Born! To be left thus Forlorn, and Baniſh'd from my Native Soil; and here to be ſurrounded in the moſt diſmal Part of an Undone Nation. —— Whether ſhall I turn? Or, Whether ſhall I go? 'Tis thus decreed, and it muſt be ſo. ——Methinks I ſee, [*Looking up.*] *Britania* ſhaded over with a black Veil, pitying our diſtreſs'd Condition; Laws, Liberties, and Religion (juſt as a Snuff of a Candle) ready to expire, and poor *Hibernia* Weeping at her Feet, and thus bemoaning her diſtreſſed Caſe.

Mighty Empreſs, I from my Fruitful Iſle am come, to crave your Aid and Pity, there is nothing left me but one poor Town, and that in Flames. —— Your Help I do implore, or elſe Undone! Undone! you'll never ſee me more.

Britannia melting with Compaſſion, between Joy and Grief, returns this Anſwer to her ſuppliant Queen.

Riſe up, Hibernia, *my deareſt Daughter, you ſhall have timely Succours, and a True Born* Briton *ſhall your Town preſerve, and dear* Hibernia *ſhall be as great as ever.*

Ah! Theſe Prophetick Dreams that did diſturb my Reſt; two are already gone and paſt, two more are yet to come, the third moſt Intolerable of all, preſents me in the midſt of a Beſieged Town, Cannon and Bombs rending in pieces Wall and Town, and dead Carcaſſes, in heaps, thrown up and down.

But yet the Fourth and Laſt, with Joy to tell.
Makes all our Labours paſt to Reliſh well.
Attendance Great, and Plenty's ſwelling Tide,
With Fair Lucretia *ſitting by my ſide,*
I with Gilt Laurels Crown my Beauteous Bride.

The End of the Firſt Part.

THE
EPILOGUE
To the First Part.

TWenty Three Princes England's *Scepter ſway'd,*
Since Ireland *has to* England *Homage paid:*
Yet in Diſtreſs we vainly ſeek for Aid.
England *does us neglect, and to our Coſt,*
In vain do we Reſiſt, when all is loſt.
What weak Attempts are for our Safety taken,
When all our Hero's great have us forſaken.
Old Times does tell our Anceſtor's great Fame,
Who with great Courage and true Bravery came,
And theſe bold Rebels did with Glory tame.

Oh Mortals! Who can wipe off this black Stain?
Who'll riſe Old England's *Quarrel to maintain?*
Thus Vanquiſh'd and thus poorly quit our Ground,
While Enemies on all ſides us ſurround.
Our General, when Fortune ſtretch'd her Hand,
And Victory did attend on his Command,
Now not dares to fight, nor yet dares to ſtand.
And can Six Thouſand Iriſh *us defy,*
Whil'ſt with Twelve Thouſand we confus'dly fly.

Oh!

The EPILOGUE.

Oh! what rare boaſting there was what they'd do,
Slay General Hamilton *and all his Crew!*
They'd all with Sword in Hand kill and purſue!
But when he with his Iriſh *Troops drew near,*
Our Valiant Friends made off and fled for fear.
Faces like Lyons, Fingers ſix on Hand:
They'll us devour, Lord who can them withſtand:
We by their Strength and Might ſhall be o'repower'd,
In Boats they throng'd, and all for Scotland *ſcowr'd.*
And are we not now like to live and thrive,
When ſwarms of Locuſts ſhall attack our Hive.

But let us Courage take, ſome Help may be,
Peep out of our Hive, recollect and ſee,
If they're ſuch Monſters as they pretend they be.
Some Howl like Wolves, and others Hum like Bees,
At laſt they were no more than Rapparees;
Wolves in Sheeps-Skins, deſtroy rather than fight:
If ſo, then knock for knock, and bite for bite.
Come on, Boys, we'll their Iriſh *Metal try,*
When they attack our Hive we'll them defy;
All with united Force combine to drive,
Thoſe lazy Drones from our laborious Hive.
We'll ſtand our Ground, altho' our Friends are flown,
Be bold and juſt, the Day will be our own.
Defend the Siege, and future Times ſhall crown
Our Aſhes in our Tombs, whilſt Derry *Town*
Shall ſtand a Monument of our Renown.

The

THE

PROLOGUE

To the Second Part.

PEace in Perfection, what's deſir'd more?
Plenty our Barns fill'd, and increas'd our Store;
We Love and Friendſhip to each other bore.

Ireland! *Why did'ſt thou 'gainſt thy Head Rebel,*
When thou in Plenty doſt us far excel?
Could'ſt thou not then with Eaſe enjoy thy own,
But force us unto Shame, make us thy Scorn?
Will nothing but our Lives appeaſe your Rage?
Are all to Die, doom'd on your bloody Stage?
Will not the Innocent your Wrath aſſwage?
No Mercy ſhew to either Sex or Age!
Both Peſtilence and Plague purſue the Chaſe,
Famine and Miſery haſte on apace.

Records of ancient Times do let us know,
Ireland *ne'er could* Great-Britain *overthrow.*

How black wilt thou in Hiſtory appear,
When this ſad Tale ſounds in each Reader's Ear,
That thou with France *had ſecret Counſels wrought;*
Deep helliſh Plots our quick Deſtruction ſought?
What dark Deſigns were driven on of late,
Both to ſubvert our Laws in Church and State!
We now muſt drink that deadly Cup prepar'd
For the Three Kingdoms; War is duly ſhar'd
For us, inclos'd within this City Wall,
Helpleſs, Oh help! for England's *Aid we call.*

Great Droves for England *now are fled and gone,*
And in deep Deſpair leaves us thus forlorn:
This our juſt Cauſe they ſeemingly diſown.
Make haſte, make haſte then from the Britiſh *Shore,*
Unſheath your conquering Sword with ſpeed once more;
And to our former Freedom then reſtore.
Let's not by cruel Tyrants tamely die;
Had we but equal Force we'd them defie.
Haſte then, and ſend away your Force with ſpeed,
Timely ſupport, and help in time of need.
In furious Rage they Scoff, they Laugh, and Grin,
To Sacrifice us all think it no Sin;
By killing Hereticks they Heaven win.

What Mortal's living now that can expreſs,
A Town thus drown'd in Woe and ſore Diſtreſs?

Expos'd

Expos'd to all the Cruelty and Rage
Of Iriſh *Troops, whom nothing can aſſwage.*
How is this bleeding Kingdom left in Grief,
Without a Head, deſpairing of Relief!

With noble Courage we will Guard this Town,
And Foreign Nations ſhall tell our Renown.
Yes, and after Ages our Names renew,
That to our Country's Cauſe were Juſt and True.

May we no longer live, than True ard Juſt;
Our Holy Faith, in which we alſo Truſt,
If that fail, let us be for ever Curſt.

With Eyes fix'd, Heaven, we thy Aid implore,
Guide Thou the Battle, and we'll ſeek no more.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ

London-Derry Beſieg'd by the *Iriſh* Army.

Conrad d' Roſin, Mareſchal and General.

Hamilton, Lieut. General.

Ramſey, Brigadier General.

Dorrington, Colonel of the Foot Guards, and Brigadier.

Waahoop, *Borban*, } Brigadiers.

Clancarty, Sir *Neil*, } Colonels.

Sir *Brian*, the *Iriſh* Judge.

Teigue, the Executioner to Hang and Quarter the *Northern* Rebels taken Priſoners.

Defended by the *Northern* Forces.

R. L. Firſt Governor of *Derry*.

H. B. Antony, Second Governor.

J. M. Granade, Third Governor.

G. W. Evangeliſt, that went under the Name of one of the Governors.

Camill, *Murath*, } Colonels.

Buff, and *Stepſtately*, } Two Aldermen of *Derry*.

Amazon, *Bœitia*, *Gertrud*, *Felicia*, *Deborah*, } Women Warriors.

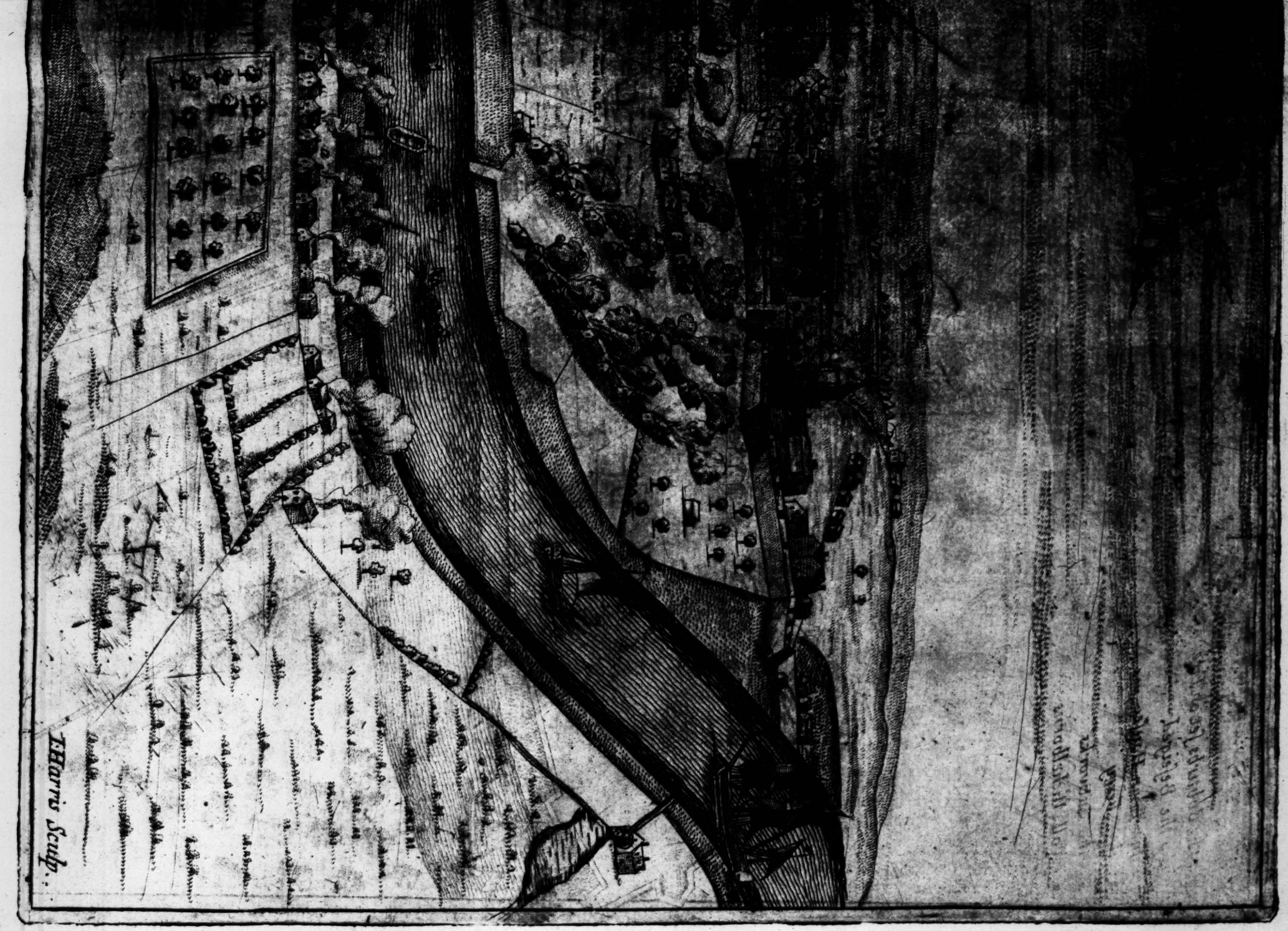
Black Jack, the Executioner to Hang and Quarter the *Iriſh* Rebels taken Priſoners.

Rapparees and Attendants.

Trumpets, Drums, and Hautboys.

Cartel agreed upon, No Exchange of Priſoners, but Hang and Quarter on both ſides.

a a The Suburbs set on Fire
by the Besiged
b the Town House
c the Ferry
d the Outworks
e Coll. Michelborne


EHarris Sculp.

Ireland Preserv'd,

OR THE

SIEGE

OF

LONDON-DERRY.

A

Tragi-Comedy.

PART II.

ACT the First.

SCENE the First. Representing the Suburbs of the City as on Fire.

Enter Granade *knocking at a Person of Note's Door.*

Gran. OH! How are we Betray'd, Ruin'd and Undone! What will become of those Thousands that must now Perish by the Treachery and wicked Designs of some Men? It almost distracts me to think what Misery and Destruction attends this dismal Place! Let Patience guide me; nor let my Thoughts and Spirits sink under the weight of this intolerable Burthen. Oh, *England!* Think of this distressed City, and send us timely Succour. Oh, thou Divine Power! let our Arms be strong to Fight, and

Guide thou the Battle, and judge who of us is in the fault; judge if we Fight for any more than our own, or our Countrys Liberty and Freedom, and to defend our ſelves from thoſe that would deſtroy us.

(*Servant opens the Door.*)

Is the Governor ſtirring?

Ser. My Maſter was late up laſt Night with ſome Friends, and will be ſtirring in a ſhort time.

Gran. Pray tell him my name is *Granade*; that I have brought up the Rear of our Flying Army.

[*Exit Servant.*

Gran. O with what eaſe and quiet do ſome Men Sleep, when ſafe and ſecure, and in no danger of an Enemies approach? They are certainly Friends to them, and not to us: We under this Governors Command and Protection are but accounted Enemies, nay Rebels both to him and them, and ſhall be ſo dealt with; but there is an Over-ruling Power that knows the Secrets of this Man's Pernicious and Treacherous Deſigns ——

Enter Governor in a Morning-Gown. (*They Salute.*)

Granade. I am come to this Place from my Retreat; the Town of *Colraine* being loſt, and the River gain'd by the Enemy. This is the laſt Place of Refuge: We muſt now apply our ſelves to you; for in your good Conduct and Guidance is all our hopes; 'tis on you we muſt have all our dependance: Your Aſſiſtant (the Governor of *Colrain*) next to you in Command, is fled, for you to have the entire Management, and we are now as Sheep without a Shepherd.

Gov. You may be aſſured I'll take all poſſible Care both for you and all others concern'd, as far as the circumſtance of our Cauſe requires. Pray when did you ſee that worthy Governor that you ſay has left you, and quitted that Poſt?

Gran. Some ſay he came to *Derry* to conſult with you; ſome ſay he's gone to *Caſtledoe*, and ſeveral others with him, to take Shipying for *Scotland*; but for my part I never ſaw him ſince he commanded me to Guard the River *Ban*, which indeed required a greater Force. But that which was the hardeſt, was his taking two of the beſt Companies from me, when I was going on Service, which I hear are now in *Derry*; I hope you will order them to be reſtor'd to me again.

Gov. Do you not think that *Derry* requires as good a Garriſon as *Colrain*? Thoſe Men that were under his Management, underſtand beſt what is in Agitation, and I will part with none. Three Thouſand choice Men are all I will admit into

A Survey of the City of LONDON-DERRY as it was Beseiged by the Irish Army Ann. 1689

Ld Galloway's Regt

Coll Dorrington

Coll Butler

Coll O Neale

Coll Ramsey

Coll

Coll

THE CHURCH

Battery of 3 Mortars

Battery

St Michs Craigh

An old Danish Fort

the road to the other side of Bogg

THE GOLD-SMITHS

Capt Heards House

Battery

PROVOST

Hempseed Hall

S. Colloms Stone

S Colloms Well

Bpt. Mill

A Gun

Magazine

Three Gun Batteries

A Fort

Collumbkill

Pennyborn Mill

Pennyborn Mill

the way to

the way to

A Battery

the Orchard

to Pennyborn Mill

The Strand way to Brook Hall

A Battery of 3 Guns

A Battery of 3 Guns

Orchard

Collumbkills Chapel

Mill

THE CHURCH

Keys

the way to Newton Lamavady

L A N D

L A N D

The way to

The way to Culmore and Green Caſtle

C I T Y A C R E S.

Lord

Coll Butler

Brook Hall

Brook Hall

Charles Fort

A Battery

A Battery

the Boom

A Battery

A Fort

S Neil O'

Neale's

Dragoons

the Grange

Belonging to the Society

Coat of Enver

A Description of the CITY, the

a	the double Baſtion	n	Queen Street
b	the Royall Baſtion	o	Silver Street
c	A Platform	p	Gracious Street
d	Hangmans Baſtion	q	School House
e	Gunners Baſtion	r	Buchers Street
f	Cowards Baſtion	ſ	Bridewell
g	Water Baſtion	t	Pump Street
h	Nerogate Baſtion	w	Biſhops Houſe
i	Ferry Baſtion	x	the Ravelin
k	Church Baſtion	y	the Old Church Ya
l	Church & Churchy.	z	Wapping
m	the Diamond	&	Ship Key

The Chapel

Sr Inº Fitz Gerald

THE DEMEASNES OF

Srr. John Bagnall

CULMORE

Lord Clancarty

Danes Fort

the Sod Work

Culmore Fort

Outer Bank

The Fish House

Part of Eanagh

CHURCH LANDS

Part of the Grocers Proportion

...y, the Outworks, and the Enemyes Camp

...et	u	the Magazin	4	A Platform 3 Mortars
...et	A	the Windmill	5 6	two Batterys
...treet	B	an old work	7	A Battery
...se	C	Old Cathedrall	8	a Trench
...treet	D	a Small Redoubt	9	the Line of Approach
	E	Cow market	10	Guard House
...et	F	Collomkills wells	11	Ditch of the Orchard
...rise	G	A work made by the besieged	12	A small Ditch
...n	H		13	the last line of Aproach
...urch Yd	1	an old Danish Fort	14	a Ditch
	2	A Fort	15 16	the Advanc^d Guards
	3	A Trench cast up	17	Rock Swiming y^e River

A Scale 3/4 of a Mile

1/4 1/2 3/4

I. Harris Sc.

into this Place, the reſt muſt Quarter in the Country; but you I have ordered to march this Night to *Caſtleſin*; you are to take along with you ſome Amunition, a Barrel of Powder and ſome Ball; I'll ſend more Forces after you, to guard *Lifford*; which Places I leave under your care to Defend, that the Enemy gain no advantage.

Gran. A Barrel of Powder is ſoon ſpent when the Enemy Attacks us, which will be in three or four days at fartheſt. —— But what muſt we do for ſome Proviſions?

Gov. What did you do when the Governor of *Colrain* poſted you on the River *Ban*? The ſame you ſhall have of me.

Gran. That was the loſs and ruin of our Cauſe; the River was gain'd for want of Proviſions, and a ſutable Reinforcement; and I find I muſt be juſt ſo ſerv'd, and this will be ten times worſe; for here they can Ford over with Horſe and Foot, and before they cou'd no way get over but with Boats, ſo that I had then time to make my Retreat; and what ſhall Foot do againſt a Body of Horſe, when we have Eleven Miles to march to get to *Derry*, and no Horſe to ſuſtain us?

Gov. It can't be help'd, I cannot ſupply you at this time, and I tell you plainly, I have not Proviſions for a Fortnight for the Gariſon, altho' but for three Thouſand Men.

Gran. That neglect is yours, you might have had enough, if you would but let the Country bring it in, and that was the leaſt thing you could do; but there is ſtill a help of five Thouſand Head of Cattle round the Town, their owners have left them, and why not Proviſions for us, as well as the Enemy?

Gov. 'Tis all Carrion Meat and not worth eating, the Gariſon will not eat it; beſides do you think I will force and ſeize other Men's Properties?

Gran. 'Tis true, at preſent it may be courſe Meat, but when a hard Siege comes we ſhall be glad to eat the worſt bit, and 'tis well if we don't find it ſo; and for Property, if there be any that owns the Cattle, let them come and take ſhare, I am ſure the Enemy will not regard Property, and I think we have as good a Right as them; for my part, I am reſolv'd to have my ſhare. —— But Sir, I'm of Opinion you have no mind to ſtay and run the riſque of a Siege.

Gov. I muſt ſtay, and give an account to King *William*, whom I have ſworn to be true to, and have accepted of his Commiſſion; and let them take care that ſhall violate the Authority he has given me.

Gran. But pray Sir, conſider my Circumſtance, and ſome Thouſands more, that are proclaimed Rebels to the Government, and muſt undergo the Penalties thereof, if we come under the Mercy of the Enemy; is it not better to Fight it out

Manfully,

Manly, than to be hang'd like Dogs; we are here ten or twelve Thouſand Men, and a good Body of Horſe —— Call aſhore the two *Engliſh* Regiments; do you think that we are not able to deal with ſix or ſeven Thouſand *Iriſh*, fateigued with a long March? —— Let us but come together and join in a Body, you'll ſee what work we'll make with them: But how can we do any thing when you keep our Regiments five, ten, fifteen Miles from one another, and will not let us come together? If you have not Proviſions you have the greater cauſe to Fight them; you wrought Night and Day to get the Powder, Ball, Arms, and other Materials into Town, and do you think we can live on Powder, or on a light Match, and at the ſame time not to ſuffer Proviſions to be brought into the Town? This can never be for King *William*'s Service. —— My Life is at Stake, and therefore I muſt be plain with you.

Gov. You are not to tell me my Buſineſs; if I do any thing amiſs, I am to anſwer for it, and none elſe; ſo pray Sir, go where I have Commanded you, and let me have theſe Paſſes well Defended againſt the Enemy.

Gran. I am not ſo young a Soldier, but I know what it is to Command and what it is to Obey, and I could wiſh ſo great a Concern as we have in hand, were better managed.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Granade, Forgus.

Gran. Is the Regiment ready to March? Have you got Amunition?

Forg. All's ready.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Sir, Three of your Captains went on Board at Break of Day this Morning, with Bag and Baggage, and took two of your Colours with them: They had the Governor's Paſs.

Gran. Well, it can't be help'd; there's Preferment for others —— But to take my Regiments Colours with them, which coſt five Pounds each, is ſomthing unkind. We are in a miſerable Condition, betray'd on all hands! The Governor to weaken and ruin our Cauſe, gives Paſſes to all that comes, and juſt when we are in the Face of our Enemy. —— Well, if we do ſurvive theſe Miſeries that are coming on us, King *William* ought to reward us well, for the Hazzards, Dangers, and Expences we ſhall be at in this Cauſe.

Forg. This going away is ſo encouraged by the Governor, that allows all Officers and others Paſſes, that it diſcourages the Service,

Service, and makes way for the Enemy to come and Hang us all. Happy is the Man that can get on Shipboard firſt: I have obſerved, let a Man be never ſo zealous for the Cauſe to day, the next day he's half Seas to *Scotland*.—— Officers of all ſorts Deſert, Husbands leave their Wives, Parents their Children, Parſons deſert their Pariſhes. Then Hey for *Non-Reſiſtance*.

Gran. Forgus, call in ſome of my Officers.

Enter Five Officers.

Gran. Gentlemen, you ſee on all occaſions, and in all dangers I have ſtood by you; ſo pray ſtand you by me. I was firſt by King *William*'s Commiſſion and Authority your Major, and now Commander in Chief. I came out of *England* to do my Country faithful Service, and altho but a Stranger to you, yet you ſhall ſee I'll do all things that ſhall be for your Advantage and Preſervation.

All. You are our Colonel, Major, and Captain, and we'll ſtand by you as long as we have a day to live.

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Sir, I am come to acquaint you of a ſad Accident juſt now happen'd; taking a walk on the Strand, juſt upon a turn of the Tide, I heard ſome ſhots go off, I haſted with all ſpeed to underſtand the meaning: Coming up to a Boat that lay on the ſide of the Sea, who ſhould I ſee but Captain *Bell* of your Regiment lie gaſping, and was Speechleſs, rouling in his Blood, ſeveral Soldiers plundering the Boat; I ask'd the reaſon how that Gentleman came to be kill'd; they told me, it was they did it, that they had orders for it; they told me likewiſe, that Major *Antony*, that Officer that lay dead in the Boat, and one Officer more, had hired the Boat, and were deſerting the Gariſon, as other Officers had done the Tide before. with an intent to go on Shipboard for *England* or *Scotland*, leaving their Soldiers to be hang'd by the *Iriſh*.

Gran. What a ſurprizing Thing is this! Was it not the other day we took a ſolemn Oath to ſtand by each other, that we would Sacrifice our Lives in the Cauſe we had undertaken, and that before the whole Regiment, with our drawn Swords in our Hands? did not we cauſe all the Soldiers in the Regiment to do the like? and this Captain now to ſhow ſo ill an Example of his Perfidiouſneſs,---'tis a juſt Judgment, and I'll ſay no more; let the Chaplain, Mr. *Knox*, ſtay and ſee him decently Bury'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter General Hamilton *with a Generals Staff*, Sheldon, Ramſey, Sir *Neil an* Iriſh *Judge, and at a diſtance an ugly Fellow an Executioner.*

Ham. HOW Fortunate and Victorious are our Arms ſince we march'd from *Dublin*? What Dread and Horror poſſeſſes thoſe flying Rebels! How from Town to Town, from Mountain to Mountain, like untam'd Beaſts, poſſeſs'd with Fear, Cowardice, and Deſtraction! theſe damn'd Hereticks, fill'd with Rebellion and Confuſion! how they fly before us, and are but as Duſt before the Wind!

Shel. If any thing ſav'd their Credit, 'twas that at *Colrain*, which gave us a weeks Diverſion.

Ham. But in what Condition are they now? Where are theſe ragged Rebelly Rogues, that ſculk in every hole and corner? We'll catch them ſhortly, and make them a ſpectacle to the World as the vileſt of Traytors. Aſſoon as I have taken a view of the Army, we'll prepare to March. *Sheldon*, advance your Detachments of Horſe and Dragoons towards *Derry*, and diſcover the Rebels, and obſerve if they are in motion, and ſend me word.

Shel. I will not fail to ſend you an exact Account.

[*Exit* Hamilton *and* Sheldon.

Ram. The Navigable River that lies between us and *Derry* is of great Advantage to the Rebels; for I am inform'd 'tis Twenty two Miles to take a circuit round by *Strabane*, and the River to croſs. —— Damn'd and ten times Damn'd are thoſe my Countrymen, ignorant to the higheſt degree, infatuated and void of Reaſon, deſerve not the leaſt of Mercy or Pity —— To ſee how their chief Men leave them, refuſing any longer to be concern'd, endeavouring by flight to get for *England* or *Scotland* to eſcape the Halter. —— But theſe remaining have an itching deſire to be noos'd; to handſel the Three-Leg'd Tree at *Derry*. Come, Sir *Neil*. [*Clapping him on the Back*] Your worthy Friend there the Judge, will in theſe four or five days take them into Examination, an *Iriſh* Jury, and a good ſtrong Gallows, will quickly diſpatch them; but where will there be Ropes enough?

Sir *Neil*. We muſt Hang them after my Country Faſhion, with Gads; you call them in your Country, Withs; twopence a Rope to each Rebel will be too much Exyence, we can get an hundred Gads for a Groat. —— I ſhall never for-

get

get old Chancellor *Jeffreys*, he without Favour or Affection truſs'd them up by Scores. Well, we do not do our Country Juſtice, if we do not make the North of *Ireland* ten-times Bloodier, than *Jeffreys* made the Weſt of *England*; he got Money, and I hope I ſhall get ſome. —— Four or five Hundred Gads in a day will do the Turn. —— Where are your Eſtates, Joy, good Mr. *Engliſhman*, your Eſtates in the four Provinces of *Leinſter*, *Munſter*, *Ulſter*, and *Connaugh*? No by my Fait, Jack *Engliſhman*, 'tis on the Gallows. How thoſe that are run to *Derry*, the Ofi-ſpring of the *Engliſh*, that have kept our Lands from us, and have been Tyrants to my good Country-men, will make their *exit* out of this Kingdom with a Rope? It makes me laugh heartily, Ha, Ha, Ha. —— Twelve years conquering *Ireland* with ſo much *Engliſh* Treaſure; pay them off with the Gallows, Rogues, *Engliſh* Dogs, *Scotch* Rebels.

Enter Waahop *and* Bochan.

Ram. Sir *Neil*, You are on the merry Pin this Morning; 'tis true, I am of your Opinion, they all deſerve to be Hang'd, and I hope to ſee moſt part of them truſs'd up. —— To be twice, thrice our Number, and always ſhow us their Back-ſides, never their Faces, unleſs a little over the Rampart at *Colrain*. —— But in what condition are they now? Where are thoſe Whighiſh Hereticks? Let us ſee now if they dare tie the Lord *Tyrconnel*'s Proclamation to the Dogs Tail, and whip him thro' the Streets.

Wa. We had an account Yeſterday of the Enemies Burning all on this ſide the Water of *Derry*; that it was the Governors Command likewiſe to burn the Suburbs.

Boch. Our laſt Intelligence gives us an account that the Rebels were in a great Conſternation, their principal Officers, diſcourag'd by the miſmanagement of the Governor, are fled; and that they have not fifteen Days Proviſions in the Town; and all unneceſſary Mouths turn'd out; which will facilitate our Enterprize, and make our approach to the Town eaſie.

Judge I did not care how ſoon, I wiſh the Town were in our Poſſeſſion, that I might be going back; I am of Opinion very few of them can plead *not Guilty*; ſo of neceſſity they muſt take a walk to the Gallows; for our Country-men, our *Iriſh* Jury, will have as little Mercy of them, as they us'd to have of us; when they had the Power they hang'd many of our Relations the laſt War.

Sir *Neil*. *Teigue*, *Teigue*, hear me *Teigue*.

[*Calls to the Executioner, that ſtands at a diſtance.*

Teigue.

Teig. Fat will dow be after ſpaking ſomthing.

Neil. What quantity of Gads canſt thou and thy Brother make in a Day?

Teig. Sir, we can be after maaking wid de halp of de Fire. (*holding up his five Fingers.*) Arrah! Joy, fat do you call it?

Sir *Neil.* Five-ſcore.

Teig. More, more.

Sir *Neil.* Five Hundred.

Teig. Ay, ay, dat be five Hundred.

Sir *Neil.* Shall they be good.

Teig. Ay fait, hang twenty one after de toder, and dat plawſhes my ſhelfe ferry well to maake de hang up de *Engliſh* Man.

Sir *Neil.* *Teigue*, prepare thy Tools ready, and about a week hence thy Trade will begin. My Lord Judge, we attend you.

Your Engliſh *Cuſtoms ſhall no more prevail,*
And Gads inſtead of Ropes do never fail.
Our Horſes once more ſhall Plough by the Tail.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes again to the City Burning.

Enter Antony, Evangeliſt, *and* Camill.

Ant. Did you obſerve how with Multitudes the Walls were fill'd, when the *Iriſh* Army on the other ſide of the River, in well form'd Troops of Horſe and Foot, in Warlike Order march'd, Trumpets and Kettle Drums threatning Deſtruction to this our Town.

Cam. After a while our Governor, as one not in the leaſt concern'd, ſaw and view'd their formidable Army from Front to Rear.

Evan. We plainly ſaw the *Iriſh* Army—— But pray, where is ours, in what Warlike Poſture do they appear? 'Tis now high time we ſhould think to make ſome Defence to oppoſe the mercileſs Enemy; for we are now on the brink of Ruin and Deſtruction.

Ant. If not on *Monday* next prevented, which is but poor five Days, the Enemy will be before the Walls of *Derry*.

Cam. The reaſon there is no more Preparation, and our Forces not drawn together, is a great Myſtery; yet notwithſtanding we look upon our Governor as a Man of great Experience, Conduct and Reſolution, not inferiour to Lieut. General *Hamilton* himſelf.

Evan.

Evan. That is ſo much the worſe, if he ſhould not prove true to the Cauſe; for I can aſſure you, there is great notice taken of his Delatory Proceedings; he does not at all anſwer the Character moſt People give him. —— But pray what Forces have we at *Lifford*, *Clawdy*, and *Caſtlefin*, to divert the Enemy; for certainly they'll be upon us in a very little time, they take advantage by our ſlackneſs.

Cam. None but our worthy Friend *Granade*. The Governor talks of ſending away ſtrong Parties to his aſſiſtance, but I do not hear of any that are gone; he throngs this Town with three or four thouſand Men, when they ought to be there; two indeed very ſorry Regiments marched that way laſt night, moſt of them Pikemen, not fitting at all to engage an Enemy.

Ant. *Granade* is a ſtanch man to the Cauſe, and underſtands the management of it beſt; I do very much commend the Governor to ſend one he can truſt, provided he ſend him a ſufficient Reinforcement.

Cam. But pray, why is not the Governor there himſelf to rectifie matters? Why ſends he not all his Strength to maintain the River againſt the Enemy? Why muſt our Forces lie up and down the Country, and not be drawn together? And as the Enemy marcheth on the other ſide the River, we ought to flank them on this ſide, throw up Works, burn the Forrage, and guard the Paſſes, and in one weeks time their Horſes will ſtarve. I can aſſure you, twelve Thouſand on our ſide, to ſix Thouſand of theirs, is odds; and we ſupported with the two *Engliſh* Regiments. O that we had but a forward brisk Man, true to the Cauſe, few of them ſhould go back to tell their Tale!

Evan. The Governor and a parcel of them do nothing but Drink night and day, in as great Security as if the Enemy was an hundred Miles off. He was talking of calling a Council, and that is all the good we are like to have of him. I that am a Clergyman, reaſon guides me there muſt be ſomthing elſe to be done, than to ſit at Council, and let the Enemy come and blow us up. —— I wiſh poor *Granade* may not ſuffer by theſe Councellors; he is the only Man of Experience as I underſtand we have to truſt to, if Beſieged.

Enter a Meſſenger

Meſſ. The Governor has call'd a Council this Afternoon.

Ant. We'll attend.

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

Com. I cou'd wiſh to ſee this Governor and his drunken Company, inſtead of Council, get on Horſeback, appear at the Head of their Troops and Companies, and encourage their Men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Hall, or Place of Judicature.

Enter two Servants, ſetting a Table and Chairs for the Council.

Enter Governor *with one Officer.*

Gov. THE readieſt way in the World to appeaſe the grumbling of the People, is to call a Council: 'Tis not a week paſt ſince I had one, and now muſt have another; one Council more will be all I need, before the Enemy, as they call them, (but my Friends) appear. Nothing ſo effectual as this Council. This method I took from thoſe of the ſeveral Counties of *Down* and *Antrim*: The General there was at Council the very Morning the Enemy advanced, and within a Mile of the Council Chamber, and had it not been for an Officer that forced in and cry'd *Fire*, *Fire*, Lieut. General *Hamilton* had caught them all at Council; the Fighting part was not thought of. —— King *William* is a good Prince I do believe, by his ſending me a Preſent, five Hundred, and two Thouſand Pounds more, which I am to lay out, will do me good. O how am I Courted on both ſides! —— But King *James* is my real Maſter, he gave me the firſt Bread, and made me a Lieutenant Colonel, by the help of my Wives Relations, that were Domeſticks to the Dutcheſs of *P*—— My old Maſter will be here in four or five days, he is now on his Journey hither from *Dublin*, in his way to *Scotland*: How well he'll be pleaſed at my delivering him the Keys of this City into his own Hand, and Laugh when I ſhall tell him how I have fill'd my Purſe with *Engliſh* Money? That plaguy Fellow *Granade* put me hard to it, on account of Proviſions; if I had allow'd that, my deſigns had been ſpoiled, but I ſoon pack'd him off. —— To morrow or the next day I ſhall hear he is knock'd on the Head; he is more a Man than to be taken and Hang'd like a Dog. —— Well, when King *James* comes to hear how well this Buſineſs was carry'd, he'll admire how fifteen Thouſand Men ſhould be baffled by five or ſix Thouſand of *Iriſh*: For if we had let them come to Blows, thoſe North

Country

Country Fellows would have beat twice their number: That was my contrivance to ſcatter them up and down the Country, and not ſuffer them to come together. Sending away the Governor of *Colrain*, and giving way for the *Iriſh* to force the River, was a good contrivance, and his leaving them and going for *Scotland*. I could not have effected my Buſineſs, had he not been took off; for had he ſtayed he muſt have Commanded in the Field, and done ſomething there, or elſe they'd ſmelt the Cheat: When there was none but my ſelf to manage, I made my excuſe, *That it was not proper to leave* Derry, *and let all fall into Diſorder and Confuſion.* ——

But I hope King *James* will not forget him nor me, for our good Services, when he Lands in *Scotland*; which I hope will not be many days. —— So, here comes the Council.

Enter the Council and Clerk; they ſit down, the Governor ſits Preſident.

Gov. I have no mind to detain you long; here is a Paper: *Clerk*, read it.

Clerk. *We the Officers hereunto Subſcribing, in a Council of War held this day at* London-derry, *are reſolved to ſtand by each other with our Forces againſt the Enemy, and will not leave or deſert the Service, till affairs are ſetled in ſome ſecure Poſture; and whoſoever ſhall deſert without leave from the Council, is deemed a Coward, and a Diſaffected Perſon to the Proteſtant Intereſt.*
Apr. 10. 1699.

All. We'll all Sign. [*All Sign.*]

Gov. I hope this pleaſes you all.

All. Very well. —— Noble Governor, the beſt Order that ever was given by a General. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony, Evangeliſt, *and* Camill.

Evan. Ha! what the Governor and Council gone! 'Tis not a quarter of an hour ſince I heard the Bell toll. —— A meer Formality, and nothing elſe.

Ant. A Pox, this frequent Summoning of Council is all a Trick, to ſhift off the Senſe of Danger, and to lull us aſleep till the Wolves come and devour us.

Evan. Here is no mounting on Horſeback, or Heading of Regiments; theſe Colonels and Horſe Officers ought to be with their Commands, and not to be drinking with the Governor; neither making Head nor Marching againſt the Enemy.

nemy. I am of Opinion this is not the true Method of Soldiery.

Ant. Well, 'tis a moſt admirable thing, that Men are thus merry every Night, no more apprehenſive of danger, than one going along the Streets is afraid of Drowning. Well, let's go and raiſe the Mob; cry out, *We are Betray'd, Sold,* and what not! When we are at the brink of Ruin, our Governor and others are as Sots.

Sots did I ſay? No! Greater Knaves than Fools;
The ſecret Tragick Part he cloſely Rules:
Counſels the Valgar: Thus confounds the Cauſe;
But Antony *for once, ſhall gain the Mobs Applauſe.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE changes to the Town again.

[*A great Huzzah within.*] We are Betray'd, Sold, Huzzah! Let's pull down the Governor's Houſe.

Enter Governor *and* Clerk, *in haſt.*

Gov. Clerk, go your way and Summon a Council immediately; the Mob will pull me out of my Houſe.

[*Exit* Clerk.

This Lieut General *Hamilton* is a plaguy Fellow; what a Delay he has made to be coming twenty Miles in four Days? Either his Cannon is not come up, or ſomthing is the matter, he knows on my ſide nothing is wanting; they need not fear that; for I have taken effectual Care to diſpoſe our Regiments and Troops, that they ſhall have no Reſiſtance.

[*Exit* Governor.

Enter two Men with large Staves, crying, Make Room for the Governor and Council. [*All ſeated.*]

Gov. Gentlemen, I have with a great deal of deliberation conſider'd the matter, and was loath to put you to any more trouble, than the neceſſity of our Affairs doth require; this being *Saturday*, I am inform'd the Enemy will Attack us to Morrow or *Monday*; I think it of uſe that this Order of Council be read; which if you approve of, I deſire every one of you will Sign it, for my vindication; and I think no Man living can find fault with my Conduct in this matter. This is *Saturday*, and on *Monday* we are to Fight. —— Read it Clerk.

At

At a General Council of War held at Londonderry, *April the* 13th. 1689. Reſolv'd Unanimouſly,

" That on *Monday* by Ten of the Clock, all Officers, Soldi-
" ers, Dragoons, and Foot, Liſted or not Liſted, that can or
" will Fight for their Country againſt Popery, ſhall appear
" at *Clawdyford*, *Lifford*, *Long-Cawſy*; there to draw up in Bat-
" talion, and to bring a weeks Proviſion with them, and as
" much Forrage as their Horſe will carry.

[*All Sign.*]

All. The beſt Order that was ever given out by a General. We all agree to Fight —— Huzza, Huzza!

(*Huzza, Huzza, without.*) [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony, Evangeliſt, Camill.

Ant. This laſt Council of War was well enough, to thoſe that underſtood nothing of a Soldiers Buſineſs —— Otherwiſe there is not any thing that betrays his baſe Deſigns more than this: When the Enemy makes their Attack upon my Friend *Granade*, as is expected at Six or Seven in the Morning, our Forces are to draw together at Ten, and to form themſelves into Battalions; many of them to my knowledge have above twenty Miles to March, and who muſt go to them with Orders. I am ſure the Governor never ordered ſo much as one Officer of any of the Regiments to attend; then to meet at three ſeveral places, *Lifford*, *Clawdyford*, and *Long-Cauſey*, which is four or five Miles diſtant one from the other, as if it was to give the Enemy an advantage, that they might have but few to engage at a time; and at the hour of Ten to meet, which if the Enemy comes before that time, where muſt they then meet? Our Governor expects Lieut. General *Hamilton* to dine with him in *Derry* on *Monday*. Then to bring a weeks Proviſion with them at leaſt; this is for the Foot; the Horſe as much Forrage as their Horſes will carry. —— Not a word of the two *Engliſh* Regiments on Shipboard. In all which he ſtands upon the Juſtification of himſelf, as if no Man could find fault with his Conduct. A rare General for a ſham Fight! and ſuch another is not to be met with in the King's Dominions, or the next to it, I wiſh poor *Granade*, does not ſuffer by it, and that he may come off ſafe.

Evan. I have the ſame wiſhes with all my Heart.

Cam. I do not queſtion it in the leaſt; he has a Thouſand or Twelve Hundred ſtout Men with him, he will fight his way thro' in ſpite of their hearts, and come off with flying Colours, and thank the Governor for his kindneſs. —— 'Tis not long ſince he with three hundred Men, beat a Regiment of *Iriſh*, and a good Body of Dragoons, and took a ſtrong Paſs from them. Alas, theſe *Iriſh* are nothing when we grapple with them. As ſoon as that Exploit came to the Governor's Ear, he took it ſo heinouſly, that he writ to all his Correſpondents in the Army to *take care of* Granade; *for he was not a Man to be truſted.* So you may ſee *how the Hare runs.* —— Let's go and ſee if the drinking Trade goes forward with our great Men, the Governor, the Lord *B* ——, Colonel *G*——, Colonel *M*——, *&c.* They'll not do the *Iriſh* any hurt, I'll warrant them.

Ant. Let's increaſe our Intereſt with the Soldiers, they will ſtand us in the greateſt ſtead at laſt; I have brought over ſeveral Serjeants, Corporals, Drummers, and above an hundred Men of the Governor's Regiment; they are all averſe to Surrender. 'Tis pleaſant ſport when five or ſix of us get together and King *William*, Queen *Mary*, Prince *George*, and Princeſs *Ann's* Healths, go merrily about. Then Huzzah! *No Surrender, no Surrender!* Half the Gariſon is preſently about us, and anſwers us in the Street, *No Surrender, no Surrender.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Changes to *Caſtlefin*, an old Demoliſhed Caſtle and Village by a River ſide.

Enter Granade, Monragh, Forgus.

Gran. WHAT do you think, is this fair Dealing or no? On *Tueſday* laſt I parted with the Governor, who promiſed I ſhould be Relieved or Reinforced with ſtrong Detachments of Men, Amunition, *&c.* Does he think I can defend all theſe Paſſes againſt the Enemy with one Regiment of Men: 'Tis now *Sunday* Afternoon, and no appearance of any Troops, Horſe or Foot, notwithſtanding the Body of the Enemies Army marched by *Derry* Yeſterday, and but ten Miles off; I expect they'll charge me this Night.

Forg. 'Tis admirable that he does not take ſome care; a good Commander wou'd not ſend his Men any farther than he'd go himſelf: See how Regular and Formidable Lieut. General *Hamilton* advances, that has not half the number of Men that we

we have; when at the ſame time our Governor lies Sotting and Drinking in *Derry*, and ſuffers the *Iriſh* to come and pull him out by the Ears. Send us twelve Miles from *Derry*, as the Governor of *Colrain* ſent us twelve Miles from thence, to be ſurrounded and cut off by the Enemies Horſe and Dragoons; twice we ſcap'd a ſcouring by a good Retreat; I wiſh we may do ſo a third time.

Gran. No, *Forgus*, he is ſafe, tho' we are not; Lieutenant General *Hamilton* and he combines againſt us, and ſeeks our Ruin; we have Enemies both before us and behind us, we are betray'd, ſold, our Lives allottted and deſign'd by them a Sacrifice to the *Iriſh* Fury. —— Providence will yet protect us from their Malice. Our Innocence and Fidelity to our Country ſhall yet Flouriſh.

Mon. 'Tis a moſt deplorable Caſe to think how we are ſerved. The Lord *Kingſton* is within twenty Miles with three Thouſand Foot, and a Thouſand Horſe, to join us, yet by private Deſigns and Villany, this treacherous Governor and his Friends are not contented to get this Kingdom to themſelves, but deſtroy us root and branch. Thus are we ſcatter'd thro' the Country, on purpoſe that the Enemy ſhall have little or no oppoſition.

Forg. Juſt ſo it was at the Breach of *Dromore*, and ſo will it be here and at *Clawdy*; they value not poor Mens Lives a Farthing, ſit at Council half an hour, drink all the day after, not fearing an Enemy, fancy them five hundred Miles off, and drink Claret as long as they can ſee. —— Confound *Tyrconnel*, and all his *Iriſh* Army.

Gran. You are in the right of it, the blow is deſign'd on us, not on them; who will be ſo great with Lieut. General *Hamilton* as they, when we ſhall ſtarve or be hang'd?

Enter an Officer.

Off. About three Miles from hence I ſaw the Enemies Horſe, Foot and Dragoons, I Poſted away to give you an account.

Gran. I'll go and ſend an Expreſs to the Governor, that their Van-Guard is within a Mile of us. If this does not alarm him, then I will conclude their Majeſties Intereſt moſt treacherouſly Betray'd, and *England*'s Right to this Kingdom ſold. —— In the mean time I'll Poſt my Men to the beſt Advantage, and die Honorably, and maintain my Ground to the laſt Man.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to Derry.

Enter Governor *and two Officers.*

Gov. I have had an account that the Enemy is advancing apace, and are now at *Straban*, or near it.

1 *Off.* 'Tis impoſſible it ſhould be otherways; for on Yeſterday they marched by this Town, on the contrary ſide of the River, in view of the Gariſon. —— Do you think Sir, there is ſtrength enough to oppoſe the Enemy?

Gov. I fear not, but had the Enemy ſtay'd only two days longer, our Men would have come up.

2 *Off.* But the two *Engliſh* Regiments on Board, Sir ——

Gov. They'd ſignifie nothing; the Prince of *Orange*, I mean King *William*, will have more occaſion for them in another place, than to have them cut off here; 'twill encourage the Enemy the more in a place where there is no way to retreat.

Enter an Expreſs directed to the Governor.

This from *Caſtleſin.*

SIR,

THE Enemies Troops are advancing hard upon us; I fear before this reach your hand I ſhall be Engaged. Pray, Sir, haſt what Forces you can, we are but a handful to the Enemy. If you have regard to their Majeſties Intereſt, and your own Preſervation, ſpeed what ſtrength you can away; that which preſerves us this Night, is the freſh in the River, occaſioned by the Rain.

Six at Night. GRANADE.

1 *Off.* This is a very hard Caſe that People ſhould be cut off for want of timely Succour.

Gov. I intend to march out to Morrow Morning with two Thouſand Men and five Field-Pieces, but I fear they will not be time enough; for they cannot get there before Evening, having twelve long Miles to march.

2 *Off.* This ought have been done Yeſterday, ſo ſhould all the reſt of the Forces. —— 'Tis the greateſt ſhame in the World, ſuch a number of brave Men as you have, ſhould not have liberty to come together and try their Manhood.

Gov. 'Tis too late now to talk of that, I muſt take care for the Preſervation of the Town: I'll go and ſend an Anſwer to this Expreſs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Scene changes to the *Iriſh* Camp by a River ſide.

Enter Hamilton, Ramſey, Sheldon, Wauhop, *and* Bohan, *with them a tall Miniſter.*

Ham. Now, Gentlemen, we are come within eleven Miles of *Derry.* [*Turning to the Parſon*] You are an antient Dweller in theſe Parts, what account do you give of the Rebels?

Min. May it pleaſe your Excellency, there are great numbers of them, but I have not ſeen any conſiderable Body this three or four days, only part of a Regiment came to *Lifford* the laſt Night, in the Town where the two Rivers meet.

Ham. But pray, Sir, is not the Rivers paſſable for Horſe and Dragoons?

Min. Not at preſent, by reaſon of the wetneſs of the Weather, but both will be paſſable to Morrow, if their be fair Weather, and the Tide ſpent.

Ram. What advantage may be had, if we paſs the firſt River?

Min. When you paſs the firſt River, and advance to the ſecond, there are three Fords and a Bridge, but one of the Arches was broken down on *Tueſday* laſt, but none of theſe Fords are to be paſs'd but whon the Tide is out—— The beſt Ford and eaſieſt is *Caſtleſin.*

Ham. The only place will be *Caſtleſin*—— But what Guard of the Enemy may there be?

Min. I preſume it may be pritty well Guarded; for there was a Regiment march'd thither on *Wedneſday* laſt.

Ham. It matters not much, they'l not ſtand two Firings: I'll attack the Rebels at *Caſtleſin* to Morrow Morning.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE Changes to *Caſtleſin.*

Enter Granade, Monrah, Forgus.

Gran. *Monrah,* We muſt ſtand cloſe to our Buſineſs to morrow Morning;—— You and your Troop will beat two Troops of the Enemy, if they ſhou'd gain the Paſs upon us.

Mon. I warrant you for my Men, as good as ever drew Sword.

Gran. It is now Twelve a Clock and all in quietneſs, no Alarm yet from our Patrolls. You muſt be ſure togive Orders, as one comes in, to ſend another out.

Mon. I'll take care of that.

Enter an Expreſs.

Gran. From whence comes thou?

Exp. From the Governor of *Derry*.

Gran. This is a Favour; —— 'Tis more than I did expect.

[*Reads.*]

Notwithſtanding the Enemy is come to Strabane, *I hope there will be no danger; I have given Order this Night for all Troops and Regiments to join to morrow Morning: Pray ſecure your Poſt as well as you can.*

Eleven a-Clock. R. L.

Gran. To Morrow we are to have a tryal of Skill, whether this Letter had come or not; it affords but very ſmall comfort. I wonder for what he Roofs ſo cloſe in *Derry*, he ought to have been here three or four days ago, and thrown up ſome Works at each Paſs, burnt the Forrage on the other ſide of the River, (in a Weeks time their Horſe wou'd have ſtarv'd) drawn his Army together, with the two *Engliſh* Regiments; the very ſight of fifteen Hundred Red-Coats, would have made them run to old *Nick*. —— But that wou'd have been contrary to the Methods he is practiſing. —— This is certain, *Hamilton* cou'd do us no harm, had they not taken off the Governor of *Derry*, and ſent away the Governor of *Colrain*, who is at this time got ſafe into *Scotland*. —— 'Twas a moſt Villanous and Treacherous Deſign, to leave us at the pinch, and 'tis very ſeldom known, that when a General comes with an Army, and the Governor of the Town and he juggles together, but the Town is irrecoverably loſt.

Enter an Officer.

Off. I ſtay'd the longer at *Lifford*, to hear if I cou'd have any News, but juſt as I was parting, a young Man came, who had been at *Derry* about two hours before; I ask'd him, *what Preparation there was for to morrows Action?* He made me Anſwer, *None at all.* I ask'd him, *If any Field-Pieces, or Amunition, Troops of Horſe, or Foot were advancing?* He made me Anſwer, *None at all*: All that he ſaw, was poor Country People driving their Cattle, and carrying their Goods; he ask'd, *whither they were going?* Men, Women, and Children cry'd, *they knew not whither*: That the Governor of *Derry*, and many others, were at high Drinking, carowzing in full Glaſſes.

Gran.

Gran. Treachery in the deepeſt Dye! A Governor! a General! that has now under his Command fifteen Thouſand Men, two *Engliſh* Regiments, and three Thouſand in two days March to join him, under the Command of the Lord *Kingſton*, to betray all to the Mercy of five or ſix Thouſand *Iriſh*, when on ſuch a great Concern depends the ſafety of the Nation from Ruin and Deſtruction, Our Lives, Eſtates, Freedom, the loſs of ſo many Thouſand diſtreſſed People, that know not where to go, or ſecure themſelves from a mercileſs Enemy! O, intolerable! and never to be repair'd! Shame and Diſgrace! Had he but done as the Governor of *Colrain* did, (which was indeed bad enough) given over and quitted the Cauſe, and fled on pretence of Safety, we had then had the management in our own Hands; but this our Governor of *Derry*, by a plauſible Pretence, in being under King *William*'s Command, and having his Commiſſion as Governor, and being in the *Engliſh* Service, batters and treads down the *Engliſh* Intereſt under his Feet.

Forg. Pray be not ſo much diſſatisfied, there are yet nine Hours, there may be great Advantage made, the Governor may be here, and all to our Satisfaction.

Gran. 'Tis paſt retrieving; there's no avoiding what will come, I wou'd not willingly have a Scandal thrown upon me, That I quitted my Poſt before the Face of my Enemy, which I never did yet, but to be without Relief, or Reinforc'd, ſerv'd as I am, wou'd make another ſeek for a place of more ſafety, than to ſtay here four or five Days, and be expos'd to Hunger and Cold, Diſhonour and Ruin, whilſt he, with others of our chief Commanders, in full Glaſſes at *Derry*, quaff it off: The Five Hundred Pounds King *William* ſent him, is well employ'd, and his management is according. —— This then I'll ſay.

To Ruin thus, thou ſwiftly leads the way,
Betrays us all, and yet we muſt obey.
In number few, an Army muſt oppoſe,
Whilſt thou in Derry *takes thy ſweet Repoſe;*
I laugh to think, how I am led by th' Noſe.

Ah Governor!

All thy baſe cunning Craft I do inſpect,
And will thy blackeſt Art in time Detect.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, Ramſey.

Shel. I Believe they ſet light on this Place, altho, in my Opinion, 'tis a very conſiderable Poſt; had the Governor of *Derry* wit to manage it, a ſmall Defence would hinder us from paſſing the River; had he drawn away the Forage, and burnt the reſt, and maintain'd this Paſs but one Week, our Horſes muſt have ſtarved, and put us to ſuch Streights even to the Ruin of our Cauſe; but inſtead of that, here is Proviſions for our Army, Hay and Oats for our Horſes, were we to continue here for theſe ten Days.

Ham. I had always a good Opinion of the preſent Governor, that he wou'd do all things to further the King's Intereſt. He not only accepted of the Prince of *Orange*'s Commiſſion, but ſwore likewiſe to be true to him, or elſe the Town of *Derry* wou'd never have truſted him, neither cou'd he otherwiſe have brought to paſs ſo great things as he hath done. He has not only got the King a Train of Artillery of twenty four pieces of Cannon, but five Hundred Barrels of Powder, Ball, Match, *&c.* and all things elſe proportionable, but has hindred Proviſions from going into the Town; and at this time there is not ten Days Proviſion for the Gariſon. He carry'd it ſo cunningly, that he got *Five Hundred Pounds* ſent him as a preſent from the Prince of *Orange*, and has the command of *Two Thouſand* more. And when two Spies were ſent to *Derry* from *Charlemont*, (Enſign *Twinnyo* and *Blacker*) he entertain'd them kindly. —— I can aſſure you the King wou'd have been at a very great loſs, was it not for him. An hundred things more I cou'd tell you of his wiſe Management.

Ram. 'Tis extraordinary Service done; I hear the Governor is putting no Streſs, nor making any Advantage of this Poſt, but is Fortifying *Derry*, ſhamming on the ignorant People, by granting Paſſes to run to *Scotland* in Boats.

Shel. This will hardly ſerve their Turn; for we may be in *Scotland* very ſoon after them.

Ham. Get ready, this pleaſant Morning gives Life to this Days Action; the Rebels are aſleep: No appearance of Horſe or Foot; ſure theſe great Heroes will not do, as they did at *Drumoore*, bring Dogs to Bark at us.

Enter

Enter an Officer.

Off. May it pleaſe your Excellence, the Detachment of Horſe and Dragoons are all over the firſt River, which leads to *Caſtleſin*, and have carry'd over the Foot, and wait your further Orders.

Ham. Do you obſerve any Motion of the Rebels on the other ſide the River?

Off. Very few, not worth taking notice of, ſome three or four Troops, and about a Battalion of Foot.

Ham. Command that they March on in good Order, I'll follow them. ——This ſecond River gain'd, this long expected *Derry* will be ours.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor of Derry, *with three Officers.*

Gov., 'TIS a brave Morning for our Men to Fight; what time of the day may it be?

1 *Off.* Between Seven and Eight: 'Tis to be feared you will be much wanted this Morning, to give out your neceſſary Orders, that they may be in a condition to Engage the Enemy; for you have not ordered any to act in your abſence.

2 *Off.* 'Tis Eleven long Miles, and if you intend to fight the Enemy this Morning, 'tis time you were a going, 'twill take you two hours hard Riding; they expected you, or one in your abſence, laſt Night.

3. *Off.* I am afraid the Enemy will not fail on their ſide; Lieut. General *Hamilton* is a brisk buſie Man at this moment, and 'tis expected you'll be as brisk as he; you are a Man accounted to be a good Officer, and as much Experienc'd as any *Hamilton* of them all.——And what will the World ſay, when they hear you never went into the Field, or Headed your Army the day of Action? I can aſſure you, 'twill be a Reflection on your Conduct.

Gov. I am aſſur'd our Men will not Fight, for if they wou'd have ſtood their ground, we had not been put to this trouble; they'l run away as they did at *Dromore* and *Antrim*.

4. *Off.* But they did not run at *Colrain*, there the General, that is, the Governor, run from them; and at *Dromore*, they had ignorant Commanders, and the Men had (moſt of them) Families to take care of, all that was over, when they came hither.—— Now 'tis on you their whole Truſt and Confi-

dence depends, and if any thing miſcarry on your ſide, they are all ruined and undone; and ſad will be their caſe to come under the Mercy of the Enemy.

1. *Off.* But, Sir, We muſt go, elſe they will lay all the fault on us, that we did not head our Regiments and Troops.

Gov. Is my Regiment Marched?

2. *Off.* It is about an hour ſince, but too late to be there, the Action will be over before they get half way; for if the Enemy engages our People, they are at hot Work this moment.

Gov. Notwithſtanding we have eleven Miles, and it is now Eight a Clock, I am reſolv'd not to go Faſting, but to take a Breakfaſt and a Bottle of Wine, and then we will be going, 'tis but riding a little the faſter.

3. *Off.* I fear our poor Men that are at *Caſtleſin* and *Clawdy*, will have but a bad Breakfaſt. [*Speaking as he is going out.*

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter *Hamilton*, *Dorington*, *Sheldon*. *Ramſey*, *Dungan*, *Galmoy*, *Bohan*.

Ham. YOU, Lord *Dungan*, with your Regiment of Dragoons; you, Lord *Galmoy*, with your Horſe, Colonel *Dorington*, with the Regiment of Guards, be in a readineſs, we will attack *Caſtleſin*. —— *Sheldon*, you with your Horſe, and three Regiments of Foot, attack *Clawdy*: *Ramſey* and *Bohan*, puſh on and force your way at *Lifford*.

Dun. The River is unpaſſable, by reaſon of the Rain; if you do not give credit to it, ask the Guide.

Ham. Then let them Swim, the Rebels are all either run away, or none of them to be ſeen: They have but their uſual Guards; 'tis wonderful! for I know their Leading Men to be of good Experience. —— When the Signal is given, which will be the firing of three Guns, then puſh on as hard as you can,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

SCENE V. changes to *Caſtlefin.*

Enter Granade, Forgus, Monrath, *with four Officers,*

Gran. I Call you together, deſiring you will be careful; you ſee the Enemy advanceth: But this is our Advantage, they cannot paſs the River without Swiming. —— Let no Firing be till their Horſe be in the middle of the River, and take your Firing from me. I'll ſend them back faſter than they came; and ſince our General is not come, let the Word be King *William* and Queen *Mary.* —— *Monrath,* if the Enemy ſhould Swim over in ſpight of our ſhot, give but one Fire, and ſo fall on with Sword in hand, I'll ſoon join you.

Enter an Officer.

Off. The Enemies Horſe and Dragoons advanceth, and is now within Piſtol ſhot of the River.

[*Guns Fire.*]

Gran. Hark, the Guns Fire; this is the Enemies Signal for Battel: Every one to his Poſt. The great God be our Defender. [*Exeunt.*

[*Small ſhot going off, anſwer'd by another: Volleys of ſmall ſhot going off very faſt. Huzzahs, they run, they run*]

Enter Granade, Monrath, Forgus, *three Officers.*

Gran. You are my brave Boys. [*Kiſſeth and hugs them all.*] Our Men behav'd themſelves mighty well; they'l hardly make another attempt at this Place; they thought we wou'd have run, at their entring the River. — What number may be kill'd of the Enemy?

Forg. About Thirty.

Mon. There was many went down the River, Horſes and all.

Gran. They muſt have a great many Wounded; I cou'd wiſh they meet with no better ſucceſs at *Clawdy* and *Lifford.*---- *Forgus,* take Horſe immediately, and find out the General, and give him an account. —— Bring me Word if the two

Engliſh

Engliſh Regiments be come up, and what Horſe and Foot are come into the Field.

[*Exit* Forgus.

Enter an Officer.

Off. The Enemy has gain'd *Clawdyford*, for as ſoon as they entered the River with their Horſes, and began to Swim, our Horſe and Foot retreated, and quitted their Poſt—— You may ſee them all upon the Retreat, and marching to *Rapho*.

Gran. Well! It can't be help'd, we are betray'd on all Hands.

Enter Forgus.

Forg. The General, our Governor of *Derry*, came within three Miles of this Place, and ſaw our Men retreating, and gave Orders for every Man to ſhift for himſelf; made his way as faſt as he cou'd, back to *Derry*, by the way of *Rapho*.

Gran. Did he bring no Troops with him? Where is his own Regiment, and thoſe that Quartered in and about *Derry*? Where is the two *Engliſh* Regiments?

Forg. I heard nothing of them, but his Regiment was upon their March, and when they heard that our Men were beaten, they return'd back to *Derry*. The Governor does not anſwer what was expected from him; and he is ſhrewdly cenſured to be in League with the Enemy, and nothing is more plain, than not ſuffering our Army to draw together, nor the two *Engliſh* Regiments to come aſhore and join us. In ſhort, all Troops and Companies, or as many of them as were in the Field, are fled, and if you do not diſpatch and march, the Enemy will get between you and *Derry*.

Gran. 'Tis no leſs than Reaſon (ſince all is fled) that we think of an Honourable Retreat. —— This is the third time I have had the honour to bring up the Rear of a Flying Army, the General and others having quitted the Field. However this credit we have, to be firſt in the Field, and laſt out.

We'll make good our Retreat, that all may ſay,
We came to fight, and not to run away.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT

ACT the Second.

SCENE the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Sheldon, Dorington, Ramſey.

Ram. MAjor General *Sheldon*, I am glad to ſee you on the Rebels ſide.

Shel. I obſerv'd the Rebels Horſe to decline, and both they and their Foot gave way, when our Guards advanced, carrying Deal-Boards before them to repair the Bridge I took my advantage and ſwam the River, the Horſe followed, which made the Rebels give ground, turn Tail and run.

Dor. The River and Bridge were gain'd with very little loſs, only poor Major *Nangle* is drowned, and the firſt that took the River. Our Foot are paſſing over the Bridge with great diligence.

Enter Three Scouts.

1 *Scout.* to *Sheld.* And pleaſe your Honour, we advanc'd as near the Rebels as we cou'd, and about a Mile from hence we ſaw a Regiment of Foot, with flying Colours, Drums beating a March, which we judged to be their Rear-Guard.

Sheld. Be they what they will, Rear-guard, or not Rear-guard, I'll charge them before they get a Mile farther; let the Trumpets ſound to Horſe, I'll march immediately.

Dor. I know whoſe it is, had they not *Orange* Colours?

Scout. They had, and no leſs than twelve Colours.

Dor. This is he that kill'd ſo many of our Men in the County of *Antrim*; you'll find a ſharp oppoſition.

Sheld. Let them be the Devil, and the Devil's Dam, I'll charge them, and ſee what mettle they'r of.

[*Exit* Sheldon.

Enter Lieut. General Hamilton, *with Attendance, (they Salute.)*

Ram. Your Excellency muſt needs be very well pleaſed with this days Action.

Ham. Nothing in the World ever pleas'd me better, than to ſee the whole Power of the North make no more oppoſition. Sure all their conſiderable Officers are fled to *Scotland*, and left none but a confus'd Rabble behind them.

Dor. 'Twould have been time enough to have fled to *Scotland* when the Skirmiſh was over.

Ram. It may be probable they wou'd not have met with ſo good Conveniency; for now they'll be thronging one upon another, and happy is he that can get into a Boat or Ship firſt. I have been told, that two or three Families of the Towns People, and others that fled into *Derry*, croſs'd over into *Scotland* in ſmall Boats.

Dor. I think now all is ours, to the Walls of *Derry*.

Ham. And in the Walls of *Derry*, now Governor, play thy part, with as great cunning as thou haſt hitherto done, and thou wilt gain eternal Honour. He acted the part of Diſſimulation ſo well with the Prince of *Orange*, that he got a Preſent of Five Hundred Pounds *Engliſh* Money, and Two Thouſand Pounds more to be laid out for Conveniences. Some of it went to unlade the Ships of Amunition and Stores for our Service, no leſs than five Hundred Barrels of Powder, Ball, *&c.* otherways we muſt have been forced to bring it from *Kingſale*, two hundred and twenty Miles by Land-Carriage; that wou'd have mightily impeded our Expedition into *Scotland*. —— The Rebels cannot chooſe but be weary of the Sport, having ſo ill Succeſs. The Morrow Morn I'll try how their Pulſes beat, and ſend and ſee if they'l ſurrender the Place to the King, when he appears in Perſon.

Dor. King *James* was ſtartled when he heard the Governor of *Derry* had taken Commiſſion from the Prince of *Orange*, and a ſolemn Oath to be true to him and his Princeſſes Intereſt, as King and Queen of *England*, got a large Preſent of *Engliſh* Money——Well, he muſt be Cloſetted, as ſoon as he has put *Derry* into our Hands: Nothing will abſolve him of his Hypocritical Oath, but ſome little Pennance, and Abſolution from Mother Church. The King cannot give him leſs than two or three Thouſand Pounds *per Annum*, of the Forfeited Lands in *Ireland*, and probably he may come in for ſhare of thoſe in *England*. What an Army ſhall we have in two Months time? Fifty Thouſand out of *Ireland*, Twenty Thouſand in *Scotland*, led by the Lord *Dundee*, and as as many of the Royaliſts of *England*, to join his Majeſty on the Borders between *England* and *Scotland*, beſides what the *French* King will ſend us—— Thoſe People of *England*, that is, the Parliament, are buſie in ſetling the Succeſſion of the Crown, they little think that we are ſo near them, that the Scheme of all theſe Contrivan-

ces

ces were laid by the Cabinet Council of *France.* —— Did they think that King *James*'s taking a Journey out of *France* this Winter time, was for nothing? No, 'tis for that will make their Hearts ach, and their Eſtates fly, when we enter *England* with Fire and Sword.

Ram. 'Tis all very probable, and will ſhortly come to paſs, for there is nothing to hinder it. I muſt in all this Diſcourſe ſtand up for my Countryman, old *Edenbrough.* the Governor of *Colrain.* —— I never view'd a prittyer Body of Men in my Life, when I ſaw them drawn up in a Line on the other ſide of the River, about ten Thouſand. —— By my Troth, ſays I, to Lieut. General *Hamilton*, we are damnably out of our Meaſures, to ſee ſuch a Body of Rebels. —— Five Thouſand he had in the Town; I was fearful they wou'd have Sally'd out. —— Our Mens Arms were wet with the Snow, but as good luck would have it, the Governor took care to Barracade the Gates with Stones and Rubbiſh, kept Peace on both ſides and ſo we marched back in quietneſs. To Morrow when the King rides into *Derry*, he'll be very inquiſitive how the Governor managed ſuch a number of diſorderly People he had to deal with in *Derry.*

Ham. I'll ſay that for my Brother his Grace, now he is Duke of *Tirconnel*, and has the Star and Garter, tho' he was overſeen when the Rebels ſhut the Gates, by leaving none of the ſtanding Army in *Derry*; he has made amends, by placing ſo true a Man to the Cauſe as the Governor, who has ſecured a Shipload of Amunition, which of all things we wanted, and at the ſame time kept out Proviſions, diſperſed all his Army into Troops and Regiments thro' the Country, and likewiſe kept the two *Engliſh* Regiments on Board, which of themſelves wou'd have routed all our Foot: And when thoſe Rebellious Officers, and thoſe of *Derry* began to grumble, wincht as a young Horſe newly Back'd, then away to Council, that pleaſed all, and huſht all again, till he has brought us, you ſee, under the Walls of *Derry* —— General *Monck*'s bringing King *Charles* into *England* at the Reſtoration, is nothing to this of the Governor of *Derry.* 'Tis this will bring us to ſee the King in few days in *Scotland*, and in few Months ſafe at *White-hall.*

Dor. Where does your Excellency intend to Quarter this Night?

Ham. at *Rapho*, four Miles from hence, where is a ſtrong Caſtle, and the Biſhop of *Rapho*'s Palace.

Enter

Enter an Expreſs, delivers a Letter to General Hamilton; *reads, and puts it up.*

Ham. Gentlemen, the King will be at *New-Town* this Night, and to Morrow at *Strabane*; his Majeſty is mighty well pleas'd to hear our forwardneſs to defend his Right, and ſuppreſs the Rebels: But how joyfully will he be, when he hears of this great Succeſs, which ſurpaſſeth all. —— They with their twelve or fifteen Thouſand, and two *Engliſh* Regiments to ſuſtain them, and we to put them to flight but with ſix Thouſand, and give them a total Overthrow? Nothing is now left but that inconſiderable Town of *Derry*.

Enter Sheldon.

Ham. *Sheldon*, what News do you bring? Are all the Rebels fled to *Derry*?

Sheld. They are; our advance Guards are by this time at *Rapho*. We met with no ſtoppage, only about fifty Horſe faced us, but as ſoon as we advanced, turn'd Tail and run, and on our eager purſuit had like to have fallen into the middle of a Thouſand Foot: they were drawn up ſo advantagiouſly, that it put a ſtop to our advance; at laſt they very orderly march'd off

Ham. Cou'd you not have bruſh'd up their Rear, which wou'd have been the ready way to have broke them?

Shel. I charg'd their Rear three times, and at each time the Commander drew off his ſhot, fired upon us, and put our Men in diſorder, we cou'd do no good with him, whoſoever he is, he has not his Trade to learn.

Dor. I told you you'd do no good againſt him; this is the third time he brought up the Rear of their Flying Army. He has his Men in as good Diſcipline as any of us; he marches with flying Colours, aud cares not a Pin for the Government, regards not the Lord *Tirconnel*'s Proclamation a Farthing: There's a Spark for you.

Ham. The Gallows groans for him, and thoſe Arch-Rebels which are with him: I proteſt I commend him for one thing, he ſticks to his Principle, and does not faulter a bit at what he firſt engaged in, I am afraid he'll come blewly off in the end. — Let order be given that the whole Army get ready, and march to *Rapho*, and Encamp there this Night, to Morrow to St *Johnſtons*, ſix Miles from hence —— I'll ſend a Summons to the Rebels in the Morning. When that is done, then for our Friends in *Scotland*. [*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter the Governor *and three Officers.*

Gov. YOU ſee, Gentlemen, our Men will not Fight; beſides the ſtraitneſs of our Proviſions, that will not exceed nine or ten Days, if all the unneceſſary Mouths were turn'd out of Town; ſo that I think it moſt conſiſtent with their Majeſties Service, that the principal Officers that are left, privily withdraw and depart this Kingdom: That by this means the Inhabitants and others, may make the beſt Conditions they can for themſelves; to which purpoſe I'll prepare Paſſes ready Sign'd for them; and for the two *Engliſh* Regiments that are on Board, I have ſufficiently ſatisfied them, that they are preparing to return back for *England*, without ſo much as Landing.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is one at the Door comes from the Enemies Army.

Gov. Let him in.

Enter a Parſon.

Par. Sir, his Excellency Lieut. General *Hamilton*, has ſent me with a Meſſage to know if you will deliver up his Majeſties City of *Derry* on honourable Conditions; and that the King will be at St. *Johnſtons* to Morrow, five Miles from *Derry*.

Gov. Sir, this can't be done without holding a Council, for which I'll give my neceſſary Orders, for your quick diſpatch, that we may come to ſome ſpeedy Reſolution.

[*Exeunt:*

Enter Granade, Antony, Evangeliſt, (*Salutes him.*)

Ant. I Am heartily glad to ſee you ſafely return'd from *Caſtleſin*; we had the ill News, that you and your Regiment were all cut off by the Enemy.

Evan. Two Men brought us word, that they ſaw you and the Enemy deeply engag'd, and they were afraid you wou'd be over-power'd.

Gran. There was no fear, they are as great Cowards as ever breath'd; but well they may ſwim, when they are held up by the Chin. —— To have our Governor, this General of ours, to be of their ſide, betraying us into their Hands. —— 'Tis too long to tell you all the Paſſages; —— in ſhort, I made a very good Retreat; ſome skirmiſhing I had with two or three Squadrons of their Horſe, but when they ſaw I was reſolute, and made Horſe and Man begin to tumble, they wou'd by no means charge me a ſecond time (notwithſtanding they had ſome conſiderable Officer at the Head of them, which I knew by two Led Horſes, and Grooms in Liveries.) He beat them, their Officers beat them; I ſaw the chief Officer fire his Piſtol, nothing wou'd make them charge the ſecond time. We gave them two or three Huzzahs, and march'd away with Drums Beating, and Colours flying.—— I never met with ſuch cowardly Rogues in my Life; I'd engage, with one hundred, to beat five. Three or four of their Horſes threw their Riders, and ran amongſt our Men, and are brought into Town.

Ant. Now we are met again, we will partake of each others Conditions, whether good or bad, as Providence ſhall direct us.

Gran. We are not yet without hope, we are capable to Defend this Town, till Hunger forces us to Surrender.

Ant. We have a great quantity of Proviſions in the Town, for every Houſe is a Store; for all the Governor has certified to the Enemy, *that there is not Nine Days Proviſion in the Town.*

Evang. That is a great miſtake, I am very well aſſured, by thoſe that have Survey'd the Meal, Beef, Salmon, Pork, Peaſe, Wheat, Malt, *&c.* there is three Months Proviſion for Ten Thouſand Men.

Gran. If ſo, Old Boy, —— have at 'em. ——
[*Strikes him on the Shoulder.*]
We'll be merry Boys yet.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Gentlemen, you are deſired, by the Governor's Order, to meet at Council immediately. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE Changes to a Council-Chamber.

(Servants ſet Table and Chairs.)

Enter Governor and Council, and with them the forementioned Parſon.

Gov. WE are obliged to ſend an Anſwer to Lieut. General *Hamilton*, by ſuch as we ſhall appoint, that they may enter upon a Treaty for Surrendring this Place; *Archdeacon*, Capt. *Kynneth*, and Capt. *Novell*, are choſen, if you agree to it.

Council. We agree to it; very good Men deſired.

Gov. You are to go with this Gentleman, who will conduct you to Lieut. Gen. *Hamilton*: Where you may make this Apology, *That you had waited on him ſooner, but the Town being in Diſorder, hindred you, but are come now to know what Terms will be given for* Surrender? *Two Things are deſired before they enter upon Articles; Firſt, Whether the King be come to the Camp or not: The other is, That they ſhall not advance the Army no nearer than they are.*

[*Exeunt Governor and Council.*

[*Manet.* Granade, Antony, *and* Evangeliſt]

Gran. The Town is not yet Surrendred.

Ant. Nor ſhall it by my conſent.

Evang. Whoſoever preaches *Non-Reſiſtance*, I'll be the firſt Man will lay hold on him, and turn him out of the Gates.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Town.

Enter *Granade, Antony, Camil, Forgus, Monrath,* Evangeliſt, and Officers.

Gran. THE Town has been Survey'd, and we find Proviſions for Ten Thouſand Men for three Months, if well managed, every Houſe is a Store, they have Barracaded the Walls of their Rooms with Sacks of Meal, for fear of the Enemies Cannon, all but the Governor's Houſe, where there is

is very little.—— We may ſee we have been all along betray'd by him, who by the ſpecious Pretence of being Governor, and having King *William*'s Commiſſion, has had underhand Dealing with the Enemy, and endeavouring to Ruin us all, has ſent away the two *Engliſh* Regiments, and wou'd never let us come together to unite in a Body.

Ant. We have here Proviſions enough, Amunition enough, and Men enough; let us not deſtroy our ſelves, and all under our Command, by a treacherous Surrender: This Town is of great Conſequence, and the Proteſtant Intereſt in this Kingdom is loſt, if not well Defended.

Evan. It was not for a ſmall Buſineſs King *James* came into *Ireland*, and left the *French* Court in the midſt of *Winter*, but on ſome ſecret Deſigns againſt *England*, and the Proteſtant Intereſt, and now to leave *Dublin*, and come hither —— 'Tis to Embark for *Scotland*, and be on the Borders of *England* before they can be ready for them. That is the Plot; we may learn by a little, what a great deal means.—— They want only this Town to be Surrendred to them, and to Hang us. We have an opportunity to ſave all, by a reſolute Defence. —— Cry they, *when we embark for* Scotland, *we'll leave no back Doors, but Maſſacre all the Proteſtants.*

Gran. I have threeſcore Officers, and twelve hundred Men, will ſtand by me as one Man.

Ant. And I have as many.

Mon. I believe I have half the number.

Gran. No Surrender, no Surrender.

All. No Surrender, No Surrender, God Bleſs King William *and Queen* Mary, *and the Proteſtant Religion: No Surrender,* (ſhaking their Hats over their Heads.)

[*Anſwered without*]

No Surrender, No Surrender: God bleſs King William *and Queen* Mary, *and the Proteſtant Religion.* (Drums beating at every Corner of the Houſe.)

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Gangs of Soldiers, five of a ſide, pulling and halling a pair of new Colours.

1 *Gang.* The Dee'l in the Carles, Wee's haw the Colours.

2 *Gang.* The Dee'l in the Carles, Wee's haw the Colours, our Ancient is run to *Scotland*, and left them to'l us.

1 *Gang.* The Dee'l's in the Carles, our Ancient wants Colours, and wee's haw them. (*Halling and pulling them.*)

Enter

Enter Granade, *and three more.*

Gran. Hey day! What's the matter here? Here's delicate Work.

[*They ſtill continue on the one ſide and on the other ſide; Wee's haw them, Wee's haw them.*] (Granade *beats them.*)

Here's a parcel of Mutineers indeed!——

(*He takes the Colours from them.*)

None of you ſhall have them. ——

(*Gives them to one ſtanding by.*)

I thought you had known me. ——

(*They ſtare upon him.*

Do you not know all the Colours in the Regiment belong to me? Your Officers are fine Fellows, to let you haull the Colours up and down the Street; go your ways to your Quarters.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Town of *Rapho*, and a Magnificent Caſtle, the Biſhops Palace.

Enter two Servants, placing a Table and Chairs.

Enter Hamilton, Dorington, Sheldon, Ramſey, Wauhop, Bohan, *&c. Parſon follows.*

Parſ. PLeaſe your Excellency, the Gentlemen of *Derry* are without.

Ham. Conduct them in. ——

Enter three Commiſſioners.

Gentlemen, from whence come you?

Archd. From the Governor of *Derry*, and the reſt of the Council.

Ham. Who is your Governor?

Archd. I preſume your Excellency knows him, Colonel *Landvill.*

[*Lieut. General* Hamilton *and the reſt Smile, and look upon one another*]

Ham. Pray what are your Demands?

Archd. Good Conditions for Surrendring the Place. They deſire to be excuſed in that they cou'd not anſwer you before, by reaſon of the Diſorders of the Town, and to know if the King be arrived. They deſire likewiſe, that none of your Troops may advance nearer the Town, than where they are, till all be concluded.

Ham. Truly for Conditions, I think they deſerve none; however, to ſave his Majeſty any farther Trouble, ſomthing or another will be done, but I am afraid not to their ſatisfaction, and for the marching of the Army before the Town, if that may be of any Service to them, I do promiſe they ſhall not. —— So to Morrow come and take ſuch Conditions as we'll give you. Delay not the time in coming, and diſpatch, for to Morrow Night the King is to Lodge in *Derry*: let the Biſhops Houſe be got ready for him, and an hundred Lodgments for his Attendants. —— Then their Curioſity will will be ſatisfied. ——

[*Exeunt Commiſſioners and Parſon.*

Now for the Conditions we are to give theſe Rebels.

Dor. I think there ought to be no Conditions, but Surrender on Diſcretion.

Sheld. I am much of the ſame Opinion; why ſhould the King give any Conditions to ſuch Rebels, that have all along bore Arms againſt him, in open Rebellion, and in Contempt of the Government? 'Tis a great undervaluing for his Majeſty, to condeſcend to any thing, but his own Pleaſure; 'twill be an ill Example for future Times.

Dor. They ought to be made an Example to all notorious Rebels, and be ſerved as they were in the Weſt of *England.* Pray for what was the Judge and Executioner ſent down for, but to Judge, Condemn, and Hang.

Wau. This Condition I wou'd have granted, to deliver up all their Officers, and every fifth Man, ſent to all the Market Towns in the Kingdom, there to be Hang'd and Quarter'd.

Ram. But what if they ſhou'd not agree to theſe Conditions, and Defend the Town.

Ham. That muſt be but for a very ſhort time, they have no Proviſions; beſides, ſuch a confus'd Number will never be brought to any method; a Rabble of People, as they are, can do nothing at all; for all Officers that had any conſiderable Command, thoſe the Governor has ſent away. Therefore, for the Honour of the King, the Honour of the Army, and for a quick diſpatch, we'll march to Morrow Morning, with flying Colours, Drums Beating, and the King at the Head of us, and you'l ſee they'l open the Gates; the Governor will with

with the Keys, deliver up the Town, and in particular, ſecure the Keys of the Magazine; and when the Army marcheth up to the Gates, they'l be thrown open by the Governor, without any oppoſition, and then the King may do what he pleaſes.

All. We all agree to this method, and think it is the moſt Honourable and moſt expeditious way, except *Ramſey*, who keeps ſilent, and ſeems to be very uneaſie.

Ham. 'Tis now but the tenth of *April*, we ſhall be early in *Scotland*, time enough to Relieve *Edenburgh* Caſtle.— Then, Gentlemen, prepare for a march to Morrow Morning.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Derry.

Enter Granade *with two Men.*

Gran. HEre's two Crown-pieces for you, go you two out this Night, take two Sticks in your Hands, and be Spies in the Enemies Camp; take ſome Tobacco along with you; you'll ſoon know what News is ſtirring amongſt the Enemy. Can either of you ſpeak *Iriſh*?

1. *Man.* I can.

Gran. That will do very well; about the time they give out Orders, you'll be there. One of you muſt be ſure to come in a little time, the other may ſtay till Morning.

1. *Man.* Wee's bring aw the News.

2. *Man.* Come *Jonny*, lets gang; this Colonel is a brave Man.

1. *Man.* God be wid you, Sir. *(Makes a Legg)*

2. Wee's be his Sawjers when we gang back.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor *and Four Officers.*

Gov. The Town is in ſuch Diſtraction and Diſorder, there is nothing to be done, the Rabble threaten to hang me, and all others, that ſhall ſo much as propoſe a Surrender, notwithſtanding on as Honourable Conditions as can be given. Theſe of my own Regiment that have been all along with me in Garriſon, and march'd with me from *Dublin*, and whom I have inſtructed in the plain Methods I intend for all their Safeties, are as mutinous as any, they are poiſoned.

1. *Off.* Beſides, Sir, There are many mutinous Officers that are worſe than the Soldiers, and give great Encouragement to the Rabble. I went the laſt Night, according to your

your Order, to lock the Gates, comes one of the Rabble Officers with a Guard, and forc'd the Keys from me: They told me, 'twas by order of one Col. *Antony*, Col. *Granade*, and a Clergy-man, they call him *Evangeliſt*.

Gov. This is brave indeed; Then I am no Body. Well—for my part, ſince all Command and Authority is taken from me, I'll concern my ſelf no farther; but let them take care how they violate the Power King *William* has given me.

Enter Commiſſioners.

1. *Com.* We were at *Rapho*, and with Lieut. General *Hamilton*. He ſeems to be very haughty, and tells us, that what Conditions we may expect, will not be much to our ſatisfaction. He told us, ſome Conditions we ſhould have, and agrees, not to march the Army to *Derry* till all be concluded, and wiſhes us to be with him early to Morrow; and has ordered the Biſhop's Houſe to be got ready; the King intends to be there to Morrow Night, and Lodgings are expected to be ready for an hundred of his Attendants. —— This is what the General was pleaſed to declare to us: So, Governor, uſe your methods accordingly.

Gov. For my part, I wou'd willingly do for the beſt, but ſince they deny me to be their Governor, I will no longer concern my ſelf. (*Exeunt.*

[*Several Huzzah's within. No Surrender, no Surrender, God Bleſs King* William, *and the Proteſtant Line.*]

Enter Granade, Antony, Evangeliſt, Monrath, Camil.

Gran We have brought the Buſineſs to our deſired Wiſhes, we have twenty to one on our ſide, and they that are for the Governor, dare not open their Lips, or talk of Conditions to Surrender.

Cam. Conditions, ſays *Hamilton*, that will not be to our Satisfaction. —— Their Conditions are to hang us all, ſweet Conditions, we may expect from him.

Ant. The Gates we have ſecured, there can be no Treachery on that account.

Evan. Let us ſee who dares go to Morrow for Conditions to Surrender?

Mon. The Gates ſhall be my Care this Night.

Cam. And the great Guns thoſe ſhall be my Charge.

Gran. And at the Head of twelve Hundred ſtout Men, that ſhall be my charge.

Ant.

Ant. And to keep Company with the Governor, and make my Obſervation, ſhall be my Charge, and find out, if I can, what more Rogury is hatching. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Granade *and Spy.*

Spy. Sir, I ſtay'd in the Camp no longer than I drank two Quarts of Ale at one of the Sutlers. I enquired of one of the Sergeants for a Brother of mine that was in ſuch a Regiment, but I could not tell in what Company: *Piſh*, ſays he, *That's looking a Needel in a Bottle of Hay.* I ask'd him if he wou'd ſmoak a Pipe? he leap'd at that. I Clubb'd with him for two Quarts —— In Diſcourſe he told me, they were to march to *Derry* at ſix in the Morning, and the Drums would beat at Five; about Eight you will have them before the Town.

Gran. Lieut. General *Hamilton* promiſed not to advance, till the Conditions were perfected.

Spy. They intend to give you no Conditions, any more than to lie at the King's Mercy. That he told me, was only to amuze you, that he may take you at the greater Diſadvantage. They have great dependance on the Governor, that he'll do them great Service. [*Exit Gran.* and *Spy.*

Enter *Granade, Antony.*

Gran. The Buſineſs I am to acquaint you with, is this: I ſent out a Spy in the Evening; he was not three hours away, but came back, and gave me this account, *That* Hamilton, *and all the* Iriſh *Army, intend to viſit us this Morning, and be here about Eight.*

Ant I thought Lieut. General *Hamilton* had more Honour in him, than to break his Word; that was the time our Commiſſioners were to go and bring the ſweet Conditions they are to give us, that is, *to Hang half, and ſave half.* —— What do you think they'l do with you and I?

Gran. We to be ſure are excepted Perſons. —— I ſhall have another Spy in preſently.

Enter ſecond Spy.

Spy. The Enemy are preparing to march to *Derry*, and will be with you in a ſhort time; they march under the Hill-ſide, on the edge of the River, and think to be very near before you diſcover them.

Gran. Keep ſilent, you have done your buſineſs ſo well, that you and your Comrade ſhall have Twenty Shillings every time I ſend you abroad.

Spy. I thank your Honour. [*Exit* Spy

Ant. This is pretty well contriv'd, we'll ſend for *Watſon*, Captain of the Gunners. [*Knocks with his Foot.*]

Enter a Boy.

Go call the Captain of the Gunners. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter Captain.

Let all the Guns be charg'd immediately, and the Gunners at their Poſts. [*Exit Capt.*

Enter an Officer.

Off. The Enemies whole Army are on their March directly to the Town.

Gran. All Companies of Foot, march and line the Walls, we'll ſeewho dares deny. [*Exit* Officer.

Enter another Officer.

Off. Sir, the Governor has ſent Orders by one Lieutenant *Wildeare*, to the Gunners on the Walls, not to Fire, on pain of Death.

Gran. Go bid them mind their own Buſineſs, neither the Governor, nor *Wildeare* has any thing to do in this Gariſon, but our ſelves, and they'll find it ſo in a ſhort time. The Governor wants to Poſt every Regiment in ſome Corner of the Town, whilſt the Enemy marches in to hang us all, and diſperſe us as he did the ſeveral Regiments in the Country. What a Fool was I to lie at *Caſtleſin*, when I knew it was only a Trap laid for me? I might now take my Revenge, but I ſcorn it, I have more Honour in me, (tho' he had not) he has his choiſe to go to Lieut. General *Hamilton*, or for *England*, tho' I believe he'll not be very welcome in either Place; for he has no Buſineſs here. [*Exit Officer.*

Enter an Officer.

Off. The Keys of the Magazines are not to be found, ſo that we can come at no Powder or Ball.

Ant. Cauſe the Doors to be broke open with Smiths Sledges. —— This piece of Treachery will not do.

[*Exit Officer.*

Enter an another.

Off. The Enemy advances apace, they are almoſt upon the Run.

Gran. Come let us go to our Station, to ſee with what Confidence the *Iriſh-men* will march up to the Walls; they think to have

have all things done by Treachery; they'll find it will not do now. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter six of the Mob, one with a Leathern Apron.

1. I am a poor Smith, and am now made a Gunner; Order or not Order, ſham take me, if I don't Fire againſt *Hamilton*, or any of the *Iriſh* Deels.

2. Wee's not let Papery into the Town.

3. In troth, Carle, Wee's ne Maſs ſang in *Derry*.

4. The Loones ne gang into'll our Gates.

[*Guns Fire.*]

5. What the muckle Dee'll is that!

[*Holding up his Hands.*

6. My Sol, the Lads are at Wearke.

[*Small and great Guns going off*]

[*Exeunt Running.*

[*Several Huzzahs without, They Run, they Run.*]

Enter Granade, Antony, Evangeliſt, Monrath.

Gran. What pleaſant Sport it was, when our Guns fired; how the Rogues run, and for half a Mile never look'd back?

Ant. How our Cannon Balls fell in the midſt of them? 'Twas hard to know whether the Officers or Soldiers ran faſteſt.

Evan. 'Twas a pleaſant ſight for their King, to ſee his running Army; they are quite ſham'd for ever.

Monr. I'll lay a Wager they will not trouble us theſe eight Days; they muſt find another way to *Scotland*; we may drink the Biſhop's *March*-Beer our ſelves.

[*A Trumpet Sounds.*]

Enter an Officer.

Off. Here is a State Trumpet from the King, with Conditions for Surrender, and to acquaint you that he is in Perſon in the Field.

Gran. Let him be there, we own no King but King *William* and Queen *Mary*. —— They are in great haſt, three Months hence will be time enough.

(*Another*

(*Another Trumpet Sounds.*)

Enter an Officer.

Gran. Give entrance to the Trumpet.

Trum. The Lord *Strabane* is at the Gate, and comes with Conditions from the King.

Gran. We deſire no Conditions. —— Let this be his Anſwer; *They are in great haſt; there's two Words to a Bargain.* —— *Give us ſafe Conduct for* England, *to King* William, *and what Directions he ſhall ſend us, we'll obſerve. Our Nine Days Proviſions, exceeds Ninety, and before that be ſpent, we may chance to hear out of* England. —— *My Service to the Lord* Strabane. [*Exit Trumpet.*

(*Trumpet Sounds a third time.*)

Ant. Bring the Trumpet in.

Enter Trumpet.

What News Trumpet?

Trum. Lieut. General *Hamilton* will within this half hour advance to the back of the Ravellin, where he deſires to Diſcourſe the Governor, or any other Rational Man that ſhall be employ'd by the Gariſon; and he intreats you (for your own good, and ſake of ſo many Thouſands in the Town) to take ſuch large Propoſals, as are too great for a Prince to offer his Subjects, only the great kindneſs he has for his People. —— You ſhall have a Blank Sheet of Paper, to ſet down what Conditions you pleaſe.

Ant. Go tell him for Anſwer, *he may ſave himſelf that Labour; for we have taken Commiſſion from King* William *and Queen* Mary, *and we reſolve to Maintain their Right, and this City, for their Intereſt; and will ſtand up for the Honour of* England, *againſt any* Iriſh *Rebels that are Enemies to our Country.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE changes to the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter *Hamilton, Sheldon, Ramſey.*

Ham. NO Propoſals will do with thoſe Rebels, there will be nothing done againſt this damn'd Town! but a formal Siege. Did you obſerve how they fired their Cannon, which

which fell in the midſt of our Men, without Reſpect of Perſons, altho' the King was there?

Dor. Moſt admirable Traytors and Villains! How they perſiſt in their Treaſons! There is great notice taken how the King is diſſatisfied at this Repulſe, coming all-along from *Dublin*, yea from *France*, and having an aſſurance before he left *Dublin*, of the Surrender of this Place, and going for *Scotland* —— To be thus baffled, and in the heighth of Expectation, 'tis diſmal to think of.

Sheld. The King intends to Morrow to return back to *Dublin*, and 'tis thought will call a Parliament.

Ham. Well —— the King is ſo balk'd, that he is even careleſs in Proſecuting his Conqueſt any further. How miſerably will our Friends be diſappointed on the other ſide of the Water? And we muſt ſtay in this Kingdom till the *Engliſh* come and beat us out, and all on the account of this lowzy Place, that has ſpoyl'd all our Meaſures. —— All that is to be done is, that we draw off to ſome convenient Place near this Town to Encamp, till our Cannon, Amunition, and Bombs are come up, and till we are Reinforced with more Troops, which will take up a conſiderable time. —— I'll go and know of his Majeſty what further Orders he has, before his departure.

Dor. Where does your Excellency think will be the beſt and moſt convenient place to Encamp.

Ham. They tell me at *Pennyburn-Mill*, a ſhort Mile from *Derry*. (*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Antony, Evangeliſt, *and* Governor *of* Derry.

Gov. I Am mighty fearful the Rabble will do me a miſchief.

Ant. My Life for yours, not a Hair of your Head ſhall be touch'd, whilſt with us; but we muſt beg your Pardon if we cenſure your Conduct, which has been very unfair in ſeveral things; but in it you have done your ſelf the greateſt Prejudice: You had once the opportunity to have made your ſelf a great Man —— But what Obligations you lay under to ſerve the late King, is not my Buſineſs to enquire into. —— You ſee how we have reſcued our ſelves from Ruin and Deſtruction, and hope we ſhall continue ſo, till Relief come to us from *England*. So propoſe to us which way we can be ſerviceable

to you, and we will do it with all our Hearts; for truly I think you are not ſafe in this Town.

Gov. My Requeſt is, that I may privatly be conducted on Shipboard.

Ant. That we'll take care ſhall be done, and a Boat ſhall be provided on purpoſe. *Evangeliſt*, pray conduct the Governor home to his Lodgings.

[*Exit* Evang. *with Governor.*

Enter Granade, Monrath, Camil.

Cam. Now we have ſome ſpare time, and the Enemies Deſigns are fruſtrated, the old Governor turn'd out; and, as we underſtand, they'l be on the defenſive part, and block us up, if they can. —— Our buſineſs will be now to ſettle the Gariſon, and to chuſe a new Governor, it being the deſire of both Officers and Soldiers.

Enter Evangeliſt.

Evan. Come, Gentlemen, a new Governor, the old one is gone, and has left us; he wou'd have ſtay'd, cou'd he have been put in *Statu-Quo*. —— He ſaw what a balk was put upon the late King, both by thoſe of his own Army and us; he never beheld, or ever heard of ſuch a great Diſappointment. What a great Happineſs it is for their Majeſties, our gracious King and Queen, for *England*, the Proteſtant Intereſt, and for us all?

(Antony *takes* Granade *aſide.*)

Ant. A great part of the Officers have deſired that I wou'd take the charge of the Garriſon, and be Governor, by reaſon I have lived all my days amongſt them, and never out of this Kingdom.

Gran. 'Tis all the reaſon in the World they ſhou'd have one of their own chooſing, and I will aſſure you, Colonel *Antony*, I am very glad of it, and what lies in my Power, Skill, or Experience, ſhall not be wanting; for we muſt all ſtand by the Publick Good, and the Preſervation of the Place, which is of ſo much concern to the three Kingdoms.

Ant. I do aſſure you, you ſhall have all the Reſpect, all the Freedom, as can be given by me; and what is acted and done by you, in Publick or Private, ſhall never be contradicted by me; I know my Ability in War, is not comparable to yours; you ſhall there alſo manage as you pleaſe.

Gran.

Gran. I thank you, you'l find me always ready to do you Service.

Evang. Come Colonels, all this while at your private Diſcourſe! Let's to the Election of a new Governor, unleſs you have a mind to Reinſtal the old one, and ſend for him from Shipboard.

Ant. Well ſaid, Doctor, you'l ſtill be Joquing; I know you had an extraordinary Kindneſs for the late Governor.

Gran. He is gone to complain to King *William*, that we turn'd him out; 'twas, I confeſs, a little Sawcy, but I'd rather have him turn'd out, than he ſhould ſee us go to the Gallows.

Evang. Now for a fair and free Election, the moſt juſt and proper way.

All. We all agree to it.

Evang. Thoſe are the two that bear the Bell away, ('tis hard to ſay who merits moſt) our beloved *Antony*, or our faithful *Granade*.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE Changes to the *Iriſh* Camp at *Pennyburn Mill.*

Enter Hamilton, Dorington, Sheldon, Ramſey, Rohan.

Sheld. I Underſtand the King has left the whole Concern of this Campaign under your Care and Conduct; and as you have been extraordinary Fortunate hitherto, he is well aſſured there will be nothing wanting for the future, in reducing the Rebels to their Obedience.

Ham. Alas, Sir, our Cauſe is loſt! we are undone! the King might as well have ſtaid at *Paris* ſtill, ſince we can do him no good; one Day is a Months loſs; *England* will be alarm'd, the Prince of *Orange* will ſoon underſtand our Deſigns, and all our Undertakings will be fruſtrated, which if this unlucky Accident had not happen'd, (the oppoſition the Rebels give us, in Defending this Town) we had been in *Scotland*; we ſhou'd have had an Army in *England*, the *French* King wou'd have aſſiſted us. Alas! this Town daunts, diſappoints, diſgraces us ſo, that all the Forces King *James* has, cannot reduce this inconſiderable Place: 'Tis a poor Revenge to ſtarve theſe People; they'l ſay *'tis Popiſh Cruelty*, when we get no advantage by it. In three

three or Four Months the *Engliſh* Land upon us, and beat us out of the Kingdom. —— There is nothing grieves me ſo much, as that this our laſt Enterprize did not ſucceed, and in the preſence of the King.

Sheld. I muſt with great Regret own, the reaſon that we did not ſucceed, 'twas our own faults, 'twas ſuch a thing no Age can parallel; we were ſo fluſh'd with Succeſs on all hands, that we were ſure of our Point: 'Twill be an Example in all Ages hereafter, not to deſpiſe an Enemy, let them be never ſo deſpicable.

Boh. This Night the King lies at *Strabane*, the next Night at *Charlemont*, and ſo to *Dublin*, where 'tis thought he'll call a Parliament, make void the *Act of Settlement*, and make ſuch ſubſtantial Laws as may be for the good of the Nation.

Ham. Calling a Parliament, that is Folly, we have weightier Matters in hand, I can aſſure you, he did not leave the *French* Court for to call a Parliament in *Ireland*, that was not his Buſineſs and Contrivance, the Method the *French* King's Cabinet Council put him upon; he was to have taken Fifty Thouſand Men from this Kingdom, and Forces from *Scotland*, and to have aſſiſtance from *England* and *France*. There are thoſe that attend his ſpeedy Landing both in *England* and *Scotland*.—— This damn'd Town ruins all, ſtops our Current this alone——,

(*Strikes his hand on his Breaſt.*)

is the Ruin of all our great Deſigns. —— It confounds all, it makes us little in the Eyes of our Confederates, degrades us, and will be abſolutely the Ruin of us all. —— Thouſands that were favouring our Intereſts, will now decline, and turn to the othe ſide, and make the Prince of *Orange* more Glorious than ever.

Ram. Had theſe People been Pardoned, and ſent to their own Homes, (which I thought, in my weak Opinion, to be the beſt) we might in all poſſibility have had this Town; but you ſee, contriving Miſchiefs for others, falls on our own Heads, Ruins all the Kings Affairs, and loſes this fair opportunity, which we ſhall never meet with the like. —— All our Amunition muſt be brought by Land-Carriage from *Kingſale*, which is upwards of two hundred Miles. — In the mean time, our Cauſe is loſt (otherwiſe we had here five Hundred Barrels of Powder, and twenty four Pieces of Cannon, and all other Materials, and all ready to our hands) all our deſign'd Cruelty and Revenge proves vain, delays cannot be retriev'd, he'll never never enjoy his Crown again.

How

How did we all along these Men despise?
Alas! how little seem'd they in our Eyes?
Hence forward by Experience learn and know,
To build a golden Bridge to your flying Foe.
Men in Despair (where Mercy is deny'd,
'Tis not our Forte, our Strength, will them divide,
This is our Folly, and here ends our Pride,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Derry.

Enter Captain Buff, *and Captain* Step-stately, *two of the Town Burghers, Aldermen of* Derry.

Buff. A Pox of your Honour; nothing wou'd serve you but to be a Captain; I had not accepted of a Commission, or a Warrant, or what you may call it, from the Governor, if it had not been by your perswasion; and now we are like to be hang'd together: We are all that are left of our valiant Militia of *Derry*. Others were wise enough to run for *Scotland*, and left us two to be hang'd for all the rest.

Stepst. Little did I think we shou'd have had the *Philistians* so soon amongst us, to throng up our Houses; for my part, I'll be no more a Captain, I'll throw up my Warrant to this new Governor, let him make another Captain.

Buff. But what does all this signifie? 'Tis true, we can say, *when Lieut. General* Hamilton *came before the Town, we refused to fight or join with this confus'd Rabble*; but how will that save our Necks, Brother *Step-stately*?

Stepst. Why, this we can say, *That we never had a Commission from the Prince of* Orange, *and can prove it; nor ever had his Colours, or display'd them in the Field, and what we did was purely for Self-Preservation, to keep our Throats from being cut by the Rapparees. All this I perform'd, and observ'd the Lord* Tirconnels *Proclamation to a tittle; and for serviceable Horses I had none.* —— I am still shaking, Brother *Buff*.

Buff. If you are shaking now, how will you behave your self before an *Irish* Jury? I am afraid you'll be but in a stinking Condition, and probably I shall be much in the same taking.

Brother *Step-ſtately*, I little thought when I rode ſo often by the Three Legg'd Tree, that I ſhould be truſs'd up.

Stepſt. There is one thing yet to be done; for when a Houſe is falling, there is need of more props than one: What think you of getting Lieutenant General *Hamilton*'s Protection?

Buff. I proteſt well thought on; we muſt get that or get nothing. I hear their is one *George H* —— that keeps Correſpondence with the Lieut. General, and ſells Protections privatly, and gets half a Guinea apiece for them.

Stepſt. Does he and Lieut. General *Hamilton* go ſnacks? I'll give a whole Guinea, to have his Seal to it, 'twill be the more Authentick. —— But firſt let us part with our Swords and Belts. ——

(*Pulls them off, and throws them in at Door.*)

Go thy ways; theſe Swords ruin many a Man.

(Buff *does the ſame.*)

Buff. But if the Enemy ſhould force into the Town by ſurprize, and get upon us over the Walls, what muſt we do then? They'l deſtroy us all, before I get my Protection out of my Pocket, they'l diſpatch me; how then ſhall I make my Complaint?

Stepſt. I have contrived to Barrocade my Door with my Wives Kneading Trough, Bars of Iron, *&c.* I am an hour every Night in placing Stones; ſo that they cannot get in for their Lives; when they come knocking at my Door, I'll look out of the Window, and cry, *Do if you dare, I have a Protection, I am a Protected Perſon*; beſides, we'll contrive to have a Mark on our Doors.

Buff. That's well thought on again, we'll to our Wives and acquaint them.

Stepſt. But hold, Brother *Buff.* do you ſee this Scarf about my Legg? I am grievouſly troubled with the Gout.

Buff. That is within this Week, you was never troubled with it before.

Stepſt. You do not underſtand me; this may happen to ſave my Neck (more props than one to a falling Houſe, did I not tell you?) and let my Beard grow long. —— Cry they, *This poor old Man is fitter for an Hoſpital, than to do us any hurt.*

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter

Re-enter Buff, *and his Wife following him, with his* Sword *and Belt.*

Wife. Captain *Buff*, I little thought you wou'd have given up the Cauſe, and deny ſerving King *William*, and our gracious Queen: You uſed to ſtrut at the Head of your Company; I took great delight to ſee you in ſuch a warlike Poſture put on your Sword and Belt,

(*Offers to put it on for him.*)

and go out amongſt your Fellows. —— Five in a Houſe, and not one ſerve the King!

Buff. Not I, I will not, Wife; I'll wear no Sword, Wife, till God ſends us peaceable Times again; I'll waſh my hands, and be no longer concern'd: I ſhall be hang'd, Wife, I ſhall be hang'd, 'tis well if I eſcape for what I have done already.

Wife. Never fear, there is no danger; put on your Sword and out, and ſhew your ſelf a Man, you have fifty ſtout Fellows to follow you.

Buff. I will not Wife; ſo take that for an anſwer.

Wife. You have not the Heart of a Gooſe, a gelded Capon has more. —— Alderman *Step-ſtately* has perſwaded you to this, he has got a ſilk Scarf about his Leg, and pretends he has the Gout. —— *Step-ſtately*, and my Husband, are arrant Cowards. Come, — on with your Sword.

Buff. Trouble me no further, Wife.

Wife. Then get me a pair of Breeches; if you will not, then I will: —— Take you charge of the Houſe within Doors, and I'll manage without —— Dreſs you the Children, and boyl the Pot, and I'll out amongſt them.

Buff. With all my Heart, any thing but Fight, dear Wife.

Wife. Here, take the Apron, and I'll put on the Sword.

(*Ties the Apron about him*)

(*She puts on the Sword.*)

Now you look like Mr. Cook, and I like a Female Warriour. — Come Husband, give me your Hand.

(*She takes the Right Hand, draws the Sword, and gives him a ſtroke on the Crown.*)

I dub you, Captain *Buff*, Sir Knight of the Order of the *White Apron.* [*Exeunt.*

(*Noiſe*

(*Noiſe within of Shouting, Huzzahs, Drums and Trumpets ſounding.*)

Enter ſeven Soldiers with Cartridge Boxes, Swords and Belts, ſhaking their Hats over their Heads, Huzzah, Huzzah, Huzzah, long live King William *and Queen* Mary.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Seven more, ſhaking their Hats; —— *We have a Governor of our own chooſing,* —— *Long Live* Antony *our Governor; Huzzah.*

Enter the new Governor Aotony, Evangeliſt, Granade, Monrath, Camil, Fergus.

Gran. Our Governor is choſen, *Evangeliſt* is his Aſſiſtant; one for the Army, the other to regulate the Proviſions, and all Civil Affairs in the Town, to which there are five more, as a Council, to Judge and Puniſh Offenders, to examine into Diſorders that ſhall be committed, as well amongſt Officers as Soldiers. —— The next thing is, all Troops and Companies are to be Regimented, the Gariſon being in Diſorder, occaſioned by the many Officers that are gone and left us. —— As ſoon as your Companies are made up, you are to prepare Muſter-Rolls, and by the Governor's Order I am to Muſter you.

Gov. Gentlemen, tho' I had the caſting Vote, yet for all things, both within and without the Town, what at any time ſhall appear to be done in my abſence, you are to do and obſerve Col. *Granade*'s Command, he is in all things relating to the Army, next to my ſelf; with great Affection and Kindneſs be it ſpoke, Heart and Hand, we'll manage well the Work.

(*Takes him by the hand, and kiſs each other.*)

We have ſome private Buſineſs to Diſcourſe.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

(*Manent.* Antony *and* Granade.)

Enter a Spy.

Gran. This is a Spy I ſent out laſt Night, tho' there be no great danger, yet 'tis good to be ſure, till we can get ſome Out-Guards poſted; for the Town is not ſafe till then; our People are ſo ignorant, that they think if they lock the Gates

at

at Night, they may go all to Bed; and if the Enemy finds, or is inform'd we are thus ſecure, they'l come in the Night with their Scaling Ladders, and deſtroy us in our Beds: Therefore 'tis neceſſary we have Spies abroad. —— Well, *James*, how goes Cauſes?

Spy. I went through the Enemies Camp, and have brought you an account where the General Officers have their Quarters, and how their Army is Encamp'd.

(*Gives a Paper.*)

The Soldiers are all ſcattered abroad, Plundering the Country; ſo that you have a good advantage to fall on them to morrow Morning.

Gran. How are their Horſe Guards, next the Town?

Spy. Even juſt as yours are; you ſend no Guards without your Gates, ſo I ſaw none of theirs between you and them.

Gov. Was you not queſtioned in your coming hither?

Spy. Not at all; they do not mind thoſe that look like Country People. General *Hamilton* has given Orders that they ſhall not be moleſted or diſturbed.

Gran. There's for you. —

(*Gives him ſome Money.*)

You muſt out again, Meat and Drink you get in the Camp, cheaper than you do here in Town.

Spy. I thank your Honour.

[*Exit* Spy.

Gov. He muſt be well paid, he gives a good Account.

Gran. His hire is Twenty Shillings; I have agreed to give him that conſtantly every time he comes into the Town, and brings any thing of Moment.

Gov. I have obſerved your Regiment to be as large as any two other Regiments, what may be your Number?

Gran. I have ſeventeen Companies, in which I have twelve Hundred effective Men, and a Company of one Hundred Grenadiers.

Gov. How come you to make your ſelf ſo ſtrong?

Gran. The reaſon is this, when we came to be pinch'd for want of Victuals, and many times on other Occaſions, I ſhall be able to quell and diſperſe any Tumults. — I have more confidence in my own Men, that they'l ſtand by me, than others.

Gov. A very good Conſideration, and I'll make up my Regiment as many, before you Muſter them.

(*Enter* Evangeliſt, Camill, Monrath, Forgus.)

Gran. Now to let you underſtand the method *Hamilton* has taken in Poſting his Army. ——

(*Reads the Paper given by the Spy.*)

The Generals Quarters are at Brook-Hall, *the* French *General* Maumo, *the Lord* Clancarty, *&c. at the* Muſſe, *half a Mile from* Culmore Fort; *three Regiments of Foot, and one of Horſe, encampt on the Hill above* Culmore, *Eaſt from* Derry *three Miles; the ſame number of Foot with the Duke of* Berwick, *at* Pennyburn Mill, *a Mile from* Derry; Gilmoy's *Horſe at* Eunagh Caſtle; *the reſt of the Forces at* Ballugery, *under the Command of Brigadier General* Ramſey, *Weſt of* Derry *two Miles; on the High-way between* Pennyburn Mill *and the General's Quarters, is a Guard of thirty Horſe.*

Gov. Do you agree to what we have this long time wiſht for, which is, to Fight the *Iriſh*?

All. We agree to Fight.

Gov. At ſix to morrow Morning.

All. At ſix to morrow Morning.

Gra. Quarter to be given, or no Quarter?

All No Quarter; they give us none, any further than hang our Men in cold Blood.

Gra. I queſtion not but to Morrow, by the Divine Aſſiſtance, to Eſtabliſh our Cauſe as firm as a Rock.

Hoolalieu and Hubbaboo, you'l ſee will be the *Iriſh* cry.

We, with repeated Huzzahs, cry, *Victory, Victory.*

ACT

ACT the Third.

SCENE the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, Ramſey, Wauhop, Bohan, *and* Dorington.

Ham. I Have had all theſe Letters from the Town, giving an Account of the Ring-leaders of the Rebels; of the new Governor, the old One it ſeems they have turn'd out. I have likewiſe an account of the ſhortneſs of their Stores, and that there is very little in them.

Ram. But Sir, the Private Houſes are well Furniſhed, and there is more Meal and other Proviſions in ſome particular Houſes, than in the Stores.

Wau. I had a Note laſt Night from a very honeſt Burgher, who was Deputy-Mayor to Col. *Cormuch O Neil*, placed there by the Lord *Tirconnel*, when a *Quo-Warranto* went againſt their Charter, *John Bowhannan* they call him, who makes it his Requeſt to your Excellency for a Protection for himſelf and Family, and for ſeveral others.

Ham. My Secretary is drawing five Hundred; —— There is one of my Name makes great Profit, by ſelling them for half a Guinea a piece.

Boh. Your Excellency may ſee their Copweb Government is already tottering.

Ham. If it be not tottering, I'll make it totter, and thoſe Rebels ſhall totter by Scores on yonder Gallows.

(*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor, Granade, Camil, Forgus.

Gov. THE Enemy lies very ſecure this Morning, chiefly depending on our Cowardice, and really believing that we dare not look them in the Face.

Gran.

Gran. We'll try that, we may chance to bruſh their Jackets for them. ——'*Forgus*, order the Drums to beat to Arms immediately, and a Detachment of two Thouſand choice Firelocks, to be ſupported by my Regiment, the late, and the new Governors Regiments, *Monrath* with his Horſe, marches on the Right of us along the Strand; go to him and bid him be in readineſs immediately.

Forg. I ſaw him begirt in Armour, and is now at the head of his Horſe.

Gran. 'Twill be neceſſary the Gariſon be under their Arms, till our return, and a Thouſand Men ready to aſſiſt us, if there ſhall be occaſion.

Gov. All this ſhall be punctually obſerved.

Gran. Governor, adieu to you for a while. ——

(*They kiſs.*)

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor *and* Evangeliſt.

Gov. Our Men march boldly on; the Enemy is in a great hurry in their Camp.

Evang. We are now on even Terms with them, no Deceit or Treachery, all true to the Cauſe.

Enter an Officer.

1. *Off.* The Enemy has lin'd all the Ditches, and dare not Engage us in the open Field.

[*Exit.*

Enter another Officer.

Off. The Fight is begun. [*Exit.*

Enter a third Officer.

Off. The Enemy give way, and our Men have beaten them out of the Ditch; I ſaw it off the Walls, as alſo by the Shout our Men gave. [*Exit.*

Enter a fourth Officer.

Off. The Enemy flies, and are beaten over *Pennyburn* River, and our Party have ſet two Houſes on fire.

[*Exit.*

Gov.

Gov. Cauſe the Thouſand Men to march for a Reinforcement.

Enter a fifth Officer.

Off. Col. *Mourath* did wonders, but is forced to give way, and purſued by the Enemies Horſe to the Gates.

[*Exit.*

Enter a ſixth Officer from the Fight.

Off. Our Men as they were marching home, line'd the Ditches on the Enemies Horſe, and have cut them all off, upon their retreat back. [*Exit.*

Gov. I'll go and Welcome *Granade* home.

[*Ex.* Governor.

SCENE changes to a ſpacious Houſe by a River ſide, the General's Quarters.

Enter *Hamilton, Boham, Waubop.*

Ham. ONE came to me not long ſince, and told me, *a ſwarm or two of the Rebels came out of the Town to take the Air; they are ſo hot in keeping within that Hive of theirs, that the old Ones turn out the young Ones.* I'll ſerve them one of theſe days, as they do Bees, put Brimſtone under their Hive, and ſmother them all. I was indeed going on Horſeback, but I thought it not worth my while. I ſhall have an hundred of them to hang. I have indeed allow'd Quarter to be given, but it is but for two or three days, to ſport with them, to tantalize them, and then ſerve them as a Cat does a Mouſe, play a little with them, and then ſhe eats them: So will I do with theſe Heretick Dogs, hang them up, and take care they ſhall be no longer Rebels to their King.

Wau. I like that way very well, if it were no more than to make them an Example to the Country.

Enter Sheldon

Ham. What News, *Sheldon*? What Priſoners ſhall we have to Hang?

Sheld. Priſoners! Your Men are all beaten. They might have had Priſoners enough of ours; for if the Lord *Galmoy* had not come down with his Horſe, and Brigadier *Ramſey* with three Brigades of Foot from *Ballugry*, we had been quite Routed; they cauſed the Rebels to retire and draw back: *Ramſey* himſelf had no mind to Engage them. Lieut. General *Mamo* is kill'd, and a great many more.

(*Speaks privately to* Hamilton.)

Ham. Is it certain?

Sheld. It is very certain, Sir.

Ham. Oh moſt Miſerable! Theſe Rebels begin to get heart. Let me have immediately a Fort built to cover *Pennyburn Mill*, and another at *Ballugry*, to preſerve my Infantry.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to *Derry.*

Enter *Governor*, *Evangeliſt*, *Granade*, *Camil*, *Forgus*, *Monrath*, the laſt with Jack-Boots and Armour.

Gran. A Bleſſed *Sundays* Work! this is now ſomthing like, there's ſome ſport on our ſide; 'twas before, all on their ſide: We may thank ſome Body for't, that wou'd never let us come together. —— See their white Carcaſſes lying by Scores, as well on the Field, as on the Shore. —— Brave Boys! They'l find us no Cowards: I ſee already, ten of ours, are beteer than twenty of theirs. We are all true Men, true to the Cauſe, Sons of one Father: My dear *Monrath* ——

(*Goes to him.*)

laid about him, I' Faith.

Monrath, *of all, he did excell;*
Before, behind him, numbers fell:
His temper'd Steel he boldly drew,
With which the brave Mameau *he ſlew,*
And forc'd the reſt to cry Morbleu.

Had

Had not his Brother *ſtay'd behind,*
From Head to Rump he had been chin'd.

Draw aſide a little, and ſee what Plunder the Soldiers have got.

(*Huzzahs without.*)

Enter ſix Soldiers going over the Stage, one with a pair of Jack-boots over his Shoulders, *and a Troopers Coat, and a pair of Piſtols; the ſecond with a fine lac'd* Saddle, *and crying,* Here's Plunder: *The third with a red Coat and Plate Buttons, a Hat and Feather. The fourth a good Wig, ſilver hilted* Sword, *and gold fring'd* Gloves: *The fifth, a green net Purſe full of* Spaniſh *Piſtoles, crying,* Plunder you Rogues! Gold, Boys, Gold: [*Granade* claps his hand on his Shoulder, crying, *here's your* Derry *Boys*:] *The ſixth,* Sir, I have gotten a gued Horſe.

Gran. Why did you not bring him in?
Sold. Hee's not gang in at the Door, hee's ore Muckle.
[*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Evang. The Enchantment is now broke, thanks be to Heaven for it, and all their develiſh Compoſitions vaniſh'd into Smoak: I hope neither the Governor of *Colrain*, nor the Governor of *Derry*, have left any of their Ingredients behind them that will do us any hurt.

Cam. They laid a Scheme to blow up Church and State; both their Heads laid the Contrivance, only one of them ſtaid to give the Blow: Juſt when it was to be put in Execution, the Plot was diſcover'd, the Keys were ſecured, the Force of their Divination was ſpent, their Spells have no Power now. Let them try their Witchcraft in the place where they'r gone, to their antient Soil, and ſee if they can raiſe the Devil in *Scotland*, as they did in *Ireland*; but we have allay'd them for once: Thoſe Warlocks will not meet with the ſame ſucceſs as they did here, unleſs they get Governments, and have the betraying of an Army.

Gov. to *Gran.* I remember the worthy Governor of *Derry* gave out, *that you were not to be truſted, and wou'd willingly have you ſecured.*

Gran. Neither wou'd I truſt them, when my Neck, my Religion, and Country lay at Stake. They thought they had the Command of all, and did their endeavours to Betray all.

They

They are now lurking in *Scotland*, expecting every hour to hear *Derry* is taken, and we all hang'd; but I hope the five Hundred Pounds the late Governor of *Derry* got from King *William*, will be ſpent firſt: I am of the Opinion, before a Month be paſt, they'l change their Notes, eſpecially if theſe *Iriſh* are balk'd in going for *Scotland*; then Whip and Spur for *London* —— We have done with our old Maſter now, we'll ſeek for a new one, cry they, King *William* will be glad of us. When King *James* can do no good, and the *Proteſtant* Intereſt is like to Thrive, then in goes the Governor of *Colrain*'s Pretenſions for Service done: —— *A Grant* (quoth he) *of a Thouſand Pounds* per Annum, *is little enough, I'il have not a Farthing bated of it.* He grumbles, and crys, *who will ſtand up for the Honour of* England *again, and the Proteſtant Intereſt, if ſuch Services meet not with a ſutable Reward?*

Evang. For had the late Governor of *Derry* (which I look to be the ſame with the other) made off at the ſame time, doubtleſs he had had far greater Pretenſions, in as much as the Government of *Derry* was ſuperiour to that of *Colrain*; but he relaps'd the Time, he had not the knack of playing on both ſides; he did not obſerve how the Wind blew, ſo well as the other, tho' one's Pretenſions of Merit for Reward, is as good as the other; he was reſolv'd to ſink or ſwim in the Cauſe he had undertaken; a Penſion of two or thre Hundred Pounds *per Annum* may ſerve his Turn. 'Tis happy for this Gariſon, and for us, that we are rid of ſuch gueſt; we have indeed appear'd bare-fac'd, that we were not to be truſted in their wicked Deſigns.

Gov. This ſucceſs we have met with, will much enliven our Men, We begin to feel how their Pulſes beat.

Gran. And their hearts Blood too, before we have done with them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, Ramſey, Dorington.

Ham. THeſe Rebels are not Cowards as we took them to be; for by relation they ſharply Attack'd the beſt of our Men.

Sheld. We had ſuch confidence that they durſt not look us in the Face, that made us careleſs; but had we known of their coming, we'd have maul'd them: We were altogether ſurpriz'd, and 'tis a wonder they did us no more miſchief; a great

great many of our Men were gone a Monroading into the Country, after their own Inventions.

Hom. I'll have a Bank beat, that if any ſtir out of the Camp, without leave from his Officer, he ſhall be ſhot.—— It cannot be help'd, it was our negligence that we were not otherwiſe provided to oppoſe them; but miſtakes will happen ſomtimes; they ſhall have but little to brag of, I have laid my Deſign to ſecure the Windmill, and in a night or two I'll ſpoil their ſport in Sallying out: I have obſerv'd an old Ditch which runs down to the River from the Windmill, 'tis a natural Breaſt-work complete to our hands, only running an Intrenchment croſs the High-way. We will go and conſult further of this matter.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor, Evangeliſt,

Evang. DIſcourſing this Morning with *Granade*, he told me how neceſſary it would be to have ſome Out-guards, eſpecially in the Night; he'll lie with them himſelf, till the Officers and Soldiers begin to underſtand their Buſineſs, without which he tells me the Town is not ſafe. His Diſcourſe bears Weight and Reaſon; we ſee the Men will not keep to their Guard, for as ſoon as the Officers backs are turn'd, away they go to their Quarters.

Gov. I'll agree to any thing he ſhall propoſe, he is the Man that can put the Gariſon into the beſt method.

Enter Granade *and* Forgus.

Gran. This Night, with your leave, I'll march out with an hundred and fifty Men into the Ravellin without *Biſhopſgate*; I'll ſend half of them to the Windmill, from thence I'll Poſt my ſmall Guards, to ſee if they can diſcover any Parties of the Enemy, which will embolden them. —— A Gariſon of ſix or ſeven Thouſand Men, and not a Guard without the Town, was never known in this World! —— They cry, *What need of a Guard, when the Gates are Lock'd and Bar'd? how is it poſſible the Enemy ſhould get in?* They ſtare upon me, when I tell them of Scaling Ladders; for this their Igno-

rance, am I forced to lie in the Market-place every Night with five hundred Men.

Gov. I agree to every thing you propoſe, and I'll keep Guard in the Market-place my ſelf with the five hundred Men this Night.

Gran. I'll march with my Men immediately out of the Wicket; Town-Major, come along with me.

[*Exit.*

Gov. What a happineſs 'tis, that this Gentleman Stranger came amongſt us! He has all the methods of Soldiery at his Fingers ends.

Evang. he has been at it all his Life-time, *Hamilton*, nor any of them all, know their Buſineſs better.

Enter four Officers.

1. *Off.* Treaſon! Treaſon!

2. *Off.* Treaſon! Treaſon! The Town is Betray'd.

3. *Off.* *Biſhopſgate's* open'd by one of King *James's* old Officers.

4. *Off.* 'Tis impoſſible for any of them to be honeſt.

Gov. what is the matter with you, Gentlemen? What is it that hath frightned you out of your Sleep? What have you to do with the Gates? They were open'd by my Order and Conſent, and 'tis a Buſineſs of great Concern to the Gariſon, and to us all; 'tis well we have one of King *James's* old Officers, or elſe we ſhou'd be but in a bad Condition.

Evang. I hope we are not to give you an account when we open the Gates, or ſhut them. —— Go home to your Quarters, and do not make ſuch an Alarm in the Town at this time of Night.

Gov. The Wicket was open'd by the Town Major, and he has brought me the Keys.

1. *Off.* We hope all is well, if it be ſo.

2. *Off.* We beg your Pardon.

3. *Off.* I beg your Pardon, noble Governor.

4 *Off.* Good Night to your Honour. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Granade.

Gran. We have had a very ſtill Night, I gave orders for my Centinels to lie cloſe, and challenge none; ſoon after, no leſs than three of the Enemies Rounds paſt by them along the Highway, with each of them there was an Officer and about thirty Men.

Gov.

Gov. To morrow Night, have amongſt them Blind Harpers, we'll give them a Scouring, we'll ſpoyl their Sport in going their Rounds.

Gran. You ſee the danger we are in, without having our Out Guards abroad; to let them come with their Patrols juſt under our Noſes, all this is nothing but at laſt to Scale our Walls, and deſtroy us in our Beds.

Gov. 'Tis beyond belief to think of the Ignorance of ſome People; here was a parcel of Fellows came with open Mouth, *Treaſon, Treaſon, the Town is Betray'd by one of King* James's *Officers.* —— They have nothing to ſay, *but that you took an Oath to be true to King* James.

Gran. And ſo did hundreds beſide my ſelf, that are now in King *William*'s Service. —— But I never took an Oath to have my Throat cut by the *Iriſh*, my Country Ruin'd, and the Proteſtant Intereſt loſt, by a new-faſhion'd Principle of *Non-Reſiſtance*; that does not agree with a true *Engliſh-man*'s Courage, or the Safety of our Nation. They'l like me better after a while, when the Beer, Brandy, and Wine, grows ſcarcer.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, Ramſey, Dorington.

Ham. THIS Night ſhall be an Attack on the *Windmill*, that once ſecur'd, the Town's our own. —— Brigadier Gen. *Ramſey*, you ſhall have the Honour of this Command, your long Experience in the *French* Service, tells me, none ſo fitting as your ſelf. Hark, the Word this Night, *No Quarter.*

Ram. I thank your Excellency in conferring ſo great an Honour upon me; all your Orders ſhall be punctually obſerv'd, I'll go and get things in readineſs.

[*Exit* Ramſey.

Dor. I fancy there will be but little oppoſition; their Guards at the Windmill do not exceed an hundred Men, nor are there any Works for Defence.

Sheld. They'l not make a Sally when we are ſo near them; our Patrols paſſes by the Town every Night without the leaſt diſturbance.

Ham. Let us purſue with Vigour; a brave Action, if not well manag'd, were better never to be begun.

Dor.

Dor. What Number will your Excellency order for this Attack?

Ham. about three Thousand, one Battalion of the Guards, *Ramseys* whole Regiment, Sir *Maurice Eustace's* Fusileers, Colonel *Butlers*, and Colonel *Gordon O Neils* Regiments, *Galmoy's* Horse to sustain them: These I have order'd for this Expedition; I'll go and view them before they march.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE changes to Derry.

Enter Governor *and* Granade.

Gran. THis Night I am certain to catch some of their Patrols, for altho' we let them pass the last Night, we'll be sure to give them a brush this Night.

Gov. Every Nights Duty does you harm.

Gran. There's none can manage these Affairs so well as my self, I wou'd not have any thing miscarry; if our Men should be once cow'd, 'twould be of ill Consequence.

Enter an Officer with a Firelock resting on his Arm, a Sergeant with his Halbert, and a Soldier with his Gun; the Sergeant with an Officers red Coat and silver Buttons, the Soldier with two Soldiers Coats.

Off. to *Gran.* Sir, according to your Order, I went out this Evening with the same Men I had the last Night; I was not above an hour at my Post but I heard the Enemies Patrols coming: We lay within the Hedge with our Arms cock'd and guarded, and as near to them as the length of this Room, I challeng'd and fired, kill'd the Officer, and eight of their Men dropt, whereof five were kill'd, and three wounded: They cry'd for Quarter, the rest fled; they are now bringing to Town. This is the Officers Coat the Sergeant has on his Arm, his name is *O Conner*.

Gran. Nobly done, they'l send out their Patrols no more so near the Town.

Gov. 'Tis very well done, and in a short time I'll advance thee to a better Post.

[*Exeunt Officer, Sergeant* and *Soldier.*

Enter

Enter a Spy.

Gran. I ſent this Man out the beginning of this Evening, he's come with ſome News. —— What Account do you bring, *George*, from the Enemies Camp.

Spy. There is no leſs than four Regiments of Foot, and a Regiment of Horſe, ordered to be ready; they are now lying by their Arms: they are to march at Ten this Night: What their Deſign is I could not learn, and no Soldier knows. 'Tis certainly againſt *Derry*, there is no diſpute of that.

Gov. Let them come: —— The *Iriſh-men* muſt have more Mettle than they had at *Pennyburn Mill.* They come like Thieſs in the Night. You'l ſee when we attack them in the Morning, how the Brougineers will run, and ſet up the *Hullaloo.*

Gran. to the *Spy.* Keep ſilent, be ready at a call. [*Exit Spy.*

I'll to my Poſt at the Windmill, ſet out my Centries, and at their approach will draw off to the Ravellin; upon my Firing you'l underſtand the Enemy is near at hand. —— This is a wet Night, and probably they may defer their coming till to morrow Night: However the Gariſon ought to be at their Arms, it may be they think to catch us aſleep, and attempt the Scaling our Walls.

[*Exit* Granade.

Enter Camill, Monrath, Forgus.

Gov. Town-Major, give orders immediately for the Gariſon to be at their Arms, and repair to their ſeveral Alarm Poſts; the Enemy is on their March.

[*Exit Town-Major.*

(An Alarm afar off, ſeconded by another nearer: A Volley of Shot, ſeconded by another: An Alarm more and more.

Enter Forgus.

Forg. Our Men are beaten off the Windmill; *Granade* and his Party are Retreated to the Ravellin.

Gov. Forgus, go immediately and let him in, to conſult of what is moſt neceſſary to be done.

Exit Forgus.

We are beholden to General *Hamilton*, this is Viſit for Viſit. He'll hardly ſurprize us, as we did him at *Pennyburn* Mill.

Enter Granade.

Gran. The Enemy is not advanc'd any further than the Windmill, there they made a Halt. —— I underſtand by the Advantages of the Garden Ditches, their deſign is to make Breaſt-works ſtrait down to the River, and have the Windmill for their Grand Guard; where I ſuppoſe they'l raiſe Platforms for their Guns, if we will let them, by which means they think to cut off our Water.

Gov. For which Reaſon we muſt Sally out and diſlodge them in the Morning; if we loſe our Water, we are undone.

Gra. The only time to attack them will be by break of Day; this is a wet Night, and may turn to our advantage, by the wetneſs of their Arms. —— Some Brandy will be neceſſary, to give each Man a Dram.

Gov. Forgus, go to *Evangeliſt*, and let him order the delivering out of three Bottles to each fifty Men.

[*Exit Forgus.*

Gran. That will make their Hearts Merry, they'l fight like true Cocks of the Game.

Gov. Let me ſee, forty Men out of each Company, with Officers, out of an hundred and ſeventeen Companies, makes near five Thouſand Men, that ſhall be the number I order for the Sally in the Morning.

Gran. Our beſt way will be to Flank them, that our Guns may play on their Front, and when they ſee us take that method, they muſt out of their Trenches, draw in a Body to receive us; then they are expoſed to our great Shot from the Walls, and before they form themſelves in a Body, we ſhall be amongſt them. —— 'Tis proper we divide into two Bodies, —— You Governor attack them on the Right of the Windmill, and I'll at the ſame time attack them on the Left by the River ſide. —— Now for their Colours to adorn our Church.

Gov. All Officers to their Poſt.

[*Exeunt.*

(*An Alarm, great Guns fired, ſmall ſhot going off thick.*)

SCENE

SCENE changes to the *Iriſh* Camp, *viz.* A Riſing Ground, on which is a Windmil, a large Tent, and ſome ſmall Tents; the River of *Derry*, and part of the Suburbs diſcover'd.

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, Wauhop.

Ham. YOU talk of Trenches, what ſignified our Trenches when the Enemy Flank'd us? Indeed if we had Trenches on the Flanks, that's ſomthing; for when the Rebels came upon us with two Bodies of Men, and charg'd our Right and Left, we were then obliged to quit our Trenches and draw into a Body; we lay then open to their Guns from the Walls, which made Lanes thro' our Men.

Enter an Officer.

Off. The Fight ſeems dubious, great oppoſition on both ſides [*Exit Off.*

Enter another Officer.

Off. Our Men fall extreme faſt, what the Rebels want in Skill, they have in Courage. [*Exit.*

Enter a third Officer.

Off. Their Reſerves and Reinforcements are much bolder than ours. [*Exit.*

Enter a Fourth Officer.

Off. Our Men give Ground, if you do not appear amongſt them, the Victory will fall on the Rebels ſide.

Ham. That ſhall not be wanting.

[*Exeunt.*

(*A great Shout within, Cannon Firing; three Huzzahs;* They Run, they Run, they Run.)

Scene

Scene changes to **Derry**

Enter Governor, Camill, Forgus, two Town Burghers.

Gov. THE Day is ours, the Enemy is fled.

Cam. Monrath is in hot purſuit with his Horſe. — No Facing about when once the Enemy is Routed, *Teigue* gives over the Cauſe

Gov. Where's *Granade*?

Forg. He'll be here preſently; he ſtaid to give *Monrath* his neceſſary Orders, how far he ſhould purſue the Enemy.

Enter Granade, (*Salutes the* Governor.

Gran. I think between our Right and Left we pepper'd them of.

Gov. They'l hardly come to the Windmill theſe two days again.

Gran That Regiment of Sir *Maurice Euſtace* with their Caps, ſtood ſtifly to their Buſineſs, and kept their Ground, but when they ſaw me lead up my laſt Reſerve of five Hundred Men, then they took to their Heels — How like Stags they bounc'd over the Ditches, and ours, like true bred Beagles, ſcoured after them in full Cry —— *Down with them, down with them; if a Lord chance to come in your way, give Quarter, he'll do us Service.* ——

(*A great ſhout within, Make Room for my Lord* Netherfield; *two Soldiers leading him; three of his Fingers cut off, and a cut in his Face; a big fat Man.* —— *They ſet him down in a Chair.*

Gov. Who art thou?

Ld. *Neth.* The poor unfortunate *Netherfield.*

Gov. Who? My Lord *Netherfield.*

Neith. So they call me: I am Threeſcore and Ten, and muſt turn Soldier in my old Age. —— This plaguy Fryar, *John O Neil*, he'll be damn'd before he'll turn Soldier. —— *Damnation, Damnation*, was all his Tone, *that did not take up Arms for King* James.

Evang. Surgeons immediately, his Lordſhip is Fainting; a glaſs of Sack quickly.

(*One fills a glaſs of Sack and gives it to his Lordſhip.*)

Gran.

Gran. Here, Governor, a glaſs of this may not be amiſs, after our Diverſion in the Field.

Gov. I thank you. —— My Service to your Lordſhip :— Your good Health.

Neth. Pray do me the Favour to let me lie down ſomewhere.

Gov. Your Lordſhip ſhall have a good Room, a good Bed, and good Quarters.

1. *Burg.* Let me have his Lordſhip.

2. *Burg.* Let me have his Lordſhip at my Houſe.

Gov. Yot need not ſtrive for Priſoners, there's more at hand.

[*Exit.* Ld. *Nether field* and *Burg.*

Gran. Theſe Burghers are ſo officious, they think to ſave their Bacon by getting theſe Priſoners ; they fancy 'tis a good Protection for them ; the Civility they uſe, will influence Lieut. General *Hamilton* to be kind to them, when he gets Poſſeſſion of the Town.

(*Another great Shout within*)

Enter two Sergeants; Make Room for Col. *Talbot*, *all Bloody, carry'd on an Hand-barrow*; *Sir* Garret Aylmer, *with four more Officers, led by five Soldiers, go croſs the Stage.*

[*Exeunt.*

Gov. Pray who was that on the Hand-barrow ?

Evang. 'Twas Colonel *Talbot*, a near Relation to *Tyrconnel*, otherwiſe call'd *Wicked Will. Talbot.*

Gov. 'Twas bleſſed *Will* : —— That the Soldiers did not knock him on the Head : I wiſh his Cozen *Tyrconnel* was in his room.

Forg. As I with ſome others were viewing the dead Bodies, who ſhould we ſee amongſt them but Brigadier General *Ramſey*, that Commanded the grand Attack ; we found *Hamilton*'s Orders in his Pocket-Book, the Word was *No Quarter.*

Gov. Let a Parley be beat for them to come and Bury their Dead.

[*Exeunt* Forgus.

Enter five Soldiers with rich Saddles and Furniture; *four more with Hats, Wigs, Scarlet Coats, laced Cravats*; *crying* Good Plunder, who buys a good Beaver Hat, a good Wig, and a Scarlet Coat.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Enter five Soldiers, bringing each of them one of the Enemies Colours.

Evang. Spread them on the ground ——

(*Walk over them.*)

Thus we'll tread on the Necks of our Enemies.

Gran. Take them up, they'l ſerve for Trophies of Honour to adorn our Church.

[*Exit with Colours.*

Gov. This Night we'll have a treble Diſcharge of our Cannon, and the ſame of ſmall Shot. We'll drink their Majeſties Health, and broach another Hogſhead of the Biſhop's *March* Beer.

Enter Forgus.

Forg. Sir, Lieut. General *Hamilton*, in return to your Meſſage, in diſdain, *bids you ſalt them up, they'd be a good addition to your Stores.*

Gov. We are not ſo put to it, as to eat the Carcaſſes of theſe dead Men; when we are in want, we can have enough of them, freſh and freſh.——This is the firſt time I ever heard of an Enemy refuſing to Bury their own Dead.

Gran. Let there be as many Men ſet at work as you have Tools, let the Graves be made deep and large, for fear of Infection, each Grave to contain forty Carcaſſes, all but the Brigadier General, let a Coffin be got for him, and brought into Town, he was my Officer ten Years ago, I'll bury him like a Soldier; I have a reſpect for my deceaſed Friend, notwithſtanding he was my Enemy when alive. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Iriſh* Camp:

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, Dorington, Bohan.

Ham. 'TIS yet uncertain how many principal Officers are loſt in this unfortunate Enterprize, neither is it yet known whether the Rebels gave Quarter or not.

Dor. It's judged by all, that our loſs is very conſiderable.

Sheld. It would pitty a Man's Heart to ſee how many Cart Loads of wounded Men were going to St. *Johnſtons.*

Enter

Enter an Officer.

Off. Sad News! ſad News! Brigadier General *Ramſey* is kill'd.

Ham. It grieves my Heart! —— Our great *Mommo* at *Pennybuun* Mill, and *Ramſey* at the Windmill.—— Indeed a great Loſs.

Bob. Is it poſſible the Rebels ſhould have ſuch Advantage? They are Devils.

Ham. We muſt find out ſome other way to get this Town; there muſt be ſome Policy uſed; they are now in a much better Condition than before; for there is great quantities of our Mens Arms fell into their Hands, beſides ſeveral Colours, three Braſs Guns, Cart-loads of Pickaxes, Spades, and Shovels, no leſs than ten Barrels of Powder, Ball, Match, Drums, Halbards, *&c.* to morrow Morning let a Parley be beat, to know what Priſoners they have. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter two Servants placing a Table, and another with two Bottles of Wine, Hautboys playing within; four Sergeants with Halberts, Make Room for the Governor; *Sergeants placing themſelves at the Doors.*

(*Muſick plays.*)

Enter Governor, Granade, Monrath, Camill, Forgus, *and one Officer leading in ſix Ladies, with Laurels pinn'd on their Breaſts,* Evangeliſt *follows, and ſits down* —— *They Dance.* (*Aſſoon as over.*)

Gov. Give me a glaſs of Wine.

(*Drinks to one of the Ladies.*)

—— *Drink round.*

Gran. Theſe Ladies ſupplied our Men with Powder and Ball, and Water to drink when they were juſt fainting; they fear'd not the Enemies ſhot, notwithſtanding they flew like hail.

Gov. I hope, Ladies, you got no hurt.

1. *Lady.* A ſmall Wound in my Shoulder.

2. *Lady*

2. *Lady.* A hurt in my Neck.

(*Shews a Plaister.*)

Gran. And you, Madam?

3. *Lady.* The Surgeon knows best.

4. *Lady.* A shot thro' my Coat, but it did not touch my Skin.

5. *Lady.* But if our Husbands should die or be kill'd?

6. *Lady.* But pray, Mr. Governor, will not King *William* give us some Pay, when the Job is over?

Gov. You need not question but King *William* will be kind to you.

1. *Lady.* 'Twould be great pity, that poor Officers Wives and Children should have no allowance.

Gov. Granade, here's King *William's* Health.

Gran. to *Evang.* God bless King *William* and all his Undertakings.

(*All Drink.*)

Gov. Here's the Queen, and all the Protestant Family.

Gran Ladies, pray, on the next Alarm, be not disturb'd, I'll stand between you and danger.

2. *Lady.* We desire to be excused, for no sooner are you out of the Gates, but we are out of our Doors.

3. *Lady.* Sir, We do not pull off a stich of our Cloaths in the Night, for as soon as the Bombs fall amongst us, we run with our Children to the Walls half naked, and what between the Bombs, and the fear of the Enemy together, we are half dead; we cannot endure to see our Childrens Throats cut before our Faces, and their Brains knock'd out against the Walls.

The Scene opens, where is discovered the Coffin of Brigadier *Ramsey*, with a Velvet Pall, the Sword, and Scarf, stick on the Pall.

Harangue spoken by Granade.

THIS Gentleman is fallen in Honor's Field; our glittering Swords and Caps of Steel, have conquered and made to yield the formidable Army, and the ambitious and exorbitant Pride of the *Irish* Nation; and we'll still maintain the Honour

Honour of *England*'s Crown; as Scyths do Graſs, we'll cut and mow them down.

This noble Captain, as you ſee now clothed in Black, and going to his long Home, fell Brigadier General of the *Iriſh* Army, ſprung (as I am inform'd) from an antient Family in *Scotland*; he began his Soldiery in the *French Gens d'Arms*, afterwards, in 1672, was Lieutenant and Quarter-Maſter in *France*, to an *Engliſh* Regiment employ'd then in the *French* Service, againſt the *Hollander*; at which time I was then an Enſign. —— Afterwards this truſty Perſon was advanced to be a Captain, and at *Hounſlow-Heath*, where the *Engliſh* Army Encamp'd, he was Poſted Adjutant General, and now in *Ireland* Brigadier General, and Colonel of Foot.

'Twas little thought, when we were drove like Sheep,
That we this City ſhou'd defend and keep.
The Villains, by whoſe Fraud we were undone,
Conſcious of Guilt, are from their Stations run.
Couragious Loyalty our Foes withſtood,
And ſtain'd the neighbouring Fields with Iriſh *Blood.*

(Takes out his Handkerchief and wipes his Eyes.)

But O! it grieves me very ſore to tell,
That General Ramſey *'gainſt our City fell;*
Nor can I from a flood of Tears refrain,
To find my Friend amongſt the Numbers ſlain.

Farewel, farewel, my deareſt Friend,
All Wars with thee, are at an end.
No Bombs nor Cannon can Alarm
That Reſt, that Thee ſecures from harm.

Gov. Come, we'll conduct the Ladies to their Lodgings, and then conſult farther what is neceſſary to be done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Hamilton, Dorington, Wauhop, Bohan.

Ham. THE Rebels were very merry, their Hautboys and Muſick playing all Night; ſure they have had ſome falſe News.

Dor. It was for the great Succeſs they had the other Night, and for the Victory they got the other Day.

Ham. Let them content themſelves for a while, they'l find but ſoure Sauce to their ſweet Meat; I have daily Correſpondence with thoſe in the Town, and I find my Protections take very well, twenty or thirty deſert in a day: —— This muſt needs weaken them.

Boh. (*Takes a Letter out of his Pocket.*) My Intelligence is worth all yours; for by a Private Hand I have an account, that Proviſions grow ſhort, and ſome that were very vigorous at firſt, grow cool, and very inclinable. —— What ſay you if a whole Regiment ſhould Deſert?

Ham. That wou'd be extraordinary News indeed.

Boh You'l ſee in two or three days; for if you obſerve, ſince our laſt Defeat, they mount Guard at the Windmil, and ſend out two Regiments every Night to keep Guard, which is about fifteen Hundred Men. —— They have their Advance-Guard very Regular, for we help'd to make their Works for them: 'Tis from thence we may expect they'l come over to us.

Ham. If one Regiment does but come over, the reſt will take Example; continue your Correſpondence, let them know the Secret is imparted to me, and that the Colonels and Officers ſhall have their Pardons, and a Thouſand Pounds in Money, beſides good Employments, and their Soldiers ſet free.

Boh. But what if it ſhould not be perform'd?

Ham. They'l not miſtruſt, when I give my Promiſe and Word of Honour; we muſt promiſe largly. —— I committed a great Cheat in *England* on that account, and confirm'd it here in *Ireland*. —— Take the Advice of our Jeſuits, and they'l learn you to cheat the Devil. —— We muſt not ſtand upon Promiſes at this time a day; when Force will not do, Policy and Cunning muſt.

Scene

SCENE changes to Derry.

Enter Governor *and* Granade.

Gran. THE next thing that is to be done, since our Enemy has supply'd us with Pickaxes, Shovels, and Spades, is to make good strong Works at the Windmill; to which end, I would have the ground divided, and every Regiment have their Proportion, and Overseers, and an Engineer to lay out the Work; 'twill be soon finished, a good sod Work, Curtans, and Bastions, nine Foot high will be high enough; they have all their Sods at hand, four Thousand Men every day at Work will soon finish it; your Regiment on the Right, and mine on Left, and so Post them regular.

Gov. 'Twill be a great Safety to the Town, and we'll begin to Morrow.

Gran. I have a little suspicion as tho' some Treachery was intended. 'Tis thus; —— One of the Enemy that came into the Town, the time they had leave to view their Dead, came to me, and amongst other Discourses, he ask'd for such a Colonel; I prest a little farther to know his Business; he bluntly told me, *that Colonel had a mind to come off, and some others with him.* To bring him on, I said, — *so would I, if I could do it handsomly.* —— You must think I was not a little nettled. I ply'd him with three or four Drams, — at last he told me, *his coming wou'd be of no purpose, unless he brought the Regiment off*; and was going to find him out.

Gov. I'll have him seiz'd, and clapt into Goal immediately.

Gran. That will not be so well neither, for me to be brought in for an Informer, and no more proof than saying, *I heard it*; and who knows but this Fellow may be sent in to set us together by the Ears? —— But the way to prevent these Dangers, is, that we mount our Out-works by Detachments, ten Men of a Company makes fifteen Hundred; then you'l be sure of good Men, and Men well Arm'd: We must have an Eye on that Gentleman.

Gov. That I'll be sure to do, and this way of Detachments I approve of very well, and to Morrow they shall Mount after the manner you prescribe.

Enter

Enter a Spy.

Gran. — *Will,* —— Come, let's know what News thou bring'ſt? How does *Hamilton*'s Pulſe beat, ſince we had him by the hand t'other day? —— When will he come to give us another Viſit?

Spy. Truly very far from it; he expects you ſhou'd give him a Viſit, then 'twill be Viſit for Viſit. The very Night you beat them at *Pennyburn Mill*, *Hamilton* gave orders that two Forts ſhould be built, for fear of another Surprize; they are now upon the defenſive part, more afraid of you, than you of them; he ordered likewiſe that thoſe Forts ſhould be double Mann'd. I underſtand they had about five hundred Men kill'd and wounded, and of thoſe, ſome of good Note: A great many of their Men have Deſerted, and if not ſuddenly Reinforc'd, they are afraid you'l be upon them. I have diſcours'd with ſeveral that came from *Dublin*, they tell me, when Parties of Men are commanded down, they make ſad Lamentation, ſet up the *Iriſh* Yell, and call *Derry* King *James*'s Slaughter-Houſe.

Gran. I have been told that ſix, eight, or ten Horſe-Litters at a time, have been ſeen to go into *Dublin* with wounded Officers.

Gov. That muſt needs give *Derry* a bad Name. All that we are to do now, is to husband our Proviſions. —— Come, *Granade*, let us go and Viſit *Evangeliſt*, and ſee how our Stores hold out. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Iriſh* Camp:

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, Dorington, Wauhop, *and* Bohan.

Ham. JUST when I was full of Expectation of ſomthing to be done, by the Deſertion of a Regiment from *Derry*, you ſee they Mount by Detachments, not a Colour or a Pike amongſt them, but the glittering of their Muskets.

Sheld. The Gallows take them, they have Smok'd our Deſign.

Dor. And well they may, ſince they have one that manages for them: I told the Lord *Tirconnel*, who offer'd five Hundred Pounds for his Head, when he gave us a Stroke at *Antrim*, and kill'd ſo many of our Men, *That if he ever came*

to

to Command in Derry, *all the Art he cou'd uſe wou'd not get him out.* There is not a Night ſince we came to this place, but he has a Spy amongſt us to get Intelligence; nothing is left but Starving, and then you may have him, but not otherwiſe.

Ham. I am reſolv'd to try if Money or Preferment will work upon him.——

Enter an Expreſs. Delivers a Letter.

(Hamilton *Reads.*)

SIR,

THE King is much diſſatisfied at your ſlow Proceedings, and the great Defeat you met with, the loſs of ſo many conſiderable Men. — *Mareſchal* Roſin *is marching to Summon* Inniſkilling *with Ten Thouſand Men, and then will advance to join you; His Majeſty is impatient till this Town of* Derry *be reduced, it ſtops all his Meaſures, and utterly ruines the Cauſe. The Eight Hundred Men ſent to the Lord* Dundee *are ſafely arriv'd in the Highlands of* Scotland: Edinburgh *Caſtle is ſtoutly Defended by His Grace Duke* Gordon.

Our great Concern is yet retrievable, had we but Derry *in our Hands; the Artillery, Arms, and Ammunition that is in it we cannot be without.* —— *Our Friends on the other ſide the Water are in great Expectation of our hourly Landing, and great Preparations are making both in* England *and* Scotland, *and admire we are not there long before this.*

Farewel.

Famine and Plague light upon this Town of *Derry*, they ſtill perſiſt, and glory in their Wickedneſs, Pride, and Rebellion. —— I'd take them in my Boſom, they ſhou'd have all this Kingdom cou'd afford, if they wou'd but reform, and not run headlong to Deſtruction: They may be aſſured, no Promiſe I make, but on my Honour I'd perform it; yet notwithſtanding this they are Building Two Privateers, which, I hear, will be Launched in two or three Days, which will ſo harraſs and fatiegue our Men, they'll half Die or Deſert. We muſt augment our Guards ſufficiently, eſpecially thoſe on the River ſide. —— I have nothing to ſend in return to this Expreſs, but that there are fifty or ſixty Ships diſcover'd at Sea, making for this Harbour, which no queſtion is for the Relief of the Rebels.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Derry.

Enter Governour, Granade, Camill, *with them a Country-man.*

Gov. REpeat again what you told me about the Shipping.

Countryn. 'Tis now five Days since I saw the *English* Fleet on the Coast of *Down* and *Antrim*, not far from *Carrigfergus*, steering their Course towards *Derry*; and at the same time we saw some Boats make for the Rokery Islands, where we were given to understand, that that Fleet was for the Relief of *Derry*; and that there was Five Thousand Land-Men on Board, under the Command of Major General *Kirk*, together with Ammunition and Provision for the Garison.

Cam. With your Approbation, Governour, let us have a Day of Rejoycing, the Bells to Ring, and at Night the usual Firings of our Cannon and Small-shot.

Gran. Let it be delay'd for a Day or two till my Spy comes in. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Granade *solus.*

[*His Arms folded, in a melancholy Posture.*]

Gran. This Rejoycing, and the good News of our being Reliev'd, does not satisfie, Famine and Pestilence does not yet appear, as is foretold, the Town torn in pieces by Cannon and Bombs: That part is not yet come to pass; —— Hunger-starv'd, no, no help of Relief, —— then some Bomb or Cannon ease me of my Grief.

Enter Forgus *with a* Scotch *Bonnet, a thred-bare gray Coat, and a Stick in his Hand, cringing and holding his blue Bonnet in his Hand.*

Forg. Yea are a brave Mon, Ise tauke Sarvice under your Honour's Command.

Gran. Was you ever a Soldier before?

Forg. Ne, in troth ne, Ise ne bear Arms —— (*Shrugs up his Shoulders*) —— in au my Leife.

Gran.

Gran. Where have you been all this time of the Siege, that the Garison has been in Action?

Forg. I was in Toon with my Wife and Berns, and now Vittel grows scarce, He sarve your Honour for a Pickle Meal.

Gran. Then 'tis for Provisions you come to serve; you begin now to be pinch'd, and your Wife and Children begin to want, and now you will serve the King.

Forg. In Troth, Sir, Ise no care muckle for Feighting. —

(*Shrugs up his Shoulders.*)

Gran. You'd eat, but you'd not fight; — go hang your self, I'll have no such Soldiers.

Forg. Ah quo, ken yea not you ean *Forgus?*

Gran. What the mischief, is this you, *Forgus*, our Town Major?

Forg. In my Sau, Sir, 'tis aw is left of him, Ise your Honours gued Servant.

Gran. Tell me what makes you in this obscure Garb?

Forg. I intend to go out and be a Spy in the Enemy's Camp, and see what they are doing, I'll be in again this Evening.

Gran. I wish you a safe return. [*Exeunt.*

(*Hautboys playing, Trumpets and Kettle Drums; when they cease, great Shouting and Huzzahs,* The *English* Fleet, The *English* Fleet.

Enter five Soldiers, shaking their Hats over their Heads, — Huzzah, The Ships, the Ships, just entring into the Harbour, Huzzah, Huzzah. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, Granade, Evangelist, *and* Camill.

Gran. Did I not tell you, that before three Months were at an end, we shou'd be Reliev'd both with Men and Provisions, Our Friends in *England* would never let us suffer for espousing their Interest, their timely Assistance would never be wanting.

Evang. God Bless King *William*, and let him for ever Prosper, whom we have truly and sincerely served, and has sent us help at last, and redeem'd us from the Jaws of our Enemies, and will in due time reward us for all our faithful Service, that have so truly defended his Interest, and fought his Battles.

Gov. They may see the true Affection and Zeal we have for the Protestant Interest and Religion, and probably fare as well

well as thoſe that fled, and ſigned an Inſtrument, *That this City was not tenable againſt a well-appointed Army.*

Camill. There will be nothing but Rewards and Gratuities for our Service; Forfeited-Lands we ſhall have more than we can do with.

Three Huzzahs without.

Gov. More Huzzahs yet!

Gran. Tis our Home Fleet is come in, our two Privateers that were Abroad

Enter a Spy.

Gran. What News *James*?

Spy. Relief is juſt at hand, a Fleet under Sail, making directly for the Harbour.

Gov. This confirms the good News we had before.

Enter an Officer of one of the Privateers, in Sea habit.

Off. According to your order, Noble Governor, we ſet ſail about twelve laſt Night, and ſailed Weſtward. The Enemy was Alarm'd, and gave us ſome ſhot from both the Shores; we return'd them two ſhots for one. The valiant Colonel *Monrath*, and Capt. *Barton*, Commanded the Land Forces: By break of Day we diſcovered the *Iriſh* Fleet; down went our Hammocks, every Man to his Station: In the ſpace of an hour we came up with them; they challeng'd us, we cry'd, *Whitehall*; off went a Broadſide, which made them ſtagger; immediately they ſtruck, and all were made Priſoners; the Captain was kill'd, and ſix of his Men.

Gov. What Officer art thou?

Off. I am, pleaſe your Honour, Lieutenant to the *Nonſuch* We gave the Town three Huzzahs at our paſſing by, and ſaluted the Kings Flag.

Gov. Let the Priſoners be ſent to the Goal, and if their Friends in the Camp will not relieve them, and ſend them Victuals, they muſt ſtarve, for we have none for them.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE

SCENE the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Mareſchal Roſin *with a Generals Staff*, Hamilton, Sheldon, Dorington, Wauhop, Bohan.

Roſin. THE account of theſe two Defeats the Rebels gave us, has put the King in a great Melancholy, but as I underſtand the loſs is far greater, than was repreſented in *Dublin*, no leſs than fifty Horſe-Litters in a drove, carrying wounded Men, moſt of them Field Officers, Captains, *&c.*

Ham. Ill fortune ſomtimes attends the beſt of Soldiers, there wanted not Men of great Experience and Conduct; if the King himſelf was here, he could not have pitched on a better Man, than Brigadier General *Ramſey*, his Skill and Experience capacitated him for a Mareſchal of *France*.

Roſ. Lieut. General *Hamilton*, and you Gentlemen, let us now retrieve our loſt Honour, and revive his Maieſties drooping Spirits. —— Little did he think, that the Rebels would give him ſuch an oppoſition; I have poſitive Orders to reduce this Rebellious City, coſt what it will. To morrow let all things be ready, and let us prepare for a general Attack.

Enter an Expreſs.

Exp. May it pleaſe your Excellency, the *Engliſh* Fleet has entred the *Lough* of *Derry*.

Roſ. What number are they?

Exp. About fifty Sale.

Roſ. I know what number of Men they'l carry; we had more Ships than thoſe when we left *Breſt*, and landed at *Kingſale*, and could not ſtove above five or ſix Thouſand Land-men: They canot be above that number at moſt; Horſe they can have none, and what do we care for their Foot? Theſe can give the Rebels but ſmall aſſiſtance.

Ham. To Morrow will be the day we'll place from the *Engliſh* Crown on King *James*'s Head, and deſtroy thoſe Rebellious Hereticks from the Face of the Earth; your Excellency has ordered a Grand Council to attend you this Morning.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to General *Hamilton's* Quarters, a ſpacious Houſe by a River ſide.

Enter two Servants, placing a Table and Chairs.

Enter Roſin, Hamilton, Galmoy, Sheldon, Dorington, *Sir* Ed. Vaudrey, *Ld.* Clancarty, *Sir* Neil O Neil, *Ld.* Strabane, *&c. All ſit down,* Roſen *at the Head.*

Roſ. GEntlemen, the ſmall Experience I have had in his moſt Chriſtian Majeſties Service, my Maſter, obliges me to tell you, that this Town would not have ſtood before him three days, and now it is full eight weeks, and had not I made theſe cloſe Approaches yeſterday, we had not gained any thing ſince our coming hither. *Bon, bon, per ma Foy,* they ſhall have graizing for their Horſes without the Town, to have them fat againſt eating time, with a Pox to them; Ha, ha, ha, *Meſſieurs bien fait bien fait pur ma Foy.*

Ham. Cauſe your Men to ſtand their ground, and no queſtion but the Town will be ſoon had.

Roſ. Gentlemen, do you agree, that to Morrow at Ten in the Morning, we make a general Attack on their Outworks?

All. We all agree, our Lives and All we'll lay down to ſerve his Majeſty.

Roſ. Lieut. General *Hamilton* take you the Command, I'll watch the motion of their Shipping, with My Horſe and Dragoons. —— Now I think of it, I'll ſend Major General *Sheldon.*

Ham. I partly know where our failing was the laſt time, we had not Horſe enough to ſuſtain our Foot, but now there ſhall be nothing wanting both of Art or Skill. In the firſt place, I have ordered my Batteries to play upon the Enemies Line, croſs the River, and the other Battery to play upon the Left, which lies on the other ſide of the Windmil, ſix Mortars ſhall play likewiſe. My Detachments ſhall be as followeth. (*Pulls out a Paper.*)

1. Five Companies of Granadiers, with Sir *Maurice Euſtace's* Regiment of Fuſileers; theſe to be ſupported with three Regiments of Foot. This to be in the Center, which I call the Windmil Attack.

2. Five

2. Five Companies of Granadiers, ſupported with three Regiments, between that and the River.

3. An Attack ſhall be at the ſame time Commanded by Brigadier *Dorington*, the firſt Battalion of Guards, the old Regiment of *Monjoy*, Commanded now by Col. *John Hamilton*, the Lord *Clancarty*'s Regiment; they to croſs the Meadow when the Signal is given, which will be at the diſcharge of three Cannon and three Mortars. Theſe are to force their Works on the North ſide the Windmil, and cut off the Rebels retreat to the Town.

4. The fourth and laſt Attack to be by three Squadrons of Horſe, to charge on the Strand, below the ſtone Ditch, and cut off their Retreat before they get to the Gates: Theſe to be Commanded by Brigadier General Lord *Galmoy*; a Reſerve of three Regiments of Horſe, and three of Foot, to ſupply any Defect.

Roſ. I approve mighty well of this Method; I'll go and ſee this grand Detachment drawn up, and thoſe Men I ſhall not like, you are to ſend others in their room. —— *Allons, allons, Meſſieurs, allons.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT the Fourth.

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor, Granade, Evangeliſt, Monrath, Camill, *and one Officer.*

Enter Forgus *with a Red old Coat, and an old Hat, a Bag by his ſide, a Bottle of Brandy, with two Leathern Straps over his Neck. crying* Brandy-Wine, Brandy-Wine,— Who buys my Tobacco? *Argent, Mon Tobac.*

Gov. WHO have we got here, ſome *French* Monſieur in diſguiſe, come to ſell Brandy and Tobacco? Seize him, ſeize him, ſearch him for Letters.

(*They ſeize him.*)

Forg. Haud, haud, Carles, haud, Ife eane of your eane Toon Bearnes.

Gran. Do you not know him?

Gov. Not I, I know him not.

Gran. 'Tis *Forgus*, the Town Major.

All. This *Forgus* our Town Major!

Forg. All that's left of him. ——

(—— *All Laugh.*)

Come, will any of you change Coats with me, and carry the Brandy Bottle.

Gran. Come, Governor, we muſt hanſle *Forgus*'s Brandy-Bottle; we have no great occaſion for Tobacco.

Gov. How much is this? —— (*Handling his Tin Cups.*)

Forg. This is a Penny; this Twopence.

Gran. Give me one of Twopence.

Forg. I muſt know if you have any ſmall money, before I fill any out, *The burnt Child dreads the Fire*; I have been often bit in ſelling my Brandy and Tobacco, — Drink a Groat or Sixpence, and then pull out a Crown-piece, and then for want of Change, they got my Goods on free-coſt. —— No Brandy without Money in hand. My Tobacco I get again, that they can't ſwallow down ſo nimbly, but no Brandy, no

ripping

ripping of Bellys. —— Come, Gentlemen, be Generous, drink half a Cob, or a Crown apiece, one of you treat the reſt, and then if you have a Guinea to change, or ſo, I know where to call for my Money.

Gov. Forgus, you'l make an excellent Brandy-Merchant,— come; I'll treat.

(Forgus *fills a twopenny Cup.*)

Forg. Gentlemen, 'tis always the Cuſtom for us Brandy Merchants to drink the firſt Cup.—— (*Drinks.*) I'll aſſure you 'tis the beſt in the Camp, there's none exceeds it, except the *French* General's *Ruſſea.*

(*Fills round; goes to one corner and lays down his Brandy Bottle and Bag with Tobacco, comes up to them; rubs his hands.*)

Now, Gentlemen, for the News. —— Mareſchal *Roſen* the *French* Genetal, is come into the Camp; Five Thouſand Men march in this Evening, and five Thouſand more to Morrow. —— This is to divert the *Engliſh* Forces from Landing, as is given out. All things are getting ready to Attack our Works at the Windmil. Forty Cart-load of Bombs are come into the Camp, Mortars and Battering Cannon come in to morrow. I ſaw the Enemies Foot cleaning their Arms, Officers riding backwards and forwards with Orders: I heard the Sergeants calling to the Soldiers to come and take Amunition; I went by the Artillery, and ſaw them Spunging their Guns; at laſt I ſaw the great *French* General, Mareſchal *Roſen* with all his Attendance, riding at the head of the Camp.

This Brandy-man's old red Coat is ſomwhat Lowſie, they bite my Back confoundedly. I muſt go and ſhift my ſelf, and then, Governor, I'll wait on you.

[*Exit* Forgus.

Gov. Now, Gentlemen, you ſee the *Philiſtines* will be upon us to morrow, we muſt have all things in readineſs.

Gran. That ſhall be my care, —— you ſhall ſee how bravely we'll receive them; we are bound to give them a meeting, and fight we will, for the Honour of our Religion, Prince, and Country; if we fall, 'tis in a good Cauſe.

Gov. We muſt have a Glaſs together this Night, who knows if ever we ſhall meet again: I fancy half a ſcore Bottles of the Biſhops *March*-Beer will not be amiſs.

Enter Forgus *leading in the firſt Lady, four Ladies following, all with half Pikes, a Piſtol in each of their Girdles, one with a red Campaign Coat, two with blue Campaign Coats, two with gray Camlet Coats, all with black Velvet Caps.*

1 *Lady.* Pray Governor, what Poſt ſhall we Women have to Morrow?

Gov. Why, Madam, you and theſe other Ladys muſt go to Church, and pray for our good ſucceſs, that our Arms may be ſtrong to Fight.

2 *Lady.* We beg your Pardon, Sir, you think we Women can do nothing. —— We can Fight, and have learn'd to fire both Musket and Piſtol.

(*Shoots off her Piſtol.*

3 *Lady.* Yes, Sir, and have learnt to toſs a Hand Granado.

4 *Lady.* And can Exerciſe both Pike and Musket.

5 *Lady.* And can make up as good a Regiment of Women, and I believe do as good Service, as any *Iriſh* Regiment.

1 *Lady.* If you fall, we'll fall; for we expect to live no longer: If we ſhould call for Quarter, 'tis ſorry Quarter they'l give us.

2 *Lady.* They'l hang us, as they did the Lady in the Weſt of *England*

Gov. But if you ſhould loſe a Leg or an Arm.

3 *Lady.* If the King provides for you Men, the Queen will do the ſame for us Women, provided we loſe them on Service

Gran. Then Ladies, if you are reſolv'd upon it, you muſt take War Names; you the firſt Lady, in the Red, muſt be *Amazon*; you the ſecond *Bætitia*; the third Lady, *Deborah*; the fourth Lady, *Felicia*; and the fifth Lady, *Gertrude*.

5 *Lady.* That's right, ſhe that brings up the Rear, is the ſecond Poſt of Honour. —— One Marriage with two Chriſt'nings, wou'd do well.

1 *Lady.* Talk of Marrying when we have beaten the Enemy out of the Field.

Gran. Play the old Tune, —— *Swaggering Roaring Wolley, thau't weelcome heame to me.*

Governor

Governour takes *Amazon.*
Granade takes *Bœitia.*
Camill takes *Deborah.*
Forgus takes *Felicia.*
Monrath takes *Gertrud.*
Officer brings in another Lady.

[Evangelist *sits down.*]

[*They all Dance.* —— *At the end a Servant brings Two Bottles of Wine.*

Gov. Ladies, here's all your good Healths. —— Good Succeſs to to Morrow's Undertakings.

[*Lady drinks to* Evangelist.

Evang. Let them not Proſper that deſign our Ruin.

[*Third Lady drinks to* Granade.

Gran. Victory and Renown attend King *William* and our Gracious Queen's Forces.

[*They all drink.*

So much for this, to Morrow for the Fighting part. —— *Forgus*, go and get me the largeſt Ship's Ancient you can find in Town, place it at the top Pinacle of the Church, let the bloody Flag fly; 'twill animate our Men to Fight, and give new Life and Courage. —— *England*'s Standard, Boys, *England*'s Standard, Ladies, upon the Top-gallant Head.

[*Governour and others leading out the Ladies.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Roſin, Hamilton, Sheldon, Dorington.

Roſ. I Am inform'd that the Rebels were extream Merry laſt Night.

Ham. 'Tis probable they'll not be ſo Merry to Morrow Night.

Sheld.

Sheld. They are overjoy'd on the account of the Shipping that is come into the Harbour to their Relief.

Boſ. But how do they know but this is *French* Shipping?

Ham. They have ſtill ſome private Intelligence, let us be never ſo careful; for they reported themſelves, when we had the laſt Parley with them, that the Fleet lay at *Carick-fergus*, which was almoſt as ſoon as we had it.

Enter an Officer.

Offic. And pleaſe your Excellency, the Men are under their Arms, waiting your further Command.

Roſ. Let Maſs be ſaid. [*Looking on his Watch.*
'Tis now half an Hour paſt Eight, when Maſs is over let them be ready at a Minutes warning.

Now for King James *and* Lewis le Grand,
We'll Charge them home, with Sword in Hand.
Unto their Gates we will our Foe purſue,
We'll kill and bang, and Rebels then adieu.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE changes to **Derry**.

Enter Governour, Granade, Monrath, Camill.

Gov. THE News we received this Morning, confirms that of laſt Night; about the Hour of Ten we ſhall be Attacked on all ſides, with Horſe and Foot. Mareſchal *Roſen* has ſworn *par vandre de Dieu*, he'll hang us all.—— Have a care, Monſieur, we do not make you ſhrink your Shoulders, and cry, *O mon Dieu!*

Gran. We muſt be ſure to level our Guns at their Officers, for One of them is better than Ten of their Men: When once they ſee their Officers drop, away *Teague* runs, ſets up the *Iriſh* cry, *Ho-lo-loo*, the De'l take the hindmoſt. He never Rallies again.

Gov. What number are we to have on our Out-works?

Gran. Five Thouſand of the chief of our Men, beſides an hundred Poſted behind each Regiment, for a Reſerve, not reckoning

reckoning our Scyth-men, and our Round-head Men, which are Posted on the River, to fall amongst their Horse; they must pass within fifty Yards of me, where I'le salute them with seven hundred shot; when they get by me the Scyth and Club Men fall amongst them: They'l find it very hard service to get with their Horse over our Stone Ditches; you shall see how they'l break, and swim the River.

(*A Scyth made fast in a big stick, four Foot long*; Roundheads, *a stick the same length, with a ball at the end, somthing bigger than a Man's Head, with twelve long Iron Spikes.*)

(Granade *draws his Sword.*)

The wish'd for Time does now draw near,
In bloody Field for us t' appear:
That Crimson Flag, which on the Steeple flies,
Tells Rosen, *that his Forces it defies:*
Teigues *Wounds are mortal, down he falls and Dies.*

Enter an Officer with four Scyth-men; another Officer with Roundhead-men.

Gran. Did these Men whet their Scyths this Morning?
Off. Yes, Sir, they are as keen as Razors.
Gran. March away. [*Exeunt*

SCENE changes to the *Irish* Camp.

Enter Rosin, Hamilton, Sheldon.

Ros. I want now to know if all's ready for a general Attack?

Enter an Officer.

Off. Please your Excellency, All's ready, we wait only your Excellency's Signal for Battle.
Ros. Go immediately and cause the Guns to Fire: Take care all's right. ——

'Tis not for James, *but* Lewis le Grand *we Fight.* [Aside.

[*Exeunt.*

Drums beat, Trampets ſound, Cannons Fire, ſmall-ſhot going off, a great Shout at a diſtance, with a ſhout ſomthing nearer; five Boys and Girls with Skains of Match over their Necks, crying, our Men want Amunition, Powder, Ball, *&c. five Boys with Musket-balls in their Hats; two Women running; firſt,* Weys me, my gued Maun is kill'd; *ſecond,* my dear Maun is wounded, Iſe gang and carry him a Dram. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Roſen *and* Hamilton.

Roſ. Never did Men ſtand their Ground like theſe Rebels, for notwithſtanding our Men were all under their Works, not one of them quitted an Inch; what ſlaughter did they make from their Flankers, and Breaſt-works?

Ham. They are Men of an undaunted Reſolution, far more couragious and bold than our Men: They level their Guns exactly, and do great Execution:——Ours ſhoot over their Heads, as tho' they were afraid to ſhoot off their Muskets. I have obſerved this Fortnight paſt, as ſoon as their Works were completed, it was their daily Exerciſe to train up their Men, and put them in the beſt method to defend them.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Our Horſe has leap'd over the Stone Ditches on the Strand, and have broke in upon the Rebels. *Dorington* puſhes hard on the North ſide of the Windmil. [*Exit.*

Enter another Officer.

Off, The Rebels give way.

(*A great Shout.*)

Hamilton *and* Roſin *ſhake their Hats over their Heads.*——Huzzah, Huzzah

[*Exit Officer.*

Enter a third Officer.

Off. The Rebels advanced up with a Reſerve of five hundred Men, and have quite Routed the Regiment of Guards, Brigadier *Dorington* is carry'd off, mortally Wounded.

[*Exit Officer.*

(*A great Shout within*: They Run, They Run.)

Enter a fourth Officer.

Off. Bad News! bad News! Our Granadiers are all beat back, ſix Troops of Horſe entirely cut off, Lord *Montgarret*'s Son, with many others, kill'd or taken Priſoners, and ſixty Volunteers of *French* and *Engliſh* loſt.

[*Exit Officer.*

Enter a fifth Officer.

Off. Colonel *Farrel* and Captain *Grimes* kill'd, Captain *Watſon* of the Guards, taken Priſoner, and an hundred more that I cannot name.

Roſ. Go and cauſe a Retreat, or I ſhall loſe my Army.

Off. They have Retreated faſt enough already, for our Men are all fled: Eight Hundred of the Rebels are in purſuit of them, and a Party of Horſe.

Roſ. Hell! Damnation! and Confuſion! That I ever came amongſt ſuch! I'll ſtudy till to morrow, but I'll form a Device.—— Hold, I have it already; —— I'll ſtarve all the Inhabitants of the North under their Walls, Man, Woman and Child; I'll ſend forth my Edict immediately, to drive all, old or young, of what Degree or Quality ſoever, that are within theſe eight Counties, protected or unprotected, I'll ſerve them all alike, without reſpect of Perſons.

We'll cruſh them all, — they all ſhall ſtarve and die,
Lewis le Grand *ſhall reign Victoriouſly.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter five Rapparees.

1 *Rap.* A falſe Alarm again, — Confound theſe Rebels, we have no Throats to cut yet.

2 *Rap.* I tink by de Maſh Book, dare ſill be allway de falſe Alarm.

3 *Rap.* We be doſe, de Rebels call Rapparees, we be de Kings gued Voluntiers.

4 *Rap.* Dere be none, dat be after coming in de Nort, but get dat worſh deir laubour axſhept my own ſhelf Joy.

5 *Rap.* Why Neighbour, you do be mauke de Rauviſh upon de young Womans, and when dere is a Purchas, you let others run away with it, my ſhelf and my Comrade do get my part amongſt de reſt, as muſh *Holland* Sheets, Daamask Tau-

ble

ble Clot and Napkin, with fine Linnen, as we can carry bot on our back, but what do dee ſay to Cheſts full of Plaat, Barrels of de Money, dat have been after hid, dare is Treaſure upon Treaſure in *Darry*.

1 *Rap.* 'Tis plawgy hard to get at it.

2 *Rap.* How my Teet water? Dis is de thirteen time I rid Whip and Spur twelve Miles; my Garran has ſtood dis fifteen day bridle and ſadle, expecting de good News. —— One time *Derry* is taken, den whip and ſpur;— Another time *Derry* is taken, den whip and ſpur juſt as we did now, I think de Devil be with *Derry*, it 'twill never be taaken.

3 *Rap.* My inclinaation is to Butcher des Heretic Dogs des Rebels;——

(*Pulls out a Skein out of his Pocket.*

Dis be to Sacrifize de Womans and Shildrens.

(*Takes a crooked Knife out of his Pocket.*)

Dis be to rip open de great Bellyed Womans.

4 *Rap.* Des are Weapons we never go widout de Pocket full, de Prieſt ſill not be after give us de Abſoluſhon widout dem, and muſt ſhow dem every time we go to de Maſh.

5 *Rap.* You vill ſee de fine Time in two or tree Mont, it us'd to be five Pounds for a Priſts Head, but now dou vill find it five Pounds for, vat do dey call dem, de Miniſhteers Head.

(*Scratches his Head.*)

And as de Prieſt tells us, dere is none to live in *Ireland* but de *French* Mans and de *Iriſh* Mans.

1 *Rap.* Fat no Quaakers? Dey maintaine de Regiment on deir own ſharge for *James*.

2 *Rap.* You be de Fool, de Quaakers be our own Peoples, de Jeſuite take care for dem.

3 *Rap.* Come, de fray be over, I vill turn back, I have de Cozen de Officer in de Army, dat vill ſend me vord, 'tis tought de *French* Engineer falls to de work in mining, in two or tree days dey vill not mind de Valls, dey'll run deir Vork into de Towne, and blow up de Market Plaaſh; dis is Trut, by de Hand of my good Goſſip.

5 *Rap.* They be de braave *Franch-man*.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to Derry.

Enter Governor, Granade, Evangeliſt, Forgus, Camill.

Evang. PRovidence does make us fortunate, and crowns all our Undertakings with Succeſs, and makes our City Invincible, our little Army Invincible; the Hand of Providence teacheth our Hands to War, and our Fingers to Fight.

Gov. Let that be the Subject of your Diſcourſe next *Sunday.* —— Let a Parley be beat for the Enemy to come and bury their Dead.

Enter two Soldiers leading a wounded Captain Priſoner, two more leading another Officer.

Enter Amazon *with her Gun reſting on her Arm, followed by* Deborah *and* Patritia, *leading a Captain of the* Irish *Guards, each Lady a Flask of Powder hanging by her ſide, Piſtols ſticking in their Girdles; their Hands and Faces beſmear'd with Powder: Two Soldiers challenging the Priſoner.*

Amaz. This Captain is our Priſoner, I came firſt to him, and with my cock'd Piſtol bid him beg his Life. —— Which he did, and gave me this Purſe of *Spaniſh* and *French* Piſtoles; and here, noble Captain, is your Purſe again, it may do you good now. —— Governor, judge you if he be not my Priſoner?

Gov. He is your lawful Priſoner, dear *Amazon*, and your proper Goods.

(One of the Soldiers puts his hand into the Priſoner's Pockets.)

Amaz. If you touch him ——

(Takes out her Piſtol.)

I'll ſhoot you thro' the Head. —— We *Engliſh* Women when we take Priſoners, are generous to them, we ſcorn to put our Hands in their Pockets. —— Forbearing his Wounds.

Gran. I proteſt, Ladies, you ought to be Chronicled, you were reſolv'd to attack where was the moſt honorable Service. — A Captain of the Royal Regiment of Guards, taken Priſoner by our Noble and moſt Couragious *Amazon.*

Amaz. Noble Governor, give us leave to ſee our Captive Captain well Lodg'd, and we'll wait on you. Come, Captain of the *Iriſh* Guards, you ſhall be well attended; tho' we are ſtout, we are both Merciful and Charitable, we'll every day come and Dreſs your Wounds.

(*Exeunt Ladies.*

(*Huzzah within.*) *Enter five Boys and Girls.*

Enter Felicia *and* Gertrud *with one of the Enemies Colours,* Gertrud *going before with two Carbines reſting on her Arm.*

Ger. Order the Colours *Felicia.* —— Noble Governor, we two were of the Party of eight Hundred that was upon the Reſerve, which was order'd in purſuit of the Enemy; we overtook an Enſign, who had ſlipt his Colours off the Staff, and was tying them about his Waſte, that he might run the faſter away: Half a dozen ſhot was made at him, and down he fell; the Soldiers were not long in getting off his Cloths, ſome got his Money, another his Watch; we deſired no more than the Colours for our ſhare. —— We are almoſt breathleſs, theſe Coats of ours ſo hindred us, that we could not run; had we had each of us a pair of Britches, we ſhould have been the formoſt in the purſuit.

Felic. The Gentleman had a very white Skin, tho' Red-hair'd; we ſaw nothing but his Breaſts, did we Siſter? For when the Soldiers went to ſtrip lower, we clapt our Hands before our Faces, and ran away with our Colours: Is not this true, Siſter?

Ger. Ha! ha! ha! This Girl makes me laugh in good earneſt. —— By a Letter or two he had in his Pocket, 'twas told me afterwards, his name was —— *Fleming*, Son to Sir *John Fleming*.

Gov. 'Twas bravely done, ſweet Ladies.

(Governor *and* Granade *kiſs them.*)

Ger. But Siſter, what is become *Amazon*, our Captain, and her Siſter *Bætitia*, and *Deborah*?

Gov. They are all come in ſafe, you will find them at their Lodgings, or with the Priſoner they took; they are now, as I ſuppoſe, Dreſſing his Wounds. —— *Forgus*, eaſe theſe Ladies of the Colours and Arms, and ſee them at their Lodging: I'le diſpoſe of them in the Church amongſt the reſt of our Trophies of Honour.

[*Exit* Forgus *and Ladies.*

Gov.

Gov. I would fain know what number of the Enemies Horſe were kill'd?

Evang. Between ſixty and ſeventy, as I am told.

Enter Forgus.

Gov. *Forgus*, go you and get what Butchers you can, and others, and have the Horſes Flead, and their Quarters brought into Town, and let their be Casks got ready, and Salt, they'l be a Months Proviſions; 'tis a great while ſince we had any freſh Beef, let me have a Diſh of Steaks ſent to my Cook, for my Dinner. —— Let a Parlee be beat for the Enemy to come and bury their Dead.

[*Exit* Forgus.

Gran. The next thing will be to know, what News from our Fleet; they have been in our Harbour theſe ſix or ſeven Days.

Evang. I was in hopes there might have been ſome Action between them and the *Iriſh* Army, before this.

Gov. I rather believe they are forerunners of a greater Fleet; they underſtand their Buſineſs better than we can tell them.

Gran. Had we ſome Proviſions from them, let them take their own time. —— I am fearful we ſhall be in want very ſuddenly.

Gov. Let order be given that the Gariſon come to half allowance.

Evang. That is already done: I wiſh we cou'd have but quarter allowance.

Gov. I find my ſelf very much indiſpoſed.

Gran. Marry, God forbid; you have got Cold in this late Action.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Roſin, Hamilton, Sheldon, Bohan.

Roſ. THO' you tell me that driving to the Walls will be an inhuman Action, and no precedent, yet I'll tell you, the moſt Chriſtian King my Maſter, has found out ſuch methods, in puniſhing his Heretick Subjects, in theſe late Times, that it wants a precedent, and I do not think it amiſs to learn of

of him; and do you think he'll be kinder to theſe People, than to his natural born Subjects?

Ham. But the King's Promiſe, and his Act under his Hand and Seal, to protect the Innocent, and ſuch as heartily Pray for him, and are good Subjects. ..... Would you have ſix Counties depopulated, violate the King's Hand and Seal, have ſo many Thouſands of Men, Women and Children, to famiſh, for the Rebellion of one proud City? —— You had better make a general Maſſacre, than ſtarve them under the Walls.

Roſ. Hereticks good Subjects! Ha, ha, ha, *Diable de Heretics*, Maſſacre them, that is a quick way indeed to ſend them out of the World, but that does not anſwer our Ends; when we get this City, we'll find an occaſion to clear the Kingdom of any more Rebellions. —— My Will and Command ſhall be a Law, and I'll be obey'd. ——

(*Knocks with his Foot.*)

Enter a Lacquy.

Go and call hither my Secretary.

[*Exit Lac.*

Enter Secretary.

Write preſently my Orders to all Quarters of *Ulſter*, both Town and Country, That, on pain of Death, they leave neither Woman or Child, but drive all to the Walls of *Derry*. There ſhall be no need of Mines, I'll level the ground with Dead Bodies, and ſo march my Army into the Town. A precedent! King *Lewis le Grand* is a precedent to all the World; Ha, ha, ha, *Morbleu!* three Months here and not gain *Ireland*, he'll no be ſix Months in gaining *England*. You be all very fine Shentlemen, you not know my Maſter the King of *France* yet.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Granade, Evangeliſt, Camill, Monrath, Forgus.

Gran. Since *Roſin* the *French* General has been ſo damnably mauld in the late Engagement, I have not yet heard what Project they have now in hand; 'tis carry'd very private, or my Spies wou'd have had it before now.

Evang.

Evang. Some ſay they are drawing down their Horſe and Dragoons, and ſome Foot, to hinder the *Engliſh* from Landing, and that they have left a ſufficient Strength to Block up *Derry*.

Enter a Spy.

(Monrath *goes to him.*)

Mon. Honeſt Man, you ſhou'd have more Manners, than to come in thus rudely; pray walk about your Buſineſs.

Spy. The Governor will not ſay that to me.

Gran. Monrath, he is one of my Acquaintance, I have great occaſion for ſuch as he: Come, what News?

Spy. The News now is, That the *French* General has iſſued out his Orders, to drive all the Inhabitants, Women and Children, (the Men he would not let come, for fear they ſhould joyn the Gariſon) to ſtarve under the Walls of *Derry*. The ſeveral Detachments of Dragoons received their marching Orders laſt Night.

Gran. This is like a Monſieur of *France*: Will their be no Protections allow'd, that were given by the late King *James*, and Lieut. General *Hamilton*?

Spy. Not one, Sir, all muſt be drove to the Walls of *Derry*, to ſtarve, old and young, rich and poor.

Gran. Have you any thing elſe of Moment?

Spy. Not any thing more.

Gran. Come to me anon.

[*Exit* Spy.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Here is one *Roach* an *Iriſh-man* come into the Town with a Crowd after him; he gives an account that he came from the Fleet from Major General *Kirk*; that he ſwam croſs the River, and left one *Crammy* to look to his Cloths, till a Boat was ſent to fetch him to the Town. This Man is now at Mrs. *Clifts*, that keeps the *Sun-Tavern* in *Ship-key-ſtreet*.

Gran. Let him be brought hither immediately.

Off. He is naked and without Cloaths, only a Cloak thrown about him.

Gran. Go to my Man, and let him take a Suit of my Cloths to wear.

[*Exit Officer.*

Gran. I am fearful this Fellow has ſpoyl'd our Buſineſs, he ſhould have let none known of his Meſſage till he had come to me, and no queſtion but that was his Orders; there are ſo

many Diſaffected People in this Town, that the Enemy will ſoon have Intelligence. —— *Camill*, go and let a Boat be ſent for Mr. *Crummy* immediately, we ſhall know nothing till he comes.

[*Exit Camill.*

Evang. It may be of great inconvenience, ſhould the firſt Meſſenger from the Major General miſcarry.

Gran. 'Twill make the Enemy to be ſo cloſe upon the watch, that it will be difficult for a Boat to Land any Men, but they'l catch them.

Mon. As far as I underſtand of the matter, the Buſineſs is well laid, if the Men have but Diſcretion to manage it right.

Enter Officer and Roach.

Gran. Well, what News have you brought from the Major General? I underſtand it is no Secret, ſince you have divulged your Buſineſs before you came to me.

Roach. I have no News to tell thee, the Man that I did come with he has all the Buſineſs When they did enquire for one that could Swim, I was brought to the Major General, and I was to ſwim over the Water, and to bring a Boat for the Gentleman to come and ſpeak to you; we did both of us come to the water-ſide, and he is ſtaying for the Boat. I was very cold, and I come into de Town to get a Fire, and I ſill go back preſently.

Gran. Why did you not hold your Tongue, and not tell from whence you came, till you came to me? and now the poor Gentleman will be hang'd by your Country-men, for your coming to warm you by the fire.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Sir, the Enemy has ſeiz'd Mr. *Crummy*, and carry'd him away to the Lord of *Lowth*'s Quarters, where they'l hang him for a Spy: They have left a ſtrong Guard on the River ſide in the place where they took him.

Gran. This is what I dreaded; have you not done very well to ruin a poor Gentlemen? If it were not for diſcouraging others that may yet come to us, I'd deliver thee up to the Enemy, and you ſhou'd hang together.

Off. What muſt I do with this ignorant Fellow that has ruin'd our Cauſe?

Gran. Not ſo ignorant neither, but rather believe his deſign was to ſerve his own Country-men, more than us. Let him go where he will, I have loſt a good Sute of Cloths by him.

The

The Major General will expect, with great impatience, to know in what Condition we are in, and how long we are capable to defend this Town, that he may take his Measures accordingly; and now this fellow has spoyl'd all: I admire that in the whole Fleet none but an *Iriſh-man* ſhou'd be pickt out, to ſwim croſs the River, eſpecially on a Buſineſs of this great Concern.

[*Exit Officer and* Roach.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Governor *Antony*, after five Days Sickneſs, our noble, brave Governor, is dead.

Gran. Alas! I am undone, my Fellow-Labourer in all our Diſtreſſes and Difficulties.

(*Pulls out his Handkerchief and wipes his Eyes.*)

What ſhall we do now? Greater and greater Miſeries increaſe upon us daily; alas! alas! I'm undone; Oh, my dear Friend is gone to take his Reſt, and has left me behind! O that I were to go with him!

(*Wipes his Eyes.*)

Evang. Marry, God Forbid, then we ſhou'd be in a miſerable Condition indeed. —— Rouze up your Spirits, and conſider what a heavy Stroke is coming upon us; let your Grief be moderate, and withal muſter up your utmoſt Skill, Experience, and Conduct, to divert the Ruin of ſo many Thouſands of Men, Women, and Children, that are now driven to the Walls of our City to ſtarve.

Gran. I have done. ——

(*Putting up his Handkerchief, wipes his Eys.*)

'Tis over, go and Aſſemble the chief Officers, and chooſe a Governor, for a ſupply of our departed Friend.

Evang. Alas, who can govern or manage ſo great a Concern, but your ſelf? No Man in the Gariſon can or will pretend to it, but you alone.

Gran. However for Decency ſake, and ſatisfaction to the Town and Gariſon; —— They'l think I put a Slight upon them, and aſſume that that is not my Right.

[*Exeunt* Evang. Camill, Monrath.

Manent

Manent Granade, Forgus.

Gran. Forgus, Call hither five Carpenters. —— [*Exit* Forgus.

—— So wicked and deteſtable a Deſign, and helliſh Contrivance, was never done or acted in any Chriſtian Nation before! —— Does *Roſin* think that this way of Barbarity will make me yield and Surrender this City, which is the Key and Fortreſs that is left in this Kingdom, for them to get over into *Scotland* and *England*, to practice the ſame there? —— No, this exaſperates me rather, and makes my Blood boyl, and to ſtudy a Revenge ſutable to this bloody Tyrants Cruelty. Far be it from me, to act or do any thing but what is Honorable and Juſt, but, on the other hand, when there is a caſe of Neceſſity, to ſtrain a Point is the more excuſable. —— This is then, to hang all the Priſoners I have in Town, without reſpect of Perſons. —— If they ſay, 'tis cruel, after Quarters given, to hang Men in cold Blood, 'tis no more than the *Monſieur* taught me, and 'tis what is agreeable enough, to follow the *French* Faſhions; and 'tis *Hamilton*'s Practice, *to give our Men Quarter, and then hang them in cold Blood.* —— It muſt be ſo, if the *Proteſtants* of eight Counties muſt ſtarve, by *Roſin* and *Hamilton*'s command, all the Priſoners in *Derry* muſt hang, by the Governor's Command. — If *Roſin* will remove the poor People from the Walls, and keep them from ſtarving, I'll keep the Priſoners from hanging.

Enter Forgus.

Forg. Sir, here are five Carpenters at the Door.
Gran. Let them come in. ——

Enter Carpenters.

(*A Chair ſet for* Granade.)

Do you, honeſt Carpenters, know how to erect a ſtrong Gallows, to hang all the Priſoners, thirty in number; for upon the firſt approach of the poor People that are driving hither, I'll hang all the Priſoners that are in the Town, neither Lord nor Knight ſhall be exempted; —— I am as abſolute in my Command, as Mareſchal *Roſin*, or *Lewis le Grand.*

1 *Carp.* Yes, Sir, we know how to build a Gallows, and how to hang them when we have done.

Gran

Gran. That is well ſaid, I'll find others to do that Drudgery, I'le pardon one of the Priſoners, to hang the reſt.

2 *Carp.* No Pardoning, we beſeech you, Sir, the beſt Imployment we have been put to theſe ſeven Years.

Gran. Since you are ſo deſirous of that Office, I am loth to hinder you of it. —— To Morrow Morning let me have it ſet up, on the double Baſtion pointing to the General's Tent; that he may ſee them ſwing as he lies in his Bed in the Morning; a Ladder and Pins very complete, or elſe I'le pull it down again.

1 *Carp.* You'l like it well enough; if I do not pleaſe you, then let me never carry my Budget of Tools more upon my Back.

[*Exeunt Carpenters.*

Gran. Now to pay the laſt Duty to our departed Friend the late Governor.

[*Exeunt.*

(Several Huzzahs without, God bleſs our new Governor.)

Enter two Officers and five Soldiers, Huzzah —— *Long live King* William, *and our gracious Queen.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Officers and five Soldiers, Long live *Granade* our Governor, Huzzah. *(Drums beat a March, Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, Hautboys playing.*

Enter Monath, *carrying the Sword of State, the Sword of Magiſtracy before him.*

Enter Governor *with a black Scarf about his waſte, Mourning Hatband and Gloves, leading* Amazon, *with a black plume of Feathers, black Scarf about her waſte; four Ladies with Scarves and Gloves,* Evangeliſt, Camill, Forgus, *&c. leading the Ladies.*

Gov. The Fidelity, Courage and Bravery of our departed Friend *Antony*, our late Governor, ought never to be forgot.

(Amazon *pulls out her Handkerchief and wipes her Eyes, with the reſt of the Ladies.)*

His Memory ought to be Recorded to after Ages; True to his Truſt, and Faithful to his Country. —— Next, you fair Ladies, that have ſignalized your Valours in this our late Action, and fair *Amazon* your Captain, the braveſt of Women, I Honour and Reſpect to the higheſt Degree: 'Tis you that

have gain'd the Battle, and to you we owe the Succeſs of our late Victory, and how ſhall we expreſs our Gratitude to you, who have been the Example of ſo great Valour! I'll lay down all at victorious *Amazons* Feet.

Amaz. 'Tis too great Honour you do me; you the brave Heroick Captain, *England*, our native Country, ought to Honour and Reſpect; and for you 'tis decreed to finiſh this great Work we have in hand. And altho' our late worthy Governor is dead and gone, yet on you depends our great Happineſs and Safety. Long may you continue your Health, ſhall be my conſtant Wiſhes.

Gov. O, faireſt Lady! fair *Amazon*, let me ſeal my Endearments on this precious Hand. Take me Priſoner likewiſe, you can dreſs and cure theſe Wounds your ſelf has made; the fragrant Balſam from this Hand, doth ſomthing eaſe my heart.

(*Kiſſes her Hand.*)

One word to the Publick. —— Now as to the Station I am in, ſince Fortune has brought me to be next, and ſupreme Commander in chief, under their Majeſties Government in this Kingdom of *Ireland*, my Country's Cauſe I'll maintain, the Proteſtant Intereſt defend, to the laſt drop of my Blood; and altho' but juſt as the Snuff of a Candle, ready to extinguiſh and expire, yet by the help of Divine Aſſiſtance, I hope to lay ſuch a Foundation, that ſhall make this Kingdom greater than ever. And what can be more Honour, than the King and Queens Lieutenant, and Governor of this famous Iſle and City, in the time of the greateſt Dangers. —— This entitles me to have this *Regalia* of Honour carried before me; give me the Sword, *Monrath.*

(Monrath *delivers him the Sword.*)

—— Thus I draw it, and the Scabbard I throw away, never to be ſheath'd till we have Conquered our Enemies, and the proud *French* Monſieur have overcome. —— That Bloody Flag aloft [*pointing to the Steeple*] bids Defiance to *Roſin*, *Hamilton*, and all their cowardly Army. —— 'Tis *England*'s Standard, and *England*'s Hero maintains it.

Blood ſhall run down in every Street and Lane,
Before 'tis ſaid, This Sword was drawn in vain.

(*Gives it to* Monrath.)

To you, fair Lady, we'll our Homage pay,
Who bravely unto Conqueſt led the way.
And thus each one ſhall humbly bend his Knee,
And you our Amazonian *Queen ſhall be.*
(He Bows.)

Drums beat a March, Trumpets ſound, Kettle Drums, as before.

The naked Sword carry'd by Monrath.
(Governor leads Amazon.*)*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE changes to the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Roſin, Hamilton, Sheldon, Bohan, Wanhop.

Roſ. THE Orders I ſent throughout every County, has taken ſuch good Effect, that they drive all, ſpare none, not ſo much as their own Kindred, that are Hereticks. Theſe *Iriſh* Dragoons are almoſt as good as our *French*; I cannot but laugh, —— what Howling there is amongſt the Great-belly'd Women, old Men, and young Children; you may hear them coming a Mile or two off. —— I hope to have ten Thouſand of them ſtarv'd before ten days be at an end. We expect three Thouſand will be driven in this Night from the *Lagan*, and other Places; moſt of the beſt Gentry have been on their Knees, reaching out King *James*'s Protection, under Hand and Seal. Ha! ha! ha! my Maſter, *Lewis le Grand*, has catch'd the Bird; Protection! Ha! ha! ha! that's a pritty Buſineſs indeed.

[*Exit* Roſin.

Ham. I abhor this way of dealing, and think it is the moſt Prophane and Villanous Thing that ever was acted. —— The King's Hand and Seal to be thus Violated, and that the poor Innocent ſhould ſuffer for the Rebellion of one Town.

Sheld. There are thoſe that willingly would loſe their Blood for the Reduction of this Place, but deteſt and abhor this way of acting, which is ſo Cruel and Barbarous, as no former Ages did ever yet parallel. ——

A

(A great Shriek of Women and Children.)

Ham. Hark, I hear the Crys and Shrieks of the poor Diſtreſſed, my Blood chils in my Veins, and a cold damp ſeizes my Vitals. —— A heavy Curſe comes along with theſe poor People, that are driving now to the Walls of *Derry* to ſtarve.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Derry.

Enter five Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* DOST thou hear the News, *Jack*?

2 *Sold.* What News?

1 *Sold.* Our Governor has given orders to hang all the Priſoners.

3 *Sold.* That will pleaſe me better, than any thing I have ſeen theſe ſeven years.

4 *Sold.* But when will it be?

1 *Sold.* That I cannot tell you, the Governor knows that beſt; but this I know, the Carpenters have Orders to build a Gallows.

4 *Sold.* I hope the Lord *Netherſold* will take the firſt Turn, his fat Carcaſs will make the Gallows crack.

1 *Sold.* They ſay it will be a mighty fine Gallows.

2 *Sold.* That it muſt needs be ſo, to hang an *Iriſh* Lord, a Knight, and a matter of twenty Eſquires.

3 *Sold.* Let us go and ſee if the Carpenters are ingenious at the Trade of Gallows-making.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor *with a Proſpect-glaſs in his hand, follow'd by* Forgus.

Gov. When I beheld off the Steeple, with this Proſpective-glaſs, People marching, I thought it had been a Reinforcement of their Army, till I ſaw crowds coming along, and heard the Crys and Shrieks of poor Diſtreſſed Men, Women, and Children; it pierc'd my Heart to think of this *French* Tyranny. —— O Horrour! Black and Diſmal! What wou'd I ſuffer for the ſake of theſe poor Innocents? But to Surrender would be deſtructive both to them and us, let the Capitulation be what it wou'd. —— *Forgus*, take a Guard with you, and put all the Priſoners in the Dungeon, and bid them prepare

pare for Death to Morrow at Eleven. —— Does the *French* General think to daunt me by this way of Dealing, no, it gives me freſh Courage; I'll hang theſe Priſoners under my charge, and hundreds more, before this Town ſhall yield.

Enter five Carpenters, and five of the Mob.

1 *Carp.* Pray, Noble Governor, which of the Priſoners ſhall we hang firſt? The Ropes are all ready made. —— Here is an old Hangman that is balling and making a noiſe, *that we are going to take his Trade out of his Hands.*

(*Shews a very ugly black Fellow call'd* Black Jack)

Hangm. Theſe Freſh-water Carpenters pretend to my Trade of Hangman: I'll agree to it, ſo I may be Hangman General. —— They are miſtaken, there is a great deal of Art in tying the knot, and to place it under the left Ear. —— I can tell how many kicks they give before the Gullet cloſeth. The *French* way of Hanging is a baſe Buttcherly way: None has ſo clever a way of Hanging, as we *Engliſh* Hangmen. I ſerv'd Journy-man to *John Catch*, Eſq; attended the *Old Baily* for ſix years before I ſet up for my ſelf, and for Quartering, there's not a Man in *England* does it finer than my ſelf, tho' I ſay't.

Gov. Hold, Gentlemen, there muſt be ſome Chriſtianity us'd, and not turn Men out of the World like Dogs, I have promis'd them they ſhall not die till to Morrow. I have granted a Prieſt to come to them, and to Morrow will be time enough, tho' you are in haſt, they are not.

Hangm. 'Tis reaſonable they ſhould have ſome time allowed, when I was Journeyman Hangman at *Newgate*, they had till the next Market-Day.

Gov. Do you chooſe *Black-Jack* to be Hangman General, I think him a proper Perſon, ſince there is ſuch an Art in Hanging?

All. Black Jack, Black Jack, Huzzah, *Black Jack.*

(*Mob tumbling over one another.*)

[*Exit Mob.*

Enter Forgus, *and one Officer.*

Off. The Priſoners deſire you would favour them ſo far, as to allow them Pen, Ink, and Paper, that they may write to their Relations and Friends.

Gov. Let them have it. —— How do they take it?

Off. They do not in the leaſt blame you, but they curſe the *French* General, for breaking the King's Protections, ſome are Crying, others Praying, moſt of their Diſcourſe is of the Barbarity of the *French*: They ſay it is a very hard Caſe, *that others who cowardly run away, ſhould be ſafe, and they that manfully ſtood their ground, till taken Priſoners, ſhould come to that ſhameleſs Death, as to be hang'd like Dogs.* — And then fall into Tears. 'Twould pity any Man's Heart in the World.

Gov. Go tell them, I have Reprieved them one day longer.

Off. They likewiſe deſire a Prieſt to come to them, and to be with them till Execution is over.

Gov. Which I grant likewiſe; let them name their Prieſt, and they ſhall have one. I'll allow but one: — Let a Parley be beat, and let him be brought into the Priſon to them; when that's done, let the Prieſt and two of the chief Priſoners appear before me, [*Exit* Forgus *and Officer.*

Enter two Servants, placing a Table.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Enter Amazon, Bætitia, *and* Deborah, *in their richeſt Attire.*

Amaz. Dear Sir, can there be any way thought on to ſave theſe worthy Priſoners?

Gov. No way in the World, fair Lady, but for the Enemy to releaſe theſe our Friends that are ſtarving under theſe Walls.

Amaz. 'Tis great pity they ſhould die ſuch an ignominous Death.

Gov. There is no way to help it, it wou'd appear to the Enemy as fear in me, that I durſt not do it; and on the other hand, 'tis pity ſo many Thouſands of Women and Children ſhould periſh with hunger and cold in the open Fields. But, to our comfort, moſt Valiant *Amazon*, I have projected a way to ſave both. —— Retire into the Alcove.

(Pointing to the Gallery.)

'Till be worth your Obſervation. ——

(The three Ladies go up into the Balcony.)

I'le lay the Plot, and let the cunning Jeſuits finiſh it.

Enter an Officer, bringing with him the Prieſt in Jeſuit's Habit, and two Priſoners in Morning Gowns, one with his Arm tied up with a black Scarf, the other with a Handkerchief wiping his Eyes.

Gov. Are you the Prieſt I gave admittance to come to the Priſoners? *Officer*

(*Officer and Priſoners retire.*)

Prieſt I am de very ſhame.

Gov. What is your Name?

Prieſt. My name is *Dominic*; ſome call me Fader *Dominic*.

Gov. That is as I wou'd have it —— (*Aſide.*
Is it not great pity that, by your pernicious Advice, theſe Gentlemen come to an untimely End?

(*Prieſt pulls out a Book.*)

Prieſt. By my Shoulvaaſhion, and by dis Maaſh Book dat is in my haund, I did know nothing of de mauter, 'tis de Devil de *French* General dat do all de miſchief.

Gov. 'Tis by your Council and Advice, Father *Dominic*, that the poor Proteſtants are ſtarving under the Walls of *Derry*.

Prieſt. No, by dis Book, 'tis de great *Franch-man* did do all, and dow we do not love de Proteſtant, we wou'd not do ſuch a ting for all de Vorld, and all de *Iriſh* Officer do ſay de ſhame ting.

Gov. Well, there is but one way for it: —— Go you, Father *Dominic*, and herd amongſt the reſt of the Prieſts, Officers and Soldiers, and raiſe the De'il; (and let *Roſin* lay him again, if he can;) ſpeak plainly, *That if the* French *General does not draw off the* Proteſtants, *and ſave theſe Gentlemen from Hanging, they ſhall all run into Mutiny; perſwade them not to handle their Arms till that be done.* You'll find he'll ſoon comply; if not, ſeize him, ſeize him, and ſend the *French* General to me, I'll make him cut a *French* Caper before he gets out again.

Prieſt. I vill go and maake de Prauctiſe upon it preſently; I and my Fader, and my Grand-fader, was my Lord *Netherfield*'s Followers, and I do tink it de great ſham for de *Frenchman* to maake de haug upon my Relawſhons.

Enter an Officer with a Basket full of Letters, and pours them on the ground.

Gov. I'll read none, but that which is to Lieut. General *Hamilton*, they are moſt of them on the ſame Subject.

(*Reads.*)

Sir, —(*to the Prieſt*) you may read which of them you pleaſe.

(*Prieſt*

(*Prieſt takes up one of them, ſcratches his Head, makes the* Iriſh *ſhrug, a wry Face, caſts up his Eyes, Villain, Rogue, Devil,* French *General.*

The Governor reads the Letter directed to Lieut. General Hamilton.

—— Obſerve, Father *Dominic.*

My Lord,

" THE Protected as well as others, that are forced un-
" der the Walls to ſtarve, has ſo exaſperated the Go-
" vernor, that we are all to die to Morrow. —— We have
" made our application to Mareſchal *Roſin.* but have had no
" anſwer. We are willing to loſe our Lives with our Swords
" in our Hands, but to die as Malefactors, is hard and cruel.
" Pray repreſent our condition to the General, and take com-
" paſſion on

Your moſt Dutiful, and dying Friends,

From the Dungeon in Derry, — 1689.

Netherfield,
Ed. Butler,
G. Aylmer,
Macdonnel,
In the Name of all the reſt.

Let theſe Letters, (when the Parley is beat,) be carry'd to our Out-guards, and diſtribute them to none, but ſuch as they are directed to. [*Exit Off.*

Come, Father Dominic, *complete the thing;*
You'l ſave thoſe without, and your Friends within;
Merit from holy Church, and ſerve your King.
Nought ſhall this Title of your Worth annoy,
The Priſoners Safety, and the Peoples Joy.
In golden Letters your Name ſhall be engrav'd,
This great Piece of Charity by you was done;
'Twas Dominic *theſe worthy Priſoners ſav'd.*

Dom. *Let my ſhelf alone to manage de ting,*
No ſtarving widout, nor hanging widin.
And all deir Politicks *I'll dem oretrow,*
Dat wat my ſhelf ſhall ſay, ſhall be a Law.

Enter

Enter an Officer.

(Two Servants bring in a Table.)

Off. The Letters are all diſpers'd, and here is an anſwer from Lieut. General *Hamilton*: Before I carry it to the Priſoners, 'tis proper you ſhould peruſe it.

(Governor Reads it.)

Gentlemen,

" IN Anſwer to yours, what thoſe People are like to ſuffer,
" they may thank themſelves for, being their own fault;
" which they in Town may prevent, by accepting the Con-
" ditions that have been offer'd them; and if you ſuffer in this,
" it cannot be help'd, but ſhall be Reveng'd on many Thou-
" ſands of theſe People, as well Innocent as others, within and
" without the City.

Rich. Hamilton.

Gov. This is a very great Affront to you, Father *Dominic*, and your Relations, and I would have you take it ſo; *after they are hang'd, they'l revenge it on many Thouſands of theſe People, as well Innocent as others,* (pray mind that, Father *Dominic,*) *within and without the City.* —— How theſe two worthy Generals ſnarl and and bark, but cannot bite? —— *Roſin* and *Hamilton*, are none of your Country-men, they do not care if ten Thouſand *Iriſh* were hang'd to Morrow.

Dom. Det is de very Trut, by diſh Book.

Gov. Here is a bag of a hundred Guineas, 'tis all I have at preſent about me, half of it I pray accept of, and when I ſee you next, I'll be more liberal.

Dom. By no means, Dear Joy, I cannot be tauking it at diſh time.

Gov. Indeed Father you muſt ——

(Opens the bag on the Table, and tells out fifty Guineas.)

I know moſt of the Money in your Camp is Braſs, and Gold at this time is a rarity, it lies in leſs room than braſs Money.

Dom. Let this great Preſhent be anoder time, Dear Joy, *(ſmiling.)*

(Governor puts it into his hand.)

Gov. By no means, Father *Dominic*, I ſhall think you do not love me.

Dom. I do love dee, and rader dan be unſheevil, I fill tauke dy Money; I'll go now and maake de Devil in de Camp.

(Pulls out his Maſs Book.)

By dis Book, and dis Hand, I give dee Tanks. ——

(Takes the Governor by the hand.)

De Peoples ſhall be taaken from de Valls, or dou ſhall have de *French* General.

Governor waits him to the Door.

[*Exit* Dominic.

Enter Amazon *with the two Ladies.*

Amaz. This contrivance of yours will be of extraordinary Purpoſe; 'tis ſo well laid, and ſo well managed, that I am ſure 'twill do; thoſe without, and thoſe within, ought for ever to pray for you.

Gov. The Gold, if nothing elſe, has a great Influence on thoſe of the Black Robe. —— 'Twill take the better, ſince I have your good Opinion. —— 'Tis a forc'd put upon Father *Dominic*, to ſave his Relations. And had we not ſav'd theſe Priſoners (which Providence order'd into our hands) we had been all loſt. —— You, Ladys, I muſt oblige to keep ſecret all that you have ſeen and heard, it is enough to ruin us all, if any thing ſhould be diſcovered; I have made this Jeſuit our Friend, and may do the Gariſon a kindneſs, in keeping Correſpondence with him. —— Fair Ladies, I'll ſee you at your Lodgings. *(Leads her out.)*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Roſin, Hamilton, Wauhop.

Roſin. IF this had been put in practice two Months ago, we might have had the hanging of theſe Rebels long ſince.

Wau. Theſe Rebels in the Town would never have ſeen their Wives and Children ſtarve under the Walls, and not relieve them. But we, forſooth, muſt preſerve their Wives and Children, whilſt their Husbands are Rebels in *Derry*.

Roſin.

Roſin. Very fine —— 'Tis a very pritty ting.

Enter an Officer.

Off. May it pleaſe your Excellency, the Rebels have ſet up a Gallows as high as a Houſe, the bloody Flag they have fix'd on the Church Steeple, the Lord *Netherfield*, and the reſt of the Gentlemen that are Priſoners in *Derry*, are put into the Dungeon, and are to be hang'd to Morrow Morning, and that which is worſt of all, Letters are diſperſt all over the Camp from the Priſoners, laying the fault of their Misfortunes to the *French* General. The Officers and Soldiers meet together by Droves, and are all in a grand Mutiny: One will not have his Cozen the Lord *Netherfield* hang'd, another will not have Colonel *Talbot* hang'd, as being a near Kinſman to the Lord *Tirconnel*; a third will not have Sir *Garret Aylmer* hang'd, a fourth will not have the Honourable Captain *Butler*, eldeſt Son to the Lord *Montgarret*, hang'd. And this thro' the whole Camp. —— You'l be ſeiz'd, you'l be ſeiz'd, and deliver'd up Priſoner to the Rebels in *Derry*; they'l ſee a hundred *Frenchmen* hang'd, before one of them ſhall die.

Roſin. Ah, Monſieur *Hamilton! quis que fait*, what muſt we do to appeaſe this grand Mutiny, me tink I have de pain in my Neck already?

Ham. Let the fault lie at its own Door. —— Theſe Barbarities may do in *France*, and where you have a *French* Army, but will not do here: —— You muſt call a Council immediately, and call off the poor People from the Walls, which will appeaſe the Tumult and ſet all right again. —— Theſe Gentlemen in the Camp will not be hang'd when you pleaſe, nor the Priſoners in *Derry*. The Great *Turk* ſhews ſome Reaſons when he deſtroys his Subjects, but you ſhew none. If your Excellency pleaſeth to walk, we'll go and conſult what may be proper to be done in this Grand Affair.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Derry, with a large Gallows repreſented on the Walls.

Enter Governor, Monrath, Camill.

Enter Forgus.

Forg. THE Mutiny in the Enemy's Camp increaſes, their Guards are all run out of their Trenches in Crowds, the Army cries, *One and all, one and all.* *Gov.*

Gov. All to your Poſt, to Arms, to Arms, march into the Field immediately.

(*Drums beating at every corner of the Houſe.*)

The Enemy is in a grand Mutiny, let's fall on, fall on, the day's our own. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Officers, running croſs the Stage.

Off. To Arms, to Arms, the Enemy is in a grand Mutiny.

Enter Amazon, Bætitia, *and* Deborah, *in their uſual garb, with their Arms.*

Amaz. Let's run and find out the Governor, to know where we muſt be Poſted. Now for another Captain of the *Iriſh* Guards. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Iriſh* Camp:

Enter Roſin, *and an Officer following.*

Roſin. O Miſerable?

(*Puffing and Blowing.*)

Diable de Mutiny, de Rebels, de Rebels are marching into de Field, and take Advantage by this Mutiny; I ſhall be hang'd, I ſhall be hang'd on yonder Gallows de Rebels have ſet up; go preſently and order Horſe and Foot to draw up into Battalioon.

Off. None of them will handle their Arms.

Roſ. Away and call off the People from under the Walls, tell them they ſhall have good Quarters, Money, Victuals, they ſhall all go to their own Homes. —— I ſhall be ſeiz'd, I ſhall be ſeiz'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, Bohan.

Ham. Well, 'twas a rare Contrivance, ha, ha, ha, ——

(*All laughing heartily.*)

This will be a joyful Time for the poor Priſoners that were to be hang'd in *Derry*. Well, 'twould have been a juſt Judgment had

had *Roſin* been delivered up, the Governor of *Derry* would certainly have hang'd a Mareſchal of *France*; I'll make him a Preſent of a Dozen of Claret for this Mornings Work.

Sheld. Well, I'll ſay that for him, he has not his Trade to learn; 'twas a moſt extraordinary Stratagem: —— This ſhews he is no Novice, or that he wants Skill in the Military Art, to ſave the Gentlemen Priſoners in *Derry*, and at the ſame time releaſe the poor People that were under the Walls.

Ham. Was it not ſtrange he ſhould make a Mutiny in our Camp? *Bohan*, we muſt go and viſit Mareſchal *Roſin*, and ſee how he does after this great fright.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Sir, the poor People are all releaſed and drawn from the Walls of *Derry*, by the General's Command.

Ham. Needs muſt when the De'l drives. ——Give theſe five *Lewis d'Ors* amongſt them, which is all the Money I have about me, let there be alſo ſome Proviſions diſtributed, for I very much pity them, thoſe Women and Children that are half ſtarved, alas, when they return home, all is Plundered and taken from them, nothing but hard ground to lie upon; the ſwarming Locuſts, the Rapparees, that follow the Army, devour all. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor, Evangeliſt, Camill, Forgus, *the naked Sword carry'd before the Governor, who leads* Amazon, *two Ladies following.*

Gov. GO you, *Forgus*, and give Orders that the Priſoners return to their former Lodgings. Call to the Enemies Guards that they immediately bring Victuals and Drink to the Priſoners, they have had nothing but Water; the *French* General did not think that I would allow Proviſions to be brought in, and our People ſtarving, they have taſted what it is to ſtarve, as well as thoſe without. —— Well, ſince the *French* General is ſo merciful to keep them from Hanging, let our mighty Gallows be lower'd down, that the half may hang over the Wall, that if ever they play us ſuch a trick again, our Men will ſoon raiſe it up.

Forg. Will you have the Flag taken down?

Gov. Only in the Night, that, with the Gallows ſhall keep *Conrade de Roſin*, Mareſchal and General of the *Iriſh* Army, in awe; beſides, this Flag tells our General that is on Shipboard, that we are ſtill alive.

[*Exit* Forgus.

Valiant *Amazon*, your Requeſt and Deſire is granted, no hanging, no diſtreſſed Proteſtants ſtarving under the Walls, Crys and Shrieks of the Diſtreſſed will be no more heard.

(*Offers to kiſs her hand.*)

Amaz. That's too great a diſtance, you may now, without the leaſt offence, make your Approaches nearer: Your great and wiſe Management in this affair, has overcome all, conquered and taken Poſſeſſion.

Gov. O, fair *Amazon!*

(*Stoops with his Head, and kiſſeth her Cheek.*)

Nothing on Earth ſo great a Happineſs! Thus honour'd by *Derry*'s Protectoreſs.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Here is a Preſent ſent you by Lieut. General *Hamilton* of a Dozen Bottles of Wine, and to Morrow he'll ſend you a fat Sheep.

Gov. Give a taſte of the Wine to the Meſſenger, for fear of Poyſon. —— Call him in.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Gov. My Service to Lieut. General *Hamilton*, and tell him, *I have nothing in return for ſatisfaction, unleſs it be to releaſe one of the Priſoners, whom he pleaſes to name.*

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

There is ſome Rogury in hand, or elſe *Hamilton* wou'd have been far enough before he'd have ſent me a Dozen of Wine.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Sir, here are two Priſoners deſire admittance.

Gov. Let them in.

Enter two Priſoners.

Ld. *Netherſield.* Sir, We in behalf of our ſelves, and the reſt

reſt of the Priſoners, congratulate your good Succeſs, and do aſſure you, *That our ſelves, and all that we have, is at your Service; and our Prayers night and day, ſhall be to preſerve you from your Enemies.*

Gov. My Lord, what Service I can do you, ſhall not be wanting.

(——*Waits on them to the Door.*)

[*Exeunt Priſoners.*

Enter Servants ſetting a Table, laying a Cloth, and placing Chairs.

Gov. You Ladies and Gentlemen, this Preſent coming ſo opportunely, I invite you all to a Bottle of Wine that is ſent me, and ſuch other Entertainment for eating, as our preſent circumſtances will allow; as it is, take it, and you are very Welcome.

Enter a Servant, and ſets three Diſhes on the Table.

(Governor *leads* Amazon, *and places her at the head of the Table, the other two Ladies ſit by her, the reſt take their places.*

Gov. This firſt Diſh you ſee in ſlices, is the Liver of one of the Enemies Horſes that was kill'd the other day; it's very good Meat with Pepper and Salt, eaten cold, I have ſeven of theſe Livers boyl'd, and after pickled in water and ſalt, they keep very well: This other is Horſe's Blood, fry'd with *French* Butter, otherwiſe call'd Tallow, thick'ned with Oatmeal: The third Diſh is what we call in *French Ragout de Chien*, in *Engliſh* a *Ragoo*, of the Haunch of my Dog *Towzer*, it does not eat ſo well boyl'd as roaſted, it's ſomthing ſtrong; but bak'd it eats the beſt. I have a Horſe-head in the Oven very well Seaſoned; but it will not be eatable till Night. My Cook tells me the Horſe was ſomthing old, which makes it require the more baking. —— Give me a glaſs of Wine, and I'll drink theſe Ladies Healths.

(Amazon *pulls out of her Pocket half a brown Bisket.*)

Amaz. Pray Sir, accept of this; 'twas given me this Morning by our Captive Captain, when I was ſeeing his Wounds dreſs'd.

Gov. By no means, Madam, I'll not rob you of ſo great a Dainty.——

(*They all eat well of the ſeveral Diſhes.—Then riſe.*)

Enter

Enter one with a bag of Pebble Stones, another with a bag of Oyſter-ſhells.

Evang. As I live, a ſecond Preſent from *Hamilton.* ——

(*Shells and Stones poured out.*)

Who can unriddle this Myſtery?

Gov. Somthing muſt be underſtood by this, who can conſter his meaning? —— (*Stirs the Shells,* — *appears a Paper.*)

Evang. (*ſtoops*) In this Paper the Myſtery is diſcovered.

(*Reads.*)

Let real Wine give you a taſte,
Truſt not, to what you think will come at laſt;
If now you Ship your Time, all's gone and paſt.

With Shells and Stones, you ſhall be rewarded;
Thus Derry *ſtands to after-times Recorded.*

Gov. (*Laughs*) A very pritty fancy, thoſe Wheedles will not do; let us but ſurvive this Siege, fare well, or fare ill, we ſhall hardly go to him to make our complaint. —— Ladies, to Morrow I invite you to a piece of Mutton, if Lieut. General *Hamilton* be as good as his word. —— King *William*'s Health, and our gracious Queens, and the Royal Proteſtant Family; Succeſs, Victory, and Renown, crown their Days.

(*They all drink their Glaſs.*)

—— Now, Ladies, I'll ſee you in your Lodgings.

(*Leads* Amazon; *the Sword carry'd before him, Hautboys playing.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, Evangeliſt, Camill, Monrath.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, here is one that has brought you a fat Sheep.

Gov. Bring him in; — a fat Sheep at this time is very acceptable.

Enter a Servant.

Gov. Honeſt *Jack*, How does thy Maſter? Has he not met with a North-Country Hug yet?

Serv.

Serv. 'Tis too ſoon yet; no queſtion but you'l give him one My Maſter, Major *Barkſhire*, who now Commands the Regiment of Guards, has ſent you a fat Mutton, and, for old Acquaintance, deſires you will ſend him a pair of *Holland* Sheets; he is poſted now in the room of Colonel *Dorington*, whom you ſent to *Dublin* in a Horſe-litter. —— You did maul 'em, Efack. God's Bleſſing be with you, I like not theſe *Iriſh* folk.

(*Governor knocks with his foot,*)— *Enter a Servant.*

Gov. Take theſe Keys and fetch a pair of *Holland* Sheets, and let them be given to this honeſt Man, when he is going away. [*Exit Servant.*

(Jack *ſteps up to the Governor and whiſpers him*; *I wou'd have a word or two in private.*)

Gov. This word or two in private was never yet allow'd by me, ſo that I muſt deſire you to tell your Meſſage publickly.

Evang. Pray, Sir, give the young Man Audience in private, we'll leave you.

Gov. Pray, Gentlemen, ſtay.

All. By no means, Sir, your humble Servant.

[*Exeunt.*

(*Servant pulls a Letter out of his Boſom, and delivers it.*

[*Exit* Servant.

(*Governor Reads it.*)

SIR,

" MAreſchal *Roſin*, and Lieut. General *Hamilton*, highly " approve of your Conduct: They made choice of " me (knowing you very well) to ſend this, and to let you " know, that they are very ſenſible of the ill Circumſtances " you are in, and ſo unfortunate, as to engage in that Service " which will prove your utter Ruin. —— You have now a " fair opportunity to retrieve your former Miſtakes, and prove " Loyal; and Mareſchal *Roſin*, Lieut. General *Hamilton*, and " my ſelf, will engage you ſhall have a ſutable Reward, and " good Preferment; which is, to put *Derry* into our hands; " it having retarded the great Succeſs that did attend his Ma- " jeſties Arms both in *England* and *Scotland*. —— Let this be " ſpeedily comply'd with, your Propoſals ſhall be readily " granted, and ſent back Signed and Sealed by both Generals; " Ten Thouſand Pounds in Bills, to be paid you either in *Eng-* " *land* or *Ireland*, for this great Service.

BARKSHIRE.

Enter Servant.

Gov. Jack, follow me, I'll ſend thy Maſter an Anſwer preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Camill, Monrath, Forgus.

Cam. We ſhall know preſently what this private Buſineſs is that is ſent to the Governor, on a pretence of a preſent of Wine, and a fat Mutton.

Monr. 'Twas not for any love either of the Generals have for the Governor or Gariſon, I dare ſware.

Enter Governor.

Gov. I received a Compliment from *Roſſn* and *Hamilton*; 'twas not for nothing they ſent in the Wine and fat Sheep.—There is one Major *Barkſhire*, my old Acquaintance, ſent for a pair of Sheets, not that he wanted them, I verily believe, but that he might have an opportunity to convey this Letter.—*Camill*, read it, and then give it to the other two.—Read this my Anſwer.

(Camill *reads*)

SIR,

"I Peruſed yours, and am very much obliged to Mareſchal "*Roſin*, and Lieut. General Hamilton, that have ſo good "an Opinion of my Conduct.—If theirs had been as good, "they had been Maſters of this Town long ſince; 'tis our "great happineſs to meet with ſuch an eaſie Enemy.—I "very well know of what Importance this Place is to the "Proteſtant Intereſt, and to my Maſter King *William*, whom "I now ſerve: He is capable of rewarding me, and thoſe "under my Command, without paying us in Braſs Money.— "For the Ten Thouſand Pounds, I value it not a Pin, and "if your King would give me the Church full of Gold and "Silver, I'll never betray my Country's Cauſe. I have en- "gaged my Honour for Performance, and my Word of Ho- "nour I'll keep.—*Farewel.*

GRANADE.

Gov. Gentlemen, how do you like it?

All. Extraordinary well.

(*Governor*

(Governour takes a Wafer out of his Pocket and ſeals it.)

Gov. Call in the Servant.

Enter Servant with the Holland *Sheets under his Arm.*

Here, *Jack*, is an Anſwer to thy Maſter's Letter, beſure you bring me a fat Sheep to Morrow.

Serv. I'll bring a couple if I can.

[*Exit Servant.*

[*Governour holding the Letter in his Hand.*]

Gov. 'Tis not ſo much this Town they look for, but to go for *Scotland*, join the Forces there and in *England*. Ten Thouſand Pounds to be paid in the firſt place, and then other great Honours: All this would not let me die quiet in my Bed; to be accounted a Traytor to my Country. —— If King *William*, nor *England*, never give me a Groat for the Service I have done them, let the Fault lie at their Door, and Hiſtory Record my hard Caſe; I ſhall have an eaſie Conſcience, and true *Engliſh* Blood runs in my Veins. To be accounted all my Life a Betrayer of my Country! Let the worſt come to the worſt, I'll die in a Breach with my Sword in my Hand, they ſhall never have the Hanging of me, or think I'll take Quarter. ——— But, to our Buſineſs, O brave *Derry!* thou art the Bulwork of three Kingdoms, thou hold'ſt out ſtill: If ever thou be reduced, and this *Iriſh* Army Land in *Scotland*, farewel *Ireland*. But there will be ſome Diverſion yet, before we make our *Exit*. When all is gone, and not a Morſel left, we'll march out, and ſell our Lives at the deareſt rate. O cruel Shipping! that will afford us no Supply, no compaſſion of this our great Miſery! No Means or Help theſe fifty Days, and now to be with Famine ſtarv'd!

[*Pulls out his Handkerchief.*

Our conquering Arms do ſtill our Foes deſie,
'Tis not for want of Courage, but of Bread, we die.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Roſin, Hamilton, Sheldon, Barkſhire, *his Man* Jack *ſtanding by the Door.*

Roſ. WAs ever ſuch an audacious Letter ſent to a Mareſchal, a General of an Army, upbraided with Cowardice, repartee'd, affronted, and laugh'd at? Hell and Confuſion!

Ham. In the midſt of their Miſery, to make a return with Scorn and Contempt. —— Well, I'll ſay that for the Governour, never was a Man endow'd with more Courage and Reſolution.

Barkſh. If he were mounting the Gallows he'd be the ſame.

[Jack, Barkſhire's *Man, goes up to his Maſter.*

Jack. Sir, Sir, you forget the other Sheep; I aſſure you the Governor will want it.

Barkſh. Let him want it.

Jack. But, Sir, you promis'd to ſend it him, I never knew you worſe than your Word.

Barkſh. Hang them all; I ſend a Fat Sheep!

Jack. Then I'll go back with one of the Sheets, was it not for each Sheet a Fat Mutton? I am ſure it coſt you nothing.

Barkſh. You had as good be hang'd in one of the Sheets.

Jack. The Governour told me the Sheets coſt him Three Pounds; Will you not ſwop Commodity for Commodity, nor ſend him neither Money nor Sheet? I muſt tell you plainly, the Governour is much Honeſter in his Dealing than you are.

Barkſh. Be gone, you Son of a Wh——; if you had not ſerv'd me theſe Ten Years, and been Faithful, I'd turn thee out of my Service.

Jack. Well, Sir, I ſee there is neither Honeſty, Law, or Juſtice in our Camp. [*Exit* Jack.

Roſ. Patience, Patience, Meſſieurs, Patience,—— Will not all theſe Parleys we have every Day beaten to them, take no effect? Nothing oblige them to underſtand their own Intereſt? They ſee the Shipping is not able to afford them any Relief. That Governour that had *Orange*'s Commiſſion, was willing to Surrender, and did all he could to accompliſh it, but could not: Here is one that has not the Prince of *Orange*'s

Com-

Commiſſion, that can do it, but will not, on any Conditions whatſoever. Is not this a miſerable Caſe?

Sheld. It does but harden them in their Obſtinacy; they'l come to no reaſonable Terms. —— When all wou'd not do, we ſhot into the Town Bombs filled with Sand, Letters tied to the Fuzees, to amuze the Soldiers; made large Propoſals, if they would Surrender, or deliver up their Officers, to be freed from the Miſery and Slavery they lay under; we were in hopes it would have caus'd a Mutiny, but nothing will do. The laſt Parley we beat to them, we brought them to this, to hearken to ſomthing of an Accommodation.

Roſ. This is ſomthing however, and 'twill be a great Honour to us to have the Town at laſt in our Hands. Then, by my conſent, if we can bring them to Surrender on honorable Conditions, let us diſpatch and do it, that our Men may go into ſome comfortable Quarters; for we have loſt one half of our Men by Sickneſs and Deſertion, and the chance of War.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter two Servants, and place a Table and Chairs.

Enter Governor, Monrath, Camill, Forgus.

Gov. GEntlemen, You ſee our Gariſon is very much diminiſhed by Sickneſs, our Men grow weak and feeble; I'll have no Guards kept in the Town, except one with an Officer and thirty Men, on the main Guard, the reſt ſhall take their eaſe. *Forgus*, read this Order.

(Forgus *reads.*)

ORDERS and DIRECTIONS for the better Regulating Their Majeſties Gariſon of *DERRY.*

I.

" That as ſoon as the Gates are Lock'd, and Keys carry'd " to the Main-Guard, and Orders given out, all Officers repair " to the ſeveral Places hereafter mentioned.

II.

" All Field Officers, and Captains, not on Duty, repair to " the Governor's Houſe, near *Butchers-Gate*; Lieutenants to " Sir *Matthew Bridge*'s Hall, near *Ship-key Gate*; Enſigns to the " Biſhop's Houſe, near *Biſhopſ-gate*; Sergeants to the Houſe of " *Francis Hunts*.

III.

" The Soldiers of each reſpective Company are to be in one " Room in their Quarters, where they may take their Reſt; " their Arms prim'd and charg'd, and ſet regular againſt the " Wall, with Candles burning: No Soldier to pull off his " Cloths during the Night.

IV.

" That upon an Alarm, all Officers repair immediatly to " their reſpective Companies, and march to their Alarm Poſts, " and Man the Walls with the greateſt ſilence imaginable: " Ten Men of each Company to be prick'd down at Night, as " a Reſerve, to ſtrengthen the Out-lines, in caſe of an Alarm: " and this to be a ſtanding Order.

V.

" That one Field-Officer, and ſix Captains go the Rounds, " and as one Round comes in, another goes out: This to con- " tinue till Day-light: This I call the Grand Round. The " ſame number and method, for Enſigns and Lieutenants; " when their Rounds meet, the Enſigns to give the Word, " and both to the Governor, *Grand Round* and *Round Major*.

VI.

" The Governor is to have two Field-Officers, two Cap- " tains, two Lieutenants, and two Enſigns to attend him, " when he goes his Rounds, with ſix Sergeants to go before: " So many are to attend the Governor every Night, without " going any other Round: This I call the *Governors Round*.

VII.

" All Rounds that meet the Governor, are to draw into one " Rank, with their backs to the Town, the Commanding

" Officer

" to advance and give the Word, and to continue ſo till the " Governor paſſeth.

VIII.

" The Town-Major when he goes, which I call the *Round* " *Major*, conſiſts of two Lieutenants, one Sergeant, and ſix " Soldiers, he is to take from the Main-guard, and to go but " one Round: He is to viſit all the Out-guards, the Officers of " which are to give him the Word, except the two Colonels " who Command in the Field, to them the Town Major is to " give the Word: He is likewiſe to examine ſix, or more, of " the Arms of every Guard, and to give the Governor an " Account at his return.

IX.

" Thirteen Sergeants are to go the Rounds, as one comes " in, the others are to go out, and what Rounds they meet " with, they are to fall into one even Rank, the eldeſt Serge- " ant at the head of the reſt, and to advance and give the " Word, and to ſtand ſo till the Round be paſt.

X.

" If in going the Round the Town-Major find any of the " Soldiers Arms unfixt, or not charged, or not a ſufficient " quantity of Amunition, the Officer to be confin'd for four " and twenty hours; the Sergeant put on the Main-Guard for " that time, and the Soldiers to ride the Wooden-Horſe, both " in Town and in the Field.

XI.

" At the Firing of two Guns from the Royal Baſtion, " which will be at plain Day-light, all the Burghers are to " march to the Walls with their Arms, and all others that are " not under Command, or Liſted in any Company, and thoſe " to continue till Eight in the morning; whilſt the Governor " and others take their Reſt, and refreſh themſelves. And " if any of the ſaid Burghers or others, do not appear when " the Roll is called over by Captain *Pilat*, (who is appointed " to Command them) and anſwer to their Names, they ſhall " forfeit half a Crown for the firſt Offence, the next five Shil- " lings, and the third offence, to be turn'd out of the Gates to " the Mercy of the Enemy.

XII. " If

XII.

" If any Officer ſhall not duly come to the ſeveral Places " appointed aforeſaid, every Night, for their going the Rounds, " and anſwer when their Names are called, (without good " Cauſe ſhewn to the Governor the next Morning) that Of- " ficer ſhall, for his third offence, be accounted a diſaffected " Perſon, and Caſhired at the Head of the Regiment, and " ſuffer Impriſonment during the Siege.

Gov. Theſe Orders, Gentlemen, I muſt have fairly written, and placed on the Market-Houſe, and on every Gate of the City, and on the Windmill, that none may pretend ignorance. I know a Copy of it will ſoon be ſent to the Enemy by the diſ-affected Party, but it will do us no hurt, but good, and make them deſpair of thinking to ſurprize us.—— *Forgus*, go you to the Town Clerk, and tell him, 'tis my Order that he and his Aſſiſtants write over ſeven of them.—— And for the more ſtrengthening this my Order, every Officer in Gariſon is to Sign it.

(*The Governor Signs, and then the reſt.*)

Enter Evangeliſt.

Evang. All our Stores are now exhauſted, we have but as much as will ſuffice for ten Days, and then the Lord have Mercy upon us.

Gov. That is great pity this Town ſhould be loſt for want of Bread; now if we had but ſome of our diſgarded Governor's Carrion Beef; — *'Twas too poor* (crys he) *the Soldiers will not eat it.* For that Reaſon we muſt have none.—— Two things he took ſpecial Care of, Amunition to be brought into the Town, and Proviſion to be kept out; if not ſo contriv'd, they wou'd have been of no uſe for the Enemy: We ſhould be happy People, had we but ſuch Carrion Meat now.—— There be many ſuch, that love the profitable part of a good Sallary, and the Honour of being Governor of a Town or City, but when put to a Pinch, they rather betray a Place to the Enemy, than run any danger in Defending it; a Purſe of Guineas does the work.

Enter five Searchers, all white with Meal, and long Iron Rods in their hands.

Gov. How ſtands Cauſes now, Gentlemen?

1. *Sear.*

1 *Sear.* Searching all day in the Rubbiſh of the Suburbs, and finding nothing, juſt at dark night, luckily by Providence fell into our hands ſeven Barrels of Meal, hid in a Garden under ground, which, with what we have already, will ſerve a week longer, beginning at next Proviſion Day.

Enter two Officers running.

1. *Off.* The greateſt Bleſſing that ever came to this Town.

Gov. Speak, for thou reviveſt my Heart.

1 *Off.* We have great abundance of Tallow.

Gov. What will that do without Bread?

2 *Off.* There is one that has found out the way of mixing Starch and Water together, and frying it with Tallow, is very good eating.

Gov. What quantity of Starch, dear Sir, is there?

Off. About four Thouſand weight.

Gov. That will be another Week, allowing two Ounces a day to each Man for four days, and three Ounces of Tobacco for the three other days. —— But pray, what is become of all our ſalt Hides, and dry Hides, that were in the Merchants Cellars and Warehouſes?

Evang. We have lived on thoſe theſe fifteen days paſt, and now not one is left.

Enter a Spy at the corner of the Stage. —— *Governor walks to him; they talk together.*

Evang. to *Camill.* This is ſome freſh Intelligence.

Enter Forgus.

Gov. What is it a Clock, *Forgus?*

Forg. About ſeven.

Gov. Forgus, get me immediately ten Men of a Company, which will make about fifteen Hundred; I hear by my Intelligence, that the Major General, after ſeven Weeks lying in the Harbour, is ſayl'd, and landed in the Iſle of *Inch*, ſix Miles from this place; and that the Enemy have drawn moſt of their Horſe and Dragoons, and ſome Regiments of Foot, to oppoſe his Landing. —— Firſt, then, I'll fall upon the Enemy in their Entrenchments, and then retreat, and line all our Ditches under the Windmill; early in the Morning I'll alarm them again, and between the Major General and us, we may give them work enough.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Hamilton *and* Bohan.

Ham. THE Rebels have certainly an account that Mareſchal *Roſin* is march'd againſt the *Engliſh* Forces that are Landed in the Iſland of *Inch.* —— I have juſt now an account, that the Rebels in the Town are in motion; which I wonder at, it being my Orders, and a ſtanding Order I gave, that upon any Motion in the Town, a blue Colours ſhould be planted on the high ground on the other ſide of the Water, ſent thither from the Lord of *Lowth*'s Quarters.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Sir, the Rebels are marching out of their Gates, and are forming a Body under the Windmil; of this our Horſe Guards bring word.

[*Exit Officer.*

Enter another Officer.

Off. The Rebels advance, and have paſt their own Lines, and beat in our Out-guards.

Ham. Give orders immediately for the Drums to beat to Arms, and march as they are, without forming into Battalions, to Reinforce our Guards. —— Quick, — make haſte, our Men will be all cut off in the Trenches.

[*Exit Officer.*

Enter a third Officer.

Off. The Rebels are in all our Trenches, and our Men have quitted them in great Confuſion.

[*Exit Officer.*

Enter a fourth Officer.

Off. The Rebels have quitted our Trenches, and have lin'd all the Ditches under the Windmill. —— Our Men ſuffer'd very much in gaining their Trenches, being expos'd to the Rebels ſhot. Adjutant General *Barkſhire* is wounded, and many more.

Boh. I ſeldom heard of a Fight by Moon-ſhine.

Ham.

Ham. All advantages are good againſt an Enemy. Hence forward I'll have all my Guards in the Trenches doubled in the Night, and a Reſerve of five Men of a Company. — In the Morning let a Parley be beat, to ſee if the Gariſon will come to Terms to Surrender.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Derry.

Enter Governor, Camill, Monrath, Forgus.

Gov. I Think *un peu de Plum*, for Monſieur's Supper was not amiſs.

Enter a little Boy.

Boy. Whaus the Governor?

Gov. What is your Buſineſs, Child?

Boy. I have a Letter from the Shapes.

(*Boy laughs.*)

Gov. Where is it, Lad? where is it? ——

(*The Boy unties his Britches knee.*)

Boy. In this ſtring it is ſew'd up.

(*The Governor cuts it off with his Knife, rips it open.*

Gov. Go out, little Boy, I'll call thee in preſently.

[*Exit Boy.*

(*Governor reads the Letter.*)

ALL things go well in England; Dundee *is kill'd in* Scotland. —— *For God's ſake husband your Proviſions, and you'l be Reliev'd in a very ſhort time.*

Gov. Camill, go you and write as melancholy a Letter as you can; let the Major General know that we are all ſtarving, and have nothing left but a few Horſes, which will not laſt above a week; when they are eaten we ſhall be deſtroy'd; and as he tenders his own Honour and Reputation, ſuffer us not to be loſt for a little Bread.

[*Exit* Camill.

Call

Call in the Boy.

Enter the Boy.

Thou muſt go immediately back whilſt it is dark; there is no way for thee to carry a Note ſafe, but thou muſt let it be put up thy Fundament.

Boy. Any way, Sir, ſo they do not hurt me.

Gov. They ſhall not hurt thee; thou ſhalt be well Rewarded, and ſhall have new Cloths, and ſhalt eat nothing but roaſt Meat, and Plum-pudding.

Boy. In troth, Sir, the Major General was very kind t' me, I was in the Shaup twa days, and he did ſerve me meat off his ean Plaute, and when I gou back tu'l I will have new Cloths. To my Fader and my Moder he will give ſax Cows, to give Milk to feed the Bearns.

Enter Camill *with the Note.*

——*They all Sign it.*

[*Exit* Camill *with the Boy.*

Enter two Soldiers running croſs the Stage, holding a Spannel Dog by the two hind-legs.

Gov. What was that the Soldiers had?

Forg. 'Tis a Dog they are going to eat.

Gov. I took it to be a Kid, it made my Teeth water.

Enter another Soldier with a Cat, and runs croſs the Stage, making her cry.

Evang. Theſe Soldiers hunt up and down the Town for Dogs and Cats, as Cats do for Mice.

Enter another with the Governor's Maſtiff Dog on his back, with his two hind Legs over his Neck.

Gov. Hold, Brother Soldier, you ſhould give me ſome ſhare of that Dog.

(*He Whiſtles,* —— *the Soldier lets him drop off his back, and Dog and Man runs away.*)

—— Sure the Dogs muſt be very poor; for the People can get nothing to eat, and what muſt feed the Dogs?

Forg. The

Forg. The Dogs go in the Night, and tear up the Graves, and feed on the dead Bodies, which fattens them extremely; as ſoon as they are fat we eat them. We have an excellent way of Dreſſing them, ſeaſon'd with Pepper and Salt, and baking the Fleſh with decay'd Wine we get in Merchants Cellars.

Gov. I have ſeriouſly conſidered, that we have done as much as Men can do, for the Defence of this Place; King *William* likewiſe has perform'd his part, in ſending us Proviſions (tho' we can get none of it) but for thoſe on Shipboard, I can no ways excuſe, tho' we do not know what may be the hinderance; but I am of the Opinion they might have ſupply'd us, during theſe ſeven Weeks they have lain before the Town, and not to let us ſtarve and famiſh here, after ſuch a ſtout Reſiſtance, againſt a mercileſs Enemy. —— We have eaten up all our Stores, hardlly a living thing left, unleſs we eat one another. You ſee what ſmall comfort is here, in the Major General's Letter, *to Husband our Proviſions.* —— God knows, if we have not husbanded them to a Miracle. —— I have drawn up theſe Articles, that the whole Gariſon may peruſe them, that when the Enemy beats a Parley next, we may treat with them by Commiſſioners.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Sir, a Parley is beating from the Enemy, who deſires to know, if you will accept of honorable Conditions for Surrendring the City.

Gov. We will; let them ſend the Names of their Commiſſioners, and we'll ſend ours to them.

[*Exit Officer.*

Enter another Officer.

Off. Sir, here is a Liſt of their Commiſſioners.

(*Governor reads.*)

Major General *Sheldon*, Sir *Edward Vaudry*, Sir *Neil O Neil*, Colonel *Gordon O Neil*, Lieut. Colonel *Skelton*, Captain *Francis Mara.*

Off. They deſire your Commiſſioners to go to them immediately.

Gov. Sure there is ſomthing or other in the Wind, that they are in ſuch haſt, they'l not give us ſo much time to break our Faſt, had we any thing to eat. —— *Camill*, go your

ways, and take the other four with you, call on Capt. *Boff*, he's one. This General of theirs may be good Humour'd, and give us good Conditions, for they are no queſtion miſerably Harraſs'd between the *Engliſh* Forces and us: And for the loſs of this Town, let it lie at their Doors that are the cauſe of it; for I'll make it appear, I have done as much as any Man breathing cou'd do, and have perform'd my Truſt like a good Subject, and an honeſt true *Engliſh-man*.

Cam. Have you any further Inſtructions than what is certified in theſe Articles?

Gov. No more; I wiſh you a ſafe return.

[*Exeunt Commiſſioners.*

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentl. Sir, the Lady *Amazon* is falu deſperately Ill, and two of the Ladies.

Gov Ah! my dear *Amazon* falu Ill.——

(*Pulls out his Handkerchief.*)

——This is the greateſt Affliction I have met with yet.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE the *Iriſh* Camp. A large Tent or Pavillion.

(Trumpets and Kettle-Drums.)

Enter two Servants, and place a Table and Chairs.

Enter ſix Iriſh *Commiſſioners, followed by ſix* Derry *Commiſſioners. They all ſit down,* Sheldon *ſits Preſident.*

Sheld. GEntlemen, you are heartily Welcom to our Camp. I believe it is hard Times with you in *Derry*—— What will you drink before we begin, Claret, Sack, or a Dram?

Cam. Let the Gentlemen drink what they pleaſe, I was always for a glaſs of good Sack in a Morning, for Brandy we have an indifferent ſtock.

(Sheldon *looking upon them.*)

Sheld. I was told you had not a drop.

Cam.

Cam. O, Sir, that is a grand Miſtake; I muſt confeſs, to be ſold publickly, there's none.

Sheld. Fill the Gentleman a good glaſs of Sack, and fill to the reſt of the Strangers what they like beſt.

(*Servant fills.*)

(Camill *pulls out the Articles, lays them upon the Table,* Sheldon *takes them up, and reads.*)

—— *Marching out with Muskets ſhouldred, light Matches, twelve Charges of Powder and Ball each Soldier, flying Colours, three pieces of Cannon.* ——

Sheld. The Arms are the Kings.

Cam. No, Sir, we bought them with our own Money.

Sheld. But Men in your Circumſtances cannot pretend to march out in ſuch warlike Order, who are proclaimed Rebels to the King.

(*Alderman* Buff *drinks of the Brandy ſeveral times.*)

Cam. We do not come here to be upbraided; if you will Sign and Seal theſe Articles, and ſtand to the true Performance of them, well and good, if not, we'll return back to our Garriſon.

(Sheldon *continues reading.*)

—— *Hoſtages to be ſent on Board, and fifteen Days limited for Surrender, after the Date hereof.*

Sheld. Pleaſant Articles, Gentlemen, theſe will not do.

Cam. They muſt do, for we have no other.

Sheld. For the manner of your marching out, and the ſaying the Arms are your own, if that does appear, we will not delay our time for that, but I know General *Roſm*, and Lieut. General *Hamilton* ſo well, that they will not agree to give you above four and twenty Hours, or eight and forty at the moſt, to evacuate the Town; for Hoſtages his Excellency will not allow them any further than the Town, to have them on Ship-board, is an unreaſonable thing.

Cam. Howſoever unreaſonable a thing it is with you, 'tis not ſo with us; yet nevertheleſs ſince you cannot determine any thing, let theſe Articles be ſhew'd to both the Generals.

Sheld. With all our hearts, and you ſhall have an Anſwer by two this Afternoon.

(*They*

(*They all riſe.*)

Vaud. Pleaſe you, Gentlemen, to Dine with me; I preſume ſome of you are my Country-men. I hope and wiſh you may come to an Agreement, to hinder any more Blood being ſpilt.

Cam. We cannot go beyond our Inſtructions, but if you pleaſe to ſet down your Objections, and what it is you agree to, we will take them to the Governor and Gariſon to be concerted, and if we have your Anſwer at Three, we can make a return this Night.

Drums, Trumpets, and Kettle-Drums.

—— *They complement the* Derry *Commiſſioners, who go out firſt.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Roſin, Hamilton, *and* Sheldon *with the Articles in his hand.*

Sheld. There is nothing in theſe Articles but may be comply'd with, and what I believe your Excellency will agree to, but only Two; that is, Hoſtages going on Ship-board, and fifteen Days time from the Date of Signing and Sealing; open Hoſtility till the day of Surrendring.

Roſ. I agree to all, but thoſe two; and let this be their Anſwer—— *No Hoſtages any further than the Town, and but forty eight Hours, and no more, will be allow'd for their evacuating the Place.* For open Hoſtility, that will be but from *Saturday* to *Monday*, we will not mind that.— I have nothing more.

Sheld. I'll ſend them, that they may take your Excellency's Anſwer to the Governor, that we may have a Return this Night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Derry.

Enter Governor, *and five Commiſſioners.*

Gov. WElcom, my brave Friends, your Hearts are fine and merry.

Cam. Noble Governor, we cou'd have wiſh'd you had the like Refreſhment. This Sir *Edward Vaudry* is a fine worthy Gentleman.

Gov.

Gov. So I ſhall, in this World or the next, before fifteen days be at an end. —— What Progreſs is their made as to the Articles?

Cam. They agree to all but two, *viz.* the Time of Surrender, and the Hoſtages; *no Hoſtages any further than the Town, and but till* Monday *for Surrender.* We have promiſed to give them an Anſwer by Eight a Clock this Night.

Gov. Ha, ha, ha! That is as much as to ſay, they'l do nothing. —— They ſhall have an Anſwer, but ſuch an one as will not pleaſe them; their deſign is Villanous and Baſe, they have no Honour in them.

Enter an Officer.

Off. The Enemy beats a Parley, and deſire an Anſwer to their Propoſals, relating to the Articles.

Gov. Return this Anſwer, That *all my Guards are ſet, and no Anſwer ſhall be given till to Morrow Morning*; and then let the Commanding Officer tell them, *their Propoſals are Rejected*, and immediately fire Small-ſhot, and play the Cannon upon them. —— That's my Anſwer to their Propoſals.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Hamilton *and Lord* Clancarty.

Clan. SIR we have view'd that part of the Town call'd *Butchers-Gate*, and find it weakly Mann'd; and I am inform'd of an old Prophecy, that *Derry* is Inchanted, and not to be taken till a *Clancarty* knocks at the Gate.

Ham. Do you think of taking that Town with three or four Regiments, when twenty could do no good?

Clan. I do verily believe we may lodge our ſelves ſo, as to burn the Gate.

Ham. Go and try your hand; if you think you can do any good, you ſhall have a ſufficient Party of Men for a Reſerve, in caſe you are beaten off, and forced to retire.

Exeunt.

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor, Camill, Forgus.

Enter an Officer.

Off. SIR, the Enemy has forc'd our Lines next *Butchers-Gate*, and are making all ſpeed they can under our Walls.

Gov. —— *Forgus*, Order an Alarm, all to repair to their Poſts; let drop the Portcullices; Man all the Baſtions and Curtains, the Cannons from the Baſtions fire, ſome with great-ſhot, others to be charg'd with Bags of ſmall-ſhot; hand over the Beams of Timber to clear the foot of the Wall; let there be five hundred Men got ready to march out of *Biſhopſ-gate*, to Flank the Enemy.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Roſin, Hamilton.

Roſ. OUR Men fight better in the Night than in the Day, our Bombs play finely, only one fell ſhort amongſt our own Men, and did us a great deal of damage. Our Men hold out ſtifly. Thoſe Granadiers are brave Fellows. Ah, my Conſcience, the Walls are on a light Fire from the Beſieged; the Cannon from the Walls and Baſtions, I fear does great damage.

Enter an Officer.

Off. The News now is, may it pleaſe your Excellency, that the Gate is Fired: The *French* Engineers behave themſelves bravely.

Roſ. I'll warrant you for my Country-men, they'l play their parts, and enter the Town *pié à la main.*

(*A great Shout within.*)

Ham. Our Men are enter'd the Town. —— Tis ſo.—

(Roſin *embraces* Hamilton.)

—— All

—— All hush, and no Firing now. — This Lord *Clancarty* is a brave young Fellow.

Ros. Ah, Monsieur *Amilton*, —— No Quarter, no Quarter; give the Plunder of the Town to the Soldiers.

Enter an Officer.

Off. May it please your Excellency, bad News, bad News,

(Rosin *turns his back*, Oh mon Dieu!)

Our Men are beaten and cut in pieces by the Garison, — *Clancarty's* Regiment ——

Ros. How? Which way?

(*Draws his Sword.*)

Speak Truth, or this in your Hearts Blood.

Off. The Rebels —— the Besieged ——

Ham. The Devils, —— the Besieged —— Go on. Made a Sally from *Bishopsgate*, and when we had the greatest Hopes imaginable of prevailing, the Rebels unawares Flanked us, kill'd our Men, and put the rest to the run. Numbers of the *French* and *Irish* Gentlemen are lost.

Ros. O mon Dieu, mon pouvre Garcons.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT the Fifth.

Scene LONDON-DERRY.

Enter Governor, Camill, Monrath.

Gov. IF they have not their Belly-fulls this Night, let them come again to morrow Night. This is the only bold Action they have done since the beginning of the Siege. If I do not brush their Jackets for this, in a short time, I am much mistaken; and to prevent any further danger, I'll begin this Night, to turn *Butchers-gate* into a Sally Port, and on the outside I'll throw up a Half-moon, where I'll lodge an hundred Men.

Men. The dead Bodies of the Enemy, ſhall ſerve inſtead of Faggots, to fill up the Work.

Enter Forgus *with three Officers.*

Forg. According to your Order, we attack'd them undiſcover'd, fell upon them unawares; we heard the word go about the Walls, *No firing, our Men are abroad*: We came upon them on their Flank, gave them a volly of Small-ſhot, away they run, and cry'd, *the Rebels, the Rebels.* I think we Rebell'd them, with a Pox to 'em. We were but ſixty at our firſt firing, and they ſix hundred: Their dead Bodies lay ſo thick, we ſcarce were able to purſue them, occaſioned by the Cannon from the Baſtion and Flanckers, and with our ſmall-ſhot we made a very great Slaughter.

Gov. Well, let them take what they have got, the next ſhall be my viſit to them; I'll box them about, and it ſhall not be in the Night neither.

Enter an Antient Gentlewoman led in by an Officer.

Off. This Gentlewoman had a Cow in the next Room to her own, *Monrath*'s Troopers got in the Night, and cut the Throat of the Cow, and is now fleaing her. The Milk of the Cow was a Proviſion for her and ſeven in Family. She humbly prays ſhe may have one Quarter, to keep herſelf and Family from ſtarving.

Gov. Let her have half the Cow, and in recompenſe of her great loſs, what little can be ſpared out of the Stores, ſhe ſhall have her proportion.

Gentl. I thank you, Sir.

[*Exeunt Gentlew. and Officer.*

Monr. I muſt confeſs my Men are very unruly, but I know the Rogues will bring me a Quarter, to make an Attonment for their fault: The Head and Tongue, I'll tell them, muſt be for the Governor; ſome other choice pieces I'll ſend likewiſe.

Gov. We'll have the Head bak'd, and you, Gentlemen, ſhall judge which eats beſt, a Cows Head, or a Horſes Head. What pity 'tis, that this Gentlewoman, and a great many others (ſuch as ſhe) ſhould ſtay in this Town, and come to ſuch Miſery, who have good Eſtates? This Gentlewoman, to my knowledge, has an Eſtate of five hundred Pounds *per Annum* in the County of *Armagh*; ſhe has both Sons and Daughters, and none of them took care of her, to get her to *England* or *Scotland*.

Cam. You

Cam. You may ſee how careleſs ſome Children are of their Parents; ſo they cou'd get away to *Scotland* themſelves, they never minded their poor Mother, but let her ſtay in Town to ſtarve.

Enter a poor Woman.

Wom. My ſelf and three Children are ſtarving, my poor Husband was kill'd the laſt Windmil Fight; for God's ſake, I pray your Honour to give me an Order for a pint or quart of Horſe-blood.

Enter two Women and Children, fall on their Knees, crying, For God's ſake let us have ſome Horſe-Blood, to keep us and our Children from ſtarving.

Gov. Call in the Store-keeper.

Enter Store-Keeper.

Give as far as it goes, I'll want my ſelf before theſe poor Infants ſhall ſtarve. Go you, *Cunill* and *Monrath*, and let thoſe poor People have what can be ſpared.

[*Exeunt* Cam. *and* Monr. *Store-keeper, Women and Children.*

Enter the Governor's Chaplain, a Man and Woman, the Woman following the Chaplain; he bidding her go about her Buſineſs.

Gov. Indeed, Miſtreſs, if you come for Horſe-Blood, you come too late, 'tis all diſpos'd of, you muſt go and take part with your Neighbours.

Chap. Not that, Sir.

Gov. Pray what is it that ſhe follows you up and down?

Chap. Sir, to tell you the plain Truth, nothing will ſerve, but I muſt Marry her, to that honeſt Soldier that ſtands there.

(*Governor laughs heartily.*)

Gov. O Miraculous and Wonderful.

(*Holds up his Hands.*)

This exceeds all yet. —— Pray, Miſtreſs,

(*Goes towards her.*)

What will you have for your Wedding-Dinner?

Wom. My own Dear.

Gov. And what for Supper?

Wom. My own Dear.

Gov. And what for Breakfaſt?

Wom. The ſame.

Gov. A ſweet Dear he'll have of you, he'll have a plaguy hard time on't, to give you three Meals a day, and nothing to feed on himſelf, but a Pipe of Tobacco, and the ſmell of a lighted Match. —— Well, good Woman, will you promiſe that that honeſt Man, whom you deſign to make your Husband, ſhall not lie too long a Bed in a Morning, and neglect his Duty.

Wom. I have known him ever ſince the beginning of the Siege, and he has not neglected his Duty, either by night or by day.

Gov. Go your way, you ſhall be Marry'd.

[*Exeunt Man and Wom.*

Chap. This Man and Woman that were with you, and deſired to enter into Matrimony, have liv'd in Lewdneſs theſe three or four Months, ever ſince the beginning of the Siege; and now within theſe few days, thatit is feared we ſhall be all deſtroy'd, to eaſe and quiet their Conſcience, is the true Reaſon of their deſiring to be Marry'd

Gov. I think it reaſonable they ſhould be Marry'd; 'twould have been better, had they done it ſooner, however it is better late, than never. —— Well, you'll let me know what Entertainment you get at the Wedding.

Chap. I am very glad to ſee your Honour thus merry.

Gov. Who can but laugh? Mercy on me, I have little reaſon to laugh at this time.

[*Exit Chaplain.*

Enter a Nurſe with a Gentleman's Child, a Boy about four or five years of age; a little Boy attending with a Drum following him, a piece of Horſe-Liver in his hand.

Nur. Sir, you muſt be his Father now, ſince he is left Fatherleſs and Motherleſs. —— Your Son is come to ask your Bleſſing.

(Governor takes him in his Arms and kiſſes him.)

Gov. God bleſs thee, my dear Boy; —— what is this in his hand?

Nur. A ſlice of Horſe-Liver.

Gov.

Gov. Do you learn him to ſay his Prayers night and morning?

Nur. Indeed he ſays his Prayers very prettily.

Gov. Take him away, I ſhall fall in Tears immediately. This is not a time to mourn for the Dead. ——

[*Exit Nurſe and Child.*

I admire I have not heard from Father *Dominic*, I thought I had made a Friend of him, by the fifty Guineas I gave him, and his expectation of more. But hang him, when his own Turn was ſerv'd, he car'd for no more; and the Truth of it is, what can a Man expect from a cunning Jeſuite? So I think 'tis beſt to have no Correſpondence with ſuch; I might have kept my Gold indeed, but what does it ſignifie? It will not afford me one morſel of Bread to eat. ——

(*Takes his Purſe out, and puts a Guinea in his Mouth, and chews it.*)

There is no reliſh or comfort in it, no more than a Stone, a piece of Leather has more Suſtenance. And this is what the World admires, and by which the World is govern'd.

(*Takes the Purſe of Guineas and throws it againſt the Wall.*)

Go thy ways, if I had ten times as much

It is no cure to an hungry famiſh'd Soul,

But otherwiſe, it does the World controle.

Enter a Nurſe.

Nur. The Lady *Amazon* is Dead, and the other Ladies lie Speechleſs.

Gov. Dead! The faireſt Flower ſooneſt fades and dies; gone to eaſe and reſt. Eternal Quiet poſſeſs her Soul. —— O what cruel Fate follows me, that I muſt ſtill ſurvive! O cruel Death, why didſt thou not come and take me with thee?

Why not two, as well as one?

Why muſt fair Amazon *go alone?*

O ſweet Death, is there nothing that will oblige? Will not Gold nor Silver, nor any thing beſides, prevail with thee? What ſhall I do to jump out of this Body, and bid this miſerable World adieu? Oh *Nurſe*, why did not you tell me before

fore ſhe fled, that I might have gone and taken my laſt farewell.

Nur. Thoſe Spotted Fevers, and Malignant Diſtempers are very Infectious, and wou'd have endanger'd your Life.

Gov. Why 'tis that I have been courting; do you think I'd endure the Miſeries to ſurvive, when my *Amazon* takes her flight and dies.

O ſweeteſt Comfort, that e're reach'd my Heart,
Our harmleſs Loves in Death together part.
Oh! now I feel a damp Cold ſtrike my Heart,
Death, Death, ſtrike home, and wound me with thy Dart.

(Falls into the Chair, — Nurſe cries out.)

Death, Death, be quick, make not one minutes ſtay,
But glut thy ſelf with thy deſired Prey.

Enter Evangeliſt, Camill, Monrath, Forgus.

(*They all ſtand about the Chair.*)

Cam. Forgus, run away to the Priſoners Lodgings, and get ſome Cordial-water, to be ſure my Lord *Netherfield* has ſome.

[*Exit* Forgus.

How long has this Fit taken him?

(Evangeliſt *feels his Pulſe.*)

Nur. The Death of the Lady is the cauſe.

Evang. Come, Sir, let not Grief ſeize you, let not your Spirits ſink, but be chearful.

Enter Forgus *with a glaſs of Brandy.*

(*Governor drinks a little.*)

Evang. Drink a little more. —— Cold Water, ſlender Dyet, and Grief together, is enough to kill any Man. Come, Sir, take an hours reſt on your Bed, you have been up all Night.

(*Leads him out.*)

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Hamilton, *Lord* Clancarty, Bohan.

Ham. I See our *Iriſh* Propheſies fail in ſome things; for it was part of it, *that when a* Clancarty *knock'd at* Derry *Gates, the Inchantment of this Town would be broke.*

Clan. Curſe on them all and their Inchantment, I have but ſeven of ſixty Granadiers; many of my Officers, and moſt of my Regiment are kill'd and wounded; but hang't, when I get into the Barony of *Muſcry*, amongſt the *Maccartys*, I can have five Thouſand at my beck, I'll pick and chooſe, and make them up again.

Boh. 'Twas a very ſharp Action, and laſted a conſiderable time, and altho' ſome Men were loſt, yet your Lordſhip got great Honour; but of all, I lament the *French* Engineer, that was kill'd with a Cannon Ball, Monſieur *Roſin* had rather have loſt five hundred of his Army.

Ham. That is, of this Country-men.

Clan. It is now impoſſible to do them any hurt, for do you ſee what a ſtrong Work they have made ſince laſt Night?

Ham. I am vext to the Heart, did I know how to help my ſelf: The General gave Orders early this Morning, for a Parley to be beat, to bury our Dead; what anſwer do you think the Governor return'd? *That we need not trouble our ſelves, he had taken care for that already. After what, manner*, it was asked? *All the dead Carcaſſes*, ſaid he, *ſerv'd as Faggots, to fill up the Half-moon that covers the Gate.* —— Damn'd Rogues, not to give our Men Chriſtian Burial; there was two or three Lieut. Colonels among the Slain. In all this Service, we do not hear the Rebels loſt above one Man, and two or three wounded.

Boh. Another Policy he had, by that way of diſpoſing the dead Bodies, that you ſhould make no diſcovery of their Works, fearing you ſhould attack them again.

Clan. But how the plague they made up the Work ſo ſoon, it is for the moſt part ſubſtantial Work, all done with Sods, and I am ſure they have no Horſes to draw them.

Boh. 'Twas obſerv'd, that there was forty or fifty Men employ'd in cutting Sods, for three days, and on yeſterday it was noiſed in the Town, that a Man was ſwimming over the River; preſently all run out of the Town, Men, Women, and Children, The Governor upon this ordered the Gates to

be cloſed, and not one to enter, neither old nor young, but ſuch as brought Sods, ſome two, ſome three, that they were all brought in, in a moment.

Ham. It was a very good contrivance indeed. It is pity he is ſo ill principled, to be a Rebel.

Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Derry.

Enter Governor *with his Arms folded, in a melancholy Poſture.*

Enter a Servant, ſets two Chairs and a ſmall Table.

Gov. *He that below of Pleaſures is poſſeſs'd,*
Ne're thinks of Joy above, where Souls do reſt.
But he whoſe Heart with Grief, is over-charg'd,
Fixes his Hopes on the immenſe Reward.
Where neither love of Friends, nor any care,
Shall ſully, or thoſe Enjoyments ſhare,
And thither, Famine now bids me prepare.

(*While the Governor was ſpeaking, a Beggar begging at the Door.*)

Beg. For the Lord's ſake, worthy Gantleman, hand your Charity tu'l a peaur awd Man, fourſcore and ſaxteen years; ean Farthing or Haupeny tu'l a peaur aw'd *Scotch-man.*

(*Governor knocks.*)

Enter Servant.

Let in that poor Beggar, that I may give him my Charity.

[*Exit Servant.*

Enter Beggar, a Cloak full of patches, a wooden Can in one hand, and a long Staff in the other.

Gov. Honeſt *Darby*, thou art Welcom; ſet dowu thy Staff and Can. I ſee thou art as good as thy word.

(*Takes him by the hand.*)

Come, *Darby*, ſit dow.

Darby.

Darby. I was laſt Night hopping about the Camp, begging Alms. It was ſome Shaints Day, and upon de next Guard to your Shelf in de Trenches, dere all de Officers be Drunk.

Gov. Drunk, drunk, it cannot be poſſible. Have we ſcoured them about ſo often, and they drunk.

Dar. By diſh Book, very Drunk.

(*Pulls out a Role, and gives it to the Governor.*)

(*Continues talking.*)

And dou mayſht catch dem diſh Morning, if dou maakes haſhte. —— I was at de Door, and I waſh ausking an Alms. Gra deah, give de poor Maan an Alms. ——

(*Puts another Role into the Governor's hand.* —— *Continues talking.*)

Awfter dat I did go among de Soldier, and dere I did beg gray deah ſomting. —— I did look about me ——

(*Pulls out a Neats-Tongue, and puts it into the Governors hand, and continues talking.*)

from de one end to de toder.

Darby *gets up.*

Look behind my Back ——

(*Governor turns up his patch'd Cloak, and with a Knife cuts off a Bottle of Brandy.*)

Darby *ſits down again, and continues ſpeaking.*

I did look from one end to de toder, and dey did mind noting dey all are aſhleep, by diſh Book.

(*Claps his hand on the* Bottle.)

No light Match among dem all. ——

(*Governor opens the* Bottle *and drinks.*)

Gov. Excellent Brandy. —— Aſleep!

Dar. All Aſhleep, by dat Bottle of good Brandy, all is true, and by my Gooſhips Hand, it is all true.

(*Governor*

(*Governor riſes and lays a bag of ten Pounds upon the Table.*)

Gov. Honeſt *Darby*, take as much as thou will out of this Bag.

(*Governor pours the Money out on the Table*, — Darby *takes ten Crown-pieces.*

Dar. Dis fill buy me two Cows, Dear Joy.

(Governos *gives him ten Crowns more*)

Gov. Take as much as will buy thee four Cows; when thou comeſt again, I'll give thee as much more.

Dar. 'Tis too much at diſh time, have dee any Tobac?

(Governor *knocks with his Foot.*) —— *Enter a Servant.*

Gov. Go fetch this honeſt Beggar about two Pounds of Roll Tobacco, give it to him when he is going away. I can give him no Victuals. [*Exit* Servant.

Are you not fearful the *Iriſh* Soldiers will rob you?

Dar. No, by my Trot, dey watch for me, as de Cat watch for de Mouſhe, and I give dem ſome Tobacco, dey have no oder vay, dey have chew'd all de skin off de Auple-Tree for ten Miles about diſh Town, in de plaaſh of de Tobacco.

Gov. You muſt now go ſtreight to *Straban*, it is but ten Miles off, and from thence to *Caſtleſin*, and bring me word what Soldiers they have in Gariſon in thoſe places. I am told, that the Duke of *Berwick* is encampt at *Cavan*, about four or five Miles from *Caſtleſin*; bring me an account, and thou ſhalt have the ſame Charity as I have given thee now.

Dar. I'll vaarant dee, dou ſhalt heave a good account; and I do give dee tanks for dy Charity.

(Darby *goes to the Door. Takes his Can and Staff.*)

Enter an Officer.

Gov. See that this poor Beggar paſs our Guard, that the Soldiers do not moleſt or harm him.

[*Exit Officer and* Beggar.

Enter Forgus.

Gov. Let me have ſeven hundred Men immediately at their Arms, with double proportion of Officers, drawn under cover of the Rampire, near the Magazine; and then I'll tell you what

what is more to be done. Let the Gates be lock'd. and bring the Keys to me. [*Exit* Forgus.

I believe I ſhall be even with them, for the other Nights diſturbance they gave me, or elſe I ſhall miſs of my aim, which I do not uſe to do, with ſuch People as I have to deal with. This will, I fancy, be our parting Blow; for I ſee we are like to have no help from the Shipping. —— As ſoon as honeſt *Darby* comes in, I muſt fight my way as well as I can, and gain the River, I ſhall be ſafe, then to *Barnſmore*, and ſo to *Inniskilling*; ſo bid adieu to *Derry*.

If this can be accompliſhe, 'twill be great,
To fight our Foes, and make a brave Retreat.

Scene changes to a ſmall Camp under the Walls of *Derry*.

Enter Sir John Fitzgarret, French *Major*, *three Officers*.

1 *Off.* SIR *John*, good Morrow; you were not more buſie at Play, than we were at our Bottle.

2 *Off.* Moſt rare Claret at the *French* Sutlers, that keeps the *Croix d'Or*.

3 *Off.* We have as good brought us from the King of *France*'s Head.

Sir *John*. We have paſs'd this Night with a great deal of Eaſe and Diverſion, the Rebels are all ſtarving and dying, we ſhall have the hanging of the reſt within theſe three or four days.

1 *Off.* When People are playing and drinking, the time goes on faſt.

2 *Off.* Sir *John*, you were a great winner laſt Night.

Sir *John*. No great matter, about fifty *Lewis d'Ors*, and my Hat full of Braſs Money.

2 *Off.* You have Ruin'd the Officers that were on Guard with you.

Sir *John*. I'll go and lie down in my Cloak till towards Dinner.

Fr. Maj. Et moy auſſi Monſieur, Comadant bon jour. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor, Camill, Montath.

Enter Forgus, *and the Maſter Gunner.*

Forg. SIR, the Men are all drawn up under the covert of the Wall, and here is the Captain of the Gunners deſires to know if you have any occaſion for him.

Gov. I have: But firſt I muſt acquaint you, that by the Intelligence I had this Morning, the Enemy are all aſleep, Centinels and all. And for your Orders of marching out, two hundred march out at *Ship-key Gate*, two hundred out of *Butchers Gate*, thoſe I order laſt I'll Command my ſelf, and three hundred at *Biſhops-Gate*, for a Reſerve. And you, Maſter Gunner, when you ſee a white Cloath held up, be ſure you fire two Guns from the Royal Baſtion, and then, on pain of death, every Man retire into the Town. —— The Word is, *Whitehall.* [*Exeunt.*

(*Volleys of ſmall-ſhot going off.* —— *A great Shout within,*) —
They Run, They Run.

(*Two Guns Guns fired, Drums beat a Retreat.*)

Enter Governor, Camill, Monrath, Forgus.

Gov. Theſe Varlets have made all our Swords bloody. —— All aſleep, not ſo much as a lighted Match! Has Sir *John Fitzgarret* nothing to do, but to bring his Cow-drivers, and Sheep-drivers, to defend their Trenches? However, they muſt be excuſed, they are all young Soldiers, and Sir *John* as young as any of them.

Cam. The De'il follows them: — How our firſt Detachments mounted their Trenches, and not a ſhot from the Enemy?

Monr. How they run huddle, huddle, ſtooping like Sheep.

Forg. When we had done their Buſineſs, the Camp took the Alarm, and how their grand Guard run out of the Fort they had built, ſome without their Hats, others without their Coats; their Officerr without their Wigs, their Horſe Officers ſcouring about, and Galloping thro' their ſcatter'd Foot; then the word of Command went about, to gain the Trenches.

Gov.

Gov. Well, I'll never give them any other Name, than Sir *John Fitzgarrets* Hogs.

Cam. It was pleaſant Sport indeed, to ſee thoſe that were in their Trenches, how they ſcamper'd up the Hill, and the reſt beating them back, crying, *Damn ye, for cowardly Dogs; turn back, ye Sons of Whores.*

Enter an Officer with an Iriſh *Priſoner.*

Gov. Pray, Sir, what is your Name?

Priſ. my name is *Patrick Nugent.*

Gov. In what Poſt was you?

Priſ. A Captain in Sir *John Fitzgarret's* Regiment.

Gov. Your Colonel will get no Credit in being ſo negligent of his Guards.

Priſ. He is not the firſt that thought himſelf ſecure.

Gov. Let Captain *Nugent* be put among the Officers that are Priſoners.

[*Exeunt Off. and Priſ.*

Enter five Soldiers, with Hats, Swords, Belts, and Cloaks; —— Here's Plunder; —— Who will buy a ſilver-hilted Sword, a good Hat, a good Coat, a good Wig.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter four Soldiers, one carrying a Sack of Amunition-Bread, guarded by the other three; he ſets down the Sack, and gives an Amunition-Loaf to the Governor.

Cam. What price, Brother Soldier for a Loaf?

Sold. Five Guineas.

(*Governor cuts a Loaf, takes a piece, and gives the reſt amongſt them.*

Gov. A very good price, — give me two of them, Brother Soldier.

—— *A Servant takes the two Loaves.*

(Governor *gives the Soldier ten Guineas.*)

(*They all buy a Loaf.*)

Cam. Come, Governor, 'tis a ſorry Horſe that will not carry his own Provender.

(*Puts the Loaf under his Arm.*)

[*Exeunt.*

Seene

Scene changes to the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Roſſ, Hamilton, Sheldon.

Ham. WHat a confounded Neglect was this? Whoever commanded the Trenches laſt Night, deſerves to be hang'd.

Roſ. I know what the King my Maſter wou'd do with him.

(Hamilton *pulling out his Pocket-book.*)

Ham. I know now, it was Sir *John Fitzgarret*, much more a Courtier than a Soldier.

Roſ. Give order for his Confinement, and to be brought to a Court-Martial. —— Pray what number may be loſt?

Sheld. Judg'd to be about two hundred kill'd, and as many wounded; and not one of the Rebels, as we hear of, either kill'd or wounded.

Ham. What great ſhame it was, that they made not ſo much as one ſhot againſt the Rebels? So far as I can hear or learn, they were all aſleep or drunk.

Enter an Officer.

Off. The *Engliſh* Forces which lie in the Iſle of *Inch*, when the Tide was out, by break of Day this Morning, attack'd our Camp unawares, as they did here, and have routed and kill'd a great number of our Men. They are much ſuch cowardly Rebels as thoſe in the Town, they ſteal upon us in the Morning, all the day they dare not come near us. —— Your Excellency is deſired to ſend us a Reinforcement, leaſt they ſerve us the ſame trick again this Night, or to morrow Morning.

Ham. Pray, Sir, how long have you been a Soldier, that you are ſo good a judge of the cowardice of the Rebels?

Off. Not long, Sir, this is the firſt Campaign I ever made.

Ham. I thought ſo; 'twould be much for the King's Service, if you were no worſe Cowards, than thoſe you ſo much undervalue.

Roſ. Have they in *Inch* any Guns?

Off. Nine pieces of Cannon, beſides what are on Shipboard that covers their Foot.

Roſ. No Horſe?

Off. No, Sir, they have no Horſe.

Roſ. Go

Roſ. Go your way, I will be with you in an hour or two.

[*Exit Officer.*

A Reinforcement of a thouſand Foot will do ——— We ſhall find alſo, there has been an omiſſion and neglect of Duty; I'll ſend whom I find in fault, to accompany Sir *John*.

Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Derry.

Enter Governor, Evangeliſt, Forgus.

Gov. PRay, Mr. *Evangeliſt*, how many Horſes were knock'd on the Head, for the laſt weeks Proviſion?

Evang. Thirteen; and I believe we may make up thirteen more for the next week, including yours, and then the Lord have Mercy upon us.

Enter three Searchers.

1 *Sear.* The great Eſteem we had for your Honour, made us forbear killing your Horſes, altho' you bid us take them the laſt week. We muſt now deſire your Order for them, and then no more, ——farewel Proviſion.

Gov. Take them, I cou'd wiſh they were ten times as many. Alas, what pity it is ſo many good Men muſt ſtarve and die, by the hand of a mercileſs Enemy, for want of Bread, or ſome other Nouriſhment? You that are on Board the Ship theſe eight Weeks paſt, take your eaſe, and have no Compaſſion of our Fall. — A diſmal Story when told! you'l find our Blood will be required at your Hands, *that might*, but *would not* help us, in our greateſt Extremity.

Enter two Searchers, halling in Alderman Hobnail.

1 *Sear.* Sir, We have brought here Alderman *Hobnail* of this City, Miller to *Pennyburn Mill*, and the Windmil. He has conceal'd his Meal between two Partition Walls in his Houſe, and ſearching this Morning we found it out.

Gov. Pray, Gentlemen, what quantity did you find?

2 *Sear.* About twelve Buſhels.

Gov. That with ſome addition, will be another Week; let it be carefully carry'd to the Stores. —— Pray, Mr. *Hobnail*, what cou'd be the reaſon of your being ſo great an Enemy to

this City and Gariſon, as to conceal your Meal at this time, when we lie under ſo much Miſery, and a time of ſo great Scarcity?

Hobs. Why, truly Sir, I was fearful we ſhould have ſtarv'd, I have a great Family of Children, and other Relations, whoſe lives depend on this little Meal; I allow'd them but very little, once a day my Wife ſet on the Pot, and boyl'd two or three Quarts of it with water, juſt as much as kept Life and Soul together.

Gov. But Alderman, you ſhould have conſidered how long we have to live, which cannot be above eight or ten days at furtheſt: What then wou'd this great quantity of Meal ſignifie to you, when we ſhall be deſtroy'd? And you that have been a Magiſtrate, and Dweller in this City all your Life, ſhou'd conſider better, and commiſerate the ſad Condition of theſe People that are now ſtarving.

1 Sear. Sir, he is one of thoſe that are Protected, and holds Correſpondence with the *Iriſh*. The more they do miſchief to the Gariſon, the more is their Service to the Enemy. He and his Aſſociats, can find more Meal, if they pleaſe.

Gov That's very likely, and if they do not, I'll take another courſe with them —— If we ſhould have the good fortune to be Reliev'd at laſt, who more forward than thoſe that are Protected? They would be the firſt that would lay in their Damages to King *William*, and cry, *When the Gariſon was juſt ſtarving, and ready to Surrender to the Enemy, we ſupply'd them with Meal.* When it plainly appears by their Concealments, it was to ſerve the Enemy. And 'tis not a little that we have found hid in Barrels under ground. How many may there be of theſe Protected People, that are in League with the Enemy?

3 Sear. There are four Hundred at leaſt, Towns-people and Strangers; and ever ſince they got Protections, they are worſe to us, than the Enemy that are in the Camp; for thoſe we know, but theſe Protected many of them we do not know, they eat up our Proviſions, and at the ſame time give Intelligence to the Enemy of all things we are doing in the Town, to ingratiate themſelves the more with Lieut. General *Hamilton*, and the *French* General. —— Here is one *John Buchanan*, another Treacherous Villain, where the Priſoners lodge; his Son is always ſtealing out of Town, and running backward and forward with Intelligence to the Enemy.

Enter two Searchers more, bringing in Thomas Brome *a Tanner.*

1 Sear. Sir, here is another of the Protected Raſcals, one *Brome*

Brome a Tanner. —— We going this Morning to Search, and praying heartily that we might have ſucceſs, that Divine Providence would ſo direct us, that we might be as fortunate as we were the other day. —— This Tanner hearing we was coming to his Houſe, threw twelve ſalt Hides into his Tan-pit, for fear we ſhould have taken them to the Stores for Proviſion, and eat them.

Evang. It is death by the Law we have made; no Man is to conceal or hide any Proviſion, but what ſhall barely ſerve his Family for ſo many Days: Thoſe Hides are eatable, and of late have been the beſt of our Proviſions. What can be a greater Villany?

4 *Sear.* But, Sir, what muſt we do with theſe Rogues, who are our Enemies, and rather ſee us ſtarve, than part with their Proviſions?

Gov. For theſe two, tie up the Miller in one of his Meal-Sacks, and throw him into the River; the Tanner wrap him up in two of his Hides, and throw him into one of his Tan-pits. —— Hold, we'll do better with theſe Traytors; who is he that ſold Protections to theſe Burghers, employ'd by Lieut. General *Hamilton?*

1 *Sear.* 'Tis one *George Hamilton.*

Gov. Let him be put upon the Rack, if he doth not immediately bring me a Liſt of all thoſe he hath Protected. —— We muſt come at laſt, I fear, to eat one another, and thoſe we'll eat firſt. It would be a Sin not to husband our Proviſions, —to eat them is better, than to drown them. This Tanner is no lean Fellow, he has good plump Buttocks to boyl, the reſt of him will make good Pork-pies. But the Miller is an old ſhriveld dry Fellow, of Seventy, his Haunches are not worth a Farthing, I had rather eat a piece of a Dog.

1 *Sear.* This Tanner is an old Sinner, he and a great many of his Gang, Rendezvous together, and upon any News from the Enemy which may be prejudicial (that they call *good News*) then the Brotherhood has a meeting at his Houſe, or ſome other place of their own Stamp; where they drink Confuſion to our Cauſe, and hope to ſee us hang'd on *Young Tyburn*, which they call our Gallows.

Gov. The Protected muſt be eaten firſt, that's certain, they'l be a Fortnights Proviſion, by that time we may be Reliev'd, or never. The Surgeons muſt be ſure to bleed them well; tho' we eat their Fleſh, we'll have nothing to do with human Blood: They'l be excellent Pork. To Goal with them, and let *Hamilton* and *Roſin* feed them, they are their People, and not ours.

Tan.

Tan. Pray your Honour, do not ſend us to Priſon; it is enough for us to loſe our Goods, and not to ſtarve in Goal.

Gov. You think when we are juſt expiring, and cannot help one another to a little water to drink, then you will open the Gates and let the Enemy in. You are much miſtaken, if you think to ſurprize us: But if it ſhould ſo happen, then you will tell the *Iriſh*, *It was by your means, and by your hiding the Meal under ground, that the Guriſon fell ſo ſoon into their hands, otherwiſe they had held out longer.* For anſwer, they'l ſay, *More Rogues you, to ſee your Neighbours and Friends ſtarve.* They'l hang you up firſt, that's all you'l get by your Treachery.—— Three things then I'll propoſe to you, take your choice.

I. *To be ſent to Goal, and the reſt of your Confederates I'll ſend after you.*

II. *Is to be conducted, with your Family, over our Lines, to the Enemy; your Protections will preſerve you from any violence or hurt the* Iriſh *will do you.*

III. *And laſt thing is,* Turn Searchers *with thoſe other four, and on the firſt Concealment you ſhall diſcover, I'll releaſe and pardon you.*

Hobn. We'll chooſe the laſt, and be as induſtrious as any can be, in diſcovering any Concealment.

Gov. In the mean time, it is pity a whole Family ſhould ſtarve, for the offence of one Man, let Alderman *Hobnail*'s Family be ſubſiſted, in proportion to the reſt; but ſearch cloſely in this Tanners Houſe, his Countenance doth not ſhew he wanted his good Meals, he has not thoſe meagre Jaws that others have. —— Mr. Tanner, find me as much Meal as Alderman *Hobnail* hath done, or Hides, or other Proviſion, or to Goal you go; you'l not eat your Hides your ſelf, nor let us eat them, but throw them into the Tan-pit.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, Maſter Gunner, and five Smiths.

Capt. *Watſon.*

Gov. Maſter Gunner, thoſe Blackſmiths are under your Command as Gunners.

Mr. Gun. They are Men, I can aſſure you, that have been very ſerviceable, and will ſhoot as near the Mark, as if they had been at the Trade theſe ſeven years.

Gov. I do not queſtion that part.

(*Pulls out of his Pocket a Crow-foot, a piece of Iron with four ſmall Spikes about two Inches long, throw it which way you will, one of*

of the ſpikes Hands upward. —— He throws it on the ground, they all peep at it. —— Shews it the Maſter Gunner, who looks upon it.

Gov. How many of theſe will twenty Smiths make in an Hour?

Mr. Gun. What ſay you, Gentlemen?

1 *Sm.* We can make a Peck in two Hours, provided we have Rod-Iron.

Gov. That you ſhall have, and Bar-Iron too. Now, Gentlemen, I muſt ſwear you to ſecrecy, not to divulge what uſe they are for. All our Proviſion is ſpent and gone; we have no way left, but to march out on *Thurſday* next, about eleven at Night. Theſe Crow-feet are to ſcatter on the Road, in the Rear of us, in ſuch places as I ſhall think proper, they'l miſerably gall their Horſe, and run thro' the Soldiers wet Brogues, as thro' a Glove; they'l ſoon be weary of purſuing us. The more you make, the more ſecure will be our Retreat, —— Every Man's hand to the Book. —— *You all ſwear you will not divulge this to any Perſon whatſoever, what uſe theſe are for, and to make them ſo privately, as not to let any know when you are at work.*

(*They all kiſs the Book.*)

Gov. Mr. Gunner, you are to take care, all that be ſet at work be ſworn likewiſe.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter three Sergeants with their Halberds.

1 *Serg.* Come, ſhall we take our mornings Draught at *Columbkil*'s Well

2 *Ser. Columbkil* is but cold comfort; drink water in a morning.

3 *Ser.* But how ſhall we get better? —— Come away, I have Ginger to mix with the Water; we ſhall be wanting when the Guard is Mounting.

1 *Ser.* But Hold, one word more, *Thomas*, how much is your Allowance a day?

(*Speaking to the third Sergeant.*)

3 *Ser.* Eight Ounces for the Week; two ounces a day for four days, and the other three days is in Tobacco. ——

(*Pulls out two little Leather Bags.*)

This Poke is for my Proviſions, and this Poke for my Tobacco.

1 *Ser.* Your Poke for your Tobacco is much bigger, than your Poke for your Proviſions.

2 *Ser.* I wiſh we had as many Hogſheads of Meal, as we have of Tobacco, we'd do well enough.

1 *Ser.* But how do you manage theſe Proviſions of yours?

3 *Ser.* I take two Pipes of Tobacco, ſometimes three, then I take and mix a little Meal and Water in the hollow of my hand, and ſo eat it; I have no need of a Spoon, but lick it clean with my Tongue; then to my Tobacco again; ſometimes, when the Tide is out, I get a little Sea-Rack, and boyl it. Sure we ſhall be allow'd Pinch-gut Money, if we can get clear of theſe Rogues that Beſiege us.

2 *Ser.* No queſtion but we ſhall have that, and a great deal more, or elſe we ſhall be ill ſerv'd.

1 *Ser.* The King will take us into his particular Care.—— I hear the Governor has ſome noble Deſign in hand, but what it is, no body but himſelf knows, and thoſe employ'd by him.

2 *Ser.* I hear they are all ſworn to Secrecy, but this is certain, there are a great many Smiths at work night and day, the Doors are faſt lock'd, not ſo much as their Wives know what is doing.

3 *Ser.* The Captain of the Gunners has carry'd great quantities of Iron out of the Merchants Shops and Warehouſes.

1 *Ser.* When our Proviſion is gone, they think we'll tamely yield up, and ſurrender, for them to hang us; they'l meet with as ſoure a bit, as ever they met with in their Lives.

2 *Ser.* Come, come, our Governor will manage them to purpoſe yet.

3 *Ser.* He does not ſuck and ſpunge amongſt the Priſoners as others do.

1 *Ser.* He never in all this Siege, gave one Viſit to any of the Priſoners, we love him the better for that; we are all true to him, as his own Heart, we'll fight for him, and with him, to the laſt Man.

2 *Ser.* He's a Soldier, Boys, he is a Soldier every inch of him, and has been one all his Life.

3 *Ser.* When our Legs are ſhot off, we'll fight upon our ſtumps.

1 *Ser.* Come, come away, we'll drink his Health: Let's to *Colombkil*, and drink our Water and Ginger, I am very dry, I have ſmoak'd nine Pipes of Tobacco this morning already.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Governor, Evangeliſt, Camill, Monrath, Forgus.

Gov. I have found out a way that will ſave us yet, but all muſt ſwear Secrecy: Lay your hands on the Book. ——

(*They all kiſs the Book.*)

By vertue of this Oath you have taken, you will not divulge any thing thing that I ſhall tell you; 'tis all your ſafety, as well as mine, our Lives depend in keeping all private. This is then what is to be done: — I deſign to march out about eleven a Clock at Night, on *Thurſday* next, either to the *Inch* to the Major General, or elſe to take the lower way by the River ſide, and make towards *Caſtlefin*, or by *Straban*, one is twelve Miles, the other ſix; if we get but to either of them, we ſhall be ſafe. — Now, Gentlemen, you are to conſult which is the moſt proper to be done.

Evang. The lower way muſt be the ſecureſt; 'twill be impoſſible to fight our way thro' the Enemies Camp, beſides, we are not certain of the Tide.

Gov. I am for the lower way, and to get to *Caſtlefin*; we can make a Body of three Thouſand Men, reckoning Officers and Soldiers, Clergymen, Gunners, Surgeons, Voluntiers, and ſuch of the Burghers as are not Protected. All the Women and Children muſt take to the Church, and ſo muſt the Priſoners. And for the better advantage of our march, I am making ſome Buſhels of Crow-feet. ——

(*Takes one out of his Pocket, and ſhews it, they all ſtoop and look upon it.*

I remember they were of great uſe at *Tangier*, in the Lord *Peterborough*'s time, when he was Governor. They are good againſt Horſe and Foot, eſpecially theſe *Iriſh-men*, who wear altogether Brogues: They'l ſoon give over the purſuit, when they find this inconvenience of theſe running into their Feet.

All. This is a moſt rare contrivance, and that which will mightily ſecure our Retreat. ——

Beggar begging at the Door. ——

For the Lords ſake, worthy Gentleman, haund your Charity tu'l a peaur awd Man, fourſcore and ſaxteen years, ean Farthing or Haupeny tu'l a peaur awd *Scotch-man*.

Enter

Enter two Servants, placing two Chairs and a ſmall Table.

[*Exit Servants.*

Gov. Gentlemen, I muſt deſire to be private for one half hour. [*Exeun*

(*Manent* Governor.)

Enter Beggar.

Gov. Honeſt *Darby*, thou never fail'ſt me: —— Come, ſit down.

Dar. I was at *Straban*, and dere is a veay peaur Regiment, not fitting to come to de Camp, deir Colonels name is Sir *Gregory Burn*, *Daniel Burn* the Traytor's Son, in *Dublin*, dey are wort noting at all. ——

(*Gives the Governor two Roles, and continues ſpeaking.*)

From dence I did go to *Caſtleſin*, and dere is no Soldier dere.

(*Gives the* Governor *a cut of* Cheſhire-*Cheeſe, about three pound, out of his bag, and continues talking.*)

From dence I did go to *Cavan*, and dere is no Peoples neder; his Graaſh de Duke of *Barwick* is broke up Camp, and gone to de Army. —— Look behind my Back.

(*Gets up; the Governor turns up his ragged Cloak, and cuts off a bottle of Brandy.* Darby *pulls out of his Bag ſix Red-herrings, the Governor puts them into his Coat-pocket.*

Dat is all I do know of de matter, and dis is de Trut, by de Book, and by de ſix Red herrings I did give dee.

Gov. Come, *Darby*, lay your hand on de Book.

(*Takes out a bag of Money, and pours it on the Table.*)

Take what you pleaſe of this. ——

(Governor *tells him out twenty Crowns, and gives him twenty more.* —— *Servant brings in two pound of Roll-Tobacco.*)

Dar. I ſill be vid dee in tree or four day.

[*Exit* Darby.

Enter

Enter Evangeliſt, Gamill, Monrath, Forgus.

Gov. Gentlemen, my Intelligence is now, that our Coaſt is clear, there is no more than a ragged Regiment, Commanded by Colonel *Burn*, at *Straban*, none at *Caſtlefin*, and thoſe Horſe commanded by the Duke of *Burwick*, that lay at *Cavan*, are come to the Camp, or commanded to the Iſle of *Inch*, againſt the *Engliſh* Forces: ſo that we have our way clear, and I hope, before it be day-light, on *Friday* Morning we may paſs the River: As ſoon as we enter the Bogs, their Horſe can do us no hurt; they'l be hankering after the Plunder of *Derry*, ſo that I hope a great part of their Foot will ſtay behind.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Here is a Meſſenger come from the Iſle of *Inch*, from the Major General.

Gov. Bring him in; he is the welcomeſt Meſſenger I ever ſaw, provided he brings us comfortable News.

Enter a Boy about fifteen years of age, in an old coat, and ſhort hair.

Gov. What News doſt thou bring? Haſt thou any Note or Letter?

Boy. I am to give it you by word of Mouth. The General is extremely Concern'd at your Miſery; he has ſent two Ships with Proviſions, and a Man of War to conduct them, beſides the Ship he comes in himſelf.

Gov. But how ſhall I know this to be true?

Boy. I ſaw them under Sail before I came away. I was all day in the *Iriſh* Camp, watching how I might conveniently paſs their Lines, and in the dark Night I crept on my hands and knees, till I paſs'd by their Guards.

Enter another Officer.

Off. Four Ships are under ſail coming up *Derry* Lough, and are ſeen to caſt Anchor at *Quiglies* Point.

Gov. We'll all go and ſee this happy Sight.

And forget all dangers paſt,
Long, long, look'd for, comes at laſt.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the *Iriſh* Camp.

Enter Roſin, Hamilton, Sheldon, Wauhop, Bohan.

Ham. Viewing our Out-guads towards *Enniſkoven*, and caſting my Eye towards the Harbour-mouth, I ſaw four Ships under Sail; I waited about an hour, and I beheld their *Engliſh* Colours; they at laſt came to an Anchor at *Quiglies* Point.

Roſ. They are no queſtion, Ships of Proviſion, for the Relief of the Rebels.

Sheld. They cannot well paſs the Fort of *Kulmore*, and our Batteries, and the worſt of all will be, the Bomb that lies croſs the River, and the Batteries on both ends the Bomb.

Ham. It is impoſſible they ſhould eſcape us, any thing that is made of wood cannot paſs us, down they ſink to the bottom.

Roſ. Give orders, that if the Ships offer but to weigh Anchor, or hoiſe Sail, that the Army be immediately Alarm'd, and drawn into their Breſt-work that lies along the River.

Wau. We ſhall ſink them, if there were an hundred of them, from our Batteries that lie on both ſides the River; they'l down to the bottom in a moment.

Roſ. Thoſe Proviſion-Ships, had they been ſent up to Relieve the Town ſix or ſeven weeks ago, when the Fleet came firſt into the Harbour, would indeed have done the work, but to let us fortifie and ſtrengthen the Fort of *Kulmore*, throw up our Works on all the moſt advantagious Places of the River, erect a Bomb, build Forts on each end of the Bomb, furniſh them with Cannon, in fine, give us all the advantage we cou'd deſire, was ſomthing ſtrange; for they knew there was no way but this one, to give them help, — and to give us this freedom and liberty, without ſo much as attempting to ſend up one of their ſmalleſt Ships; I cannot imagine where their cunning and policy lay, for now 'tis ten times more difficult than before. It is therefore a decreed Fate, for theſe Rebels to undergo the ſeverity of the Law, as a Puniſhment and Example to future Ages. How Men perſiſt in their Wickedneſs, and unheard of Rebellion? But however, we cannot be too ſecure; let all the care imaginable be taken to prevent their Relieving the Town; for all they have left is but nine Horſes, which will not be one weeks Proviſion, no Dog, Cat, Rat, Meal, *&c.* all is ſpent and gone, the Ravenous Hounds have eaten all.

Ham.

Ham. There is ſuch a Peſtilence in the Town, that a hundred die in a week.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Three of the four Ships have weigh'd Anchor, and making all the ſail they can, the Wind and Tide favours them.

Roſ. Play Bombs, ſhoot Cannons, and let all our Engines be ſet at work, —— Now, Rebels, prepare for the Halter, as well thoſe in the Ships, as thoſe in the Town; no mercy for one Soul of them, the very Dogs, if they have any, we'll hang up at the Yard-arm.

Enter another Officer.

Off. Three Ships are under ſail, the Wind and Tide favouring them; ---- they arewithin reach of our Cannon from the Fort.

Ham. Let the Wind and Tide favour them as much as it will, they can never paſs our Fort of *Kalmore*, when our Guns and Small-ſhot are as thick as they can ſtand.

Enter a third Officer.

Off. I am ſent to acquaint your Excellency, that the Frigat that is conducting the two Proviſion Ships, having the Wind of the Caſtle, and in the ſmoak the two Proviſion Ships, like Chickens under the old Hens Wing, ſlipt by, and have clear'd themſelves of the Fort.

Roſ. Well, we have three hits more, and if the Devil be'nt on their ſide, they cannot eſcape us.

Enter a fourth Officer.

Off. The Man of War has caſt Anchor; the two Proviſion Ships continue their Voyage, and are making up the River, but not one jot of wind in their Sails.

Ham. This makes for us; they may a little eſcape our ſmall ſhot, but when they come to the Bomb, and our Batteries, what will become of them then? Indeed if the Man of War had ſail'd with them, and run with all his force againſt the Bomb, ſomthing might have been done, ply'd us with Broadſides, and rattled their ſmall ſhot about our Ears, they would certainly have beaten our Gunners from their Poſts, or at leaſt diſabled our Cannon, but theſe two ſmall Proviſion-ſhips can

do

do nothing, you'l see in what a condition they'l be in presently.

Enter an Officer.

Off. The bigest of the Provision-ships hangs on the Bomb, and is wafting Ashore; our Cannon on both the Batteries are pelting at her.

(*A great Shout from the Enemy*, Rosin, Hamilton, *and the rest, with repeated Huzzahs.*)

Ros. Not a Soul of them Quarter. —— Death for any Man to give Quarter.

Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Derry.

Enter Governor, Camill, Monrath, Forgus.

Gov. FOrgus, go immediately and desire the Doctor to make short his Discourse, and dismiss the Congregation; for I have work to do for them. —— All Men to their Arms immediately. —— Let me have all the Cellar Doors thrown open, and all the Hogsheads and Barrels rolled down to *Shipkey-Gate*, that they may be ready to make a Blind on the Key, to go to our Ships, against they come up, to preserve our Men from the Enemies small shot.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Our Ships are at hard Service, being hotly play'd upon on both sides of the River, with great and small shot.

Gov. Heavens preserve us.

Cam. I am sure we have the Prayers of many Thousands.

Enter Women carrying their Children, others clapping their hands, some crying, some praying, some shrieking within and without.

Enter another Officer.

Off. Bad News; our largest Provison-ship hangs on the Bomb, and on Ground; the Enemy continue firing at her with great and small shot.

(*All*

(*All look miſerably one upon another.*)

——(*Cryes and Shrieks within.*)

Monr. I wiſh to God we were able to help them; for if they hang upon the Bomb, we muſt hang too.

Gov. Not ſo bad as that, we have our Crow-feet to help us, which I fear will be our laſt ſhift.

Enter an Officer.

Off. The Ships have clear'd themſelves, are under Sail, and out of the Cannon ſhot, and are coming about the *Crook* of *Enver.*

(*A great many Huzzahs, and as many within, ſhaking their Hats, Huzzah, Huzzah.—— They all kiſs one another.*

Gov. Forgus, Go and let me have twenty Men of each Regiment, the beſt appointed, to be commanded by my ſelf. They have now only one advantage left, which is, to burn our Shipping this Night, by reaſon our Key is without the Town. I'll be Captain of the Guard my ſelf, and I'll maintain my Poſt, or I'll die on the ſpot. Let all the Guards be doubled.——

[*Exit* Forgus.

Enter Evangeliſt, (*kiſſeth the Governor and the reſt.*)

Evang. Heaven has heard our Prayers, the Sighs and Groans, and Shrieks of the Diſtreſſed, have reached the Heavens, and has now delivered us from the implacable, wicked, and deſigning Malice of our mercileſs Enemies; *His holy Name be praiſed for all his Mercies. It is not the ſtrength of Men's Arms that gains the Battel, but it is thou, O Lord, that guideth all things, by thy Omnipotent Power, and hath* this day *wonderfully delivered us out of the hands of our Enemies.*

Enter Forgus.

Gov. I know as well, as if I were one of Monſieur's Council, that crafty Fox *Roſin,* will think now we have got our Ships up, and Proviſion, that we will be careleſs of our Guards, and fall a drinking, for joy of our being Reliev'd; but I'll be provided for him, I'll have a Rod in Piſs againſt their coming: I expect my Spy in towards midnight.

(*Huzzah within three or four times.* —— Bread, Bread, Bread. *Doubled,* —— Bread, Bread, Bread: —— *God bleſs the King, God bleſs the Queen, that has ſent us* Bread.

Evang. See how Bread rings in the Gariſon and Out-works, Bread is the Staff of Life.

Gov. It will not be as formerly, when I us'd to go my Rounds, to find ten, twelve, fifteen, dead in a Night with hunger; they ſhall have their Belly-full. *Forgus*, go immediately, and let them all know they ſhall have Bread: Let a Sergeant of a Company be ready with two Men, to carry Meal to the Out-works. Bid them not ſwallow too much at a time, for fear of choaking.

[*Exit* Forgus.

Let me have all the Sacks in the Town brought, to unlade the firſt Ship, for I underſtand it is not in Sacks, but in bulk. By Break of Day we may expect the Enemy to be upon us, for then the Tide will be at the loweſt; their Guns brought about to Batter our Proviſion Ships. What we get this Night is ſafe. *Monrath* and *Camill*, do you take care of this.

[*Exit* Monrath *and* Camill.

Enter Captain Douglas, *the Sea-Captain.*

(*The Governor embraces him.*)

Gov. Capt. *Douglas*, my dear Friend, welcom to *Derry*;--- you have ſav'd all our Lives. A hard bout you have had, I wiſh with all my heart I cou'd have given you aſſiſtance.

Capt. Dear Sir, I am heartily glad it lay in my Power to do you, and this Renowned Gariſon ſervice. You have gained immortal Honour, and will be rewarded far beyond what you expect. My Brother, Capt. *Browning*, the Commander of the *Montjoy*, the bigeſt of our Proviſion Ships, is kill'd: I mightily lament his unfortunate Death: He was a brave Man, and mighty forward in diſpatching this great Enterpriſe.

Gov. It cannot be help'd, it is the Chance of War. Give orders for your Hatches to be thrown open, I have order'd an hundred Men with Sacks to attend your Ship; we are ſecure of nothing but what we get in this Night. It is time we all repair to our Poſts and Stations, this will be a night of danger.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to the *Irish* Camp.

Enter Roſin, Hamilton, Wauhop, Bohan.

Roſin. BOhan, ſend away an Expreſs, without delay, to my Lord *Monteſhel*, not to engage the *Inniskillingers* till Reinforced by us. Give an account alſo of this City being Reliev'd, and that we cannot ſtay long here:

[*Exit* Bohan.

Ham. A deſperate Diſeaſe muſt have a deſperate Remedy; the only way, in my judgment, will be to ſurprize the Rebels in their Merriments, about twelve this Night, and burn their Ships of Proviſions. I obſerve, that when the Tide is out, eight or ten Men may march a breaſt, under the Sea Baſtion, and when we are under their Guns, and before they can be in readineſs to oppoſe us, our Men may do their Buſineſs, which will be no more, than throwing four or five Barrels of Powder into the Hold of the Ship, put into Bags for that purpoſe, and then to hand in two or three Granadoes, and make their Retreat; which may be done with ſmall loſs. The Town then will be our own.

Roſ. I mightily approve of this method, and let it with all ſpeed be put in Action: It will be a ſpecial piece of Service; what with the Granadoes, and ſome combuſtible ſtuff, the buſineſs may be eaſily done.

Ham. I'll give orders for a thouſand Granadiers, and as many Voluntiers as will go. We'll burn their two Ships, and ſet them on fire in an inſtant.

Wau. And for the better performance of the General's Orders, I'll lead them on.

And when you ſee the Rebels Ships blow up,
Say, Wauhop *was the Man that did the Work.*

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor, Carnill, Forgus.

Forgus. WHEN I was with the Out-guards, to ſee the Meal was equally diſtributed, they fell to it

it like Tygers; one of five or ſix of them run to *Colombkill*'s Well, to fetch his Hat-full of Water to mix with the Meal: They cramm'd one another, as they do in our Country the Turkeys and Capons.

Jonney, Jonney, cries one to the other, *is your Wem full yet? Nea yet*, cries the other.—— But to hear what a Dialogue paſſed between our Men and the *Iriſh*, that were in the Trenches juſt under us, whilſt our Men were buſie in filling themſelves. Up ſtarts two or three *Iriſh* Soldiers, and calls out, *Wolly, Wolly, Lads*; for ſo they call King *William*'s Men, *you'l cry out no more for Bread, the De'il choak you.*

Another of the *Iriſh* Soldiers, *Wolly, Wolly, where's your Horſe Puddings, you Rogues.* —— Another, *Wolly, Wolly, give us ſome of your* Scotch *Meal.*—— Another, *How quietly the Loons lie, the De'il burſt them.*—— Another, *Wolly, Wolly, why do you not ſpeak Sauny, Sauny, is it good Meal, Sauny.*

Up ſtarts one of our Men, aſſoon as he had fill'd himſelf, and calls out, *Rorry, Teigue, Dermot, Scoundrels, that had the De'il for your Godfather, what ſay you to good ſalt Beef and Pork?*—— Another, *Beef and Pudding, you Rogues.* — Another, *Engliſh Beef, three Inches thick of fat, ſtall-fed Beef, you Rogues.*—— Another, *Plum-pudding, you Rogues, you ſhall ſee how our Chimneys will ſmoak to morrow, you Rogues.* —— Another, *Good* Engliſh *Beer*, Cheſhire-*Cheeſe, good* Engliſh *Biſket, you Rogues, cut and dry'd Tobacco, you Rogues.*

Iriſhmen. *Choak you, 'tis too good for ſuch Rebelly Dogs.*

And thus was the Saluration between our Men and the Enemies.

Gov. This was pleaſant enough. Let us now to our Buſineſs: Are all our Detachments in readineſs?

Forg There are eight Score Men complete, beſides Officers, all drawn up.

Gov. Is our ſix pieces of Cannon loaded with ſmall ſhot?

Forg. They are.

Gov. Are the three hundred Men poſted in the Breaſt-work without, under the Sea-Baſtion?

Forg. They are.

Gov. It's probable we may be Attack'd ſome time this night, or early in the morning, if ſo, we'll give them ſuch a ſcouring as they have not met with yet; the twenty-four Foot Plank that goes from the Key to the Ship, I have order'd to be thrown adrift, and all the Hatches to be cloſed up, on the firſt Alarm, the Enemy will think to run on Board, but twenty one Feet will be too great a leap. Whatſoever Alarm ſhall be at this end of the Town, let not the Field Guards take notice of it, tell them, I Command this Guard my ſelf. The Word

King

King *William* the Field, and Queen *Mary* the Town.

[*Exit.* Forgus.

Enter Cabbin-Boy.

Boy. My Maſter, Captain *Douglas*, deſires you to go on Board, and take a Dram, drink a cup of Punch, and eat a ſlice of Hamn.

Gov. Tell your Maſter his Ship lies at Anchor, and his Nights buſineſs is over, but mine is not, but to Morrow I'll ſee him, and accept of his Invitation.

[*Exit Boy.*

This is a happy Deliverance, and I do not queſtion but our Fortunes are made, and that King *William* will be very kind to us.

Enter Captain Douglas.

Capt. Sir, pray do me the favour to go on Board, and take one glaſs of Punch.

Gov. You muſt excuſe me, I'll drink no Punch this Night; I Honour and Reſpect you as much, as if you had given me half your Ship, but I cannot, muſt not, dare not ſtir from my Poſt. —— I expect the Enemy to advance upon me every moment.

Capt. There are ſeveral Officers and others with me, that wou'd be glad of your good Company.

Gov. Evangeliſt. I make no queſtion, is one. —— It is a pretty *Sundays* Work; but, Captain, do but conſider, this is not a time to drink, when Providence has ſo miraculouſly delivered us from the Jaws of the Wolfe. I that have ſome thouſands of Souls under my care, muſt do what I can for their ſafety: —— This little Ship of yours, is better to us, than if you had brought the Treaſure of the *Indies*, and ſhe laden with precious Stones, —— this little Meal is of more value. —— I am reſolv'd upon't, not to ſtir one inch from my Poſt, or at leaſt till I have an account in what poſture the Enemy is in.

Capt. I think I have one Bottle of Claret, I'll ſtep and fetch that.

Gov. You ſay ſomthing now. —— Let your Boy bring a Biſket.

[*Exit Captain.*

This Captain *Douglas* is a very obliging Man, and has done an extraordinary piece of Service, and I hope will be rewarded accordingly. —— The Enemy is not yet in motion, if they were, I ſhould have my Spy to give intelligence.

Enter Captain with his Boy.

Capt. Come, Boy, fill the Governor a glass of Claret.

(*Governor takes a bit of Bisket.*)

The King and Queens good Health.

Gov. God bless King *William*, and our Gracious Queen, that has sent us this happy Relief: Their Health and good Success.

(*Drinks.*)

Capt. Our General's Health on Board.

(*Third Health.*)

—— Prosperity to their Majesties Forces by Sea and Land.

Gov. Now, Captain *Douglas*, I return you thanks.

Capt. One glass more.

Gov. Not one drop more.

Capt. I wish you a good Guard. [*Exit Capt.*

Gov. If they do come, they never met with such a brush, as we'll give them. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the *Irish* Camp.

Enter Rosin, Hamilton, Sheldon.

Ham. ALL is now in readiness, and we attend your Order for marching.

Enter an Officer, a Spy of the Enemy.

Off. We have certain Advice in what Posture the Rebels are in, that they are so advantagiously Posted, that it is impossible to do them any damage, without the loss of our Men. The Governor commands that Post where you design to Attack, and all is prepared with extraordinary watchfulness to receive us. A considerable Party of *English* Soldiers, well Officer'd, that came along with their Provision Ships, are Posted with the Governor himself.

Ham.

Ham. 'Twas not to be expected, that he that has acted so well all along, shou'd be taken on a surprize, when he knows we have but few days to stay.

Ros. These are Rebels with a vengeance — Never was such a potent Army baffl'd, by so inconsiderable a Place, and such a Rabble of People, and forc'd to march away with shame and disgrace.

Ham. We must now resolve on something quickly: Here is *Derry* on one side, the *English* Forces on the other, and the *Inniskillingers* before us.

Ros. Let us be quick in our Consultations, for march away we must. —— Confusion attend this Town, and lasting as is our shame.

Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Derry.

Enter Governor and Forgus.

Gov. HAve you been the Rounds, and is all quiet?

Forg. All is still and quiet, not so much as a Dog barking.

Gov. I was in hopes the Enemy would have been in motion before this, that we might have given them their farewell Stroak. —— Here is my Spy, — come, I shall know what News.

Enter Spy, in a Countryman's Habit, with a stick in his hand.

Well, how stands Causes? Shall we have any Sport to Night?

Spy. No, Sir, None at all; you would have heard from me sooner, if their had been any likelihood of Action. —— Soon after I went out, I repair'd to the General's Tent, where was a crowd of Officers, and a great Council held. Amongst others, I listned; at last it was agreed upon, that the Ships should be attacked with a thousand Granadiers, and as many Voluntiers as would go. A great Reward was promis'd to him that should first Board the Ship. Major General *Wauhop* was to lead them; upon which the Court was just rising, when an Officer came in with Intelligence; what that was I could not learn, but when the Detachments were all in readiness to march, orders came to dismiss them. —— I sat on the Bank just by the General's Tent, smoaking my Pipe, a Sergeant sat down

down by me, and says, *Dear Countryman, canst thou give me a Pipe of Tobacco?* Upon which I threw out this Bladder, and let him fill his Pipe: and as one Discourse brings in another, he told me, *that the* Inniskillmers *had routed the Lord* Moncathel, *otherwise called Lieut. General* Maccarty, *but hoped it was not true.* That would be bad News indeed, quoth I. Sir, I have ean four-pence, ken you where is awny of my Country Swas, Ise give you a Drink. We went to the next place where they sold drink, and there it was confirm'd, *that* Maccarty *was totally Routed.* Soon after I took leave of the Sergeant, and came away.

* *Small Scotch Ale.*

Gov. This is better and better ſtill, they will not ſtay long to trouble us. I'll go and ſee what quantity of Meal is taken out of the Ship.

[*Exeunt:*

SCENE changes to the *Iriſh* Camp:

Enter Roſin, Hamilton, Sheldon, Wauhop, Bohan.

Ham. IF this flying News that is about the Camp ſhould prove true, we are all undone.

Enter an Expreſs, and delivers a Letter to Mareſchal Roſin.

(*He reads.*)

Roſ. Morbleu, we ſhall run ſafter back, than ever we ran forwards. This curſed Town has ruin'd all.

(*He Reads on.*)

Ham. There's ſome very bad News. His Rage and Paſſion will ſoon be over. [*Aſide.*

Sheld. I fear our King, or his King is dead.

Boh. It may be the *French* King's old Diſeaſe is broke out again, *Fiſtula in Ano.* ——(Aſide.)

Wauh. I'll ask him. —— May it pleaſe your Excellency, what is the cauſe of your ſo much Diſcontent?

Roſ. Ah, Meſſieurs, Meſchant Novel! the Lord *Moneaſhel* and his Army quite Defeated; himſelf and an hundred Officers taken Priſoners, not the half return'd, but kill'd or taken; and that which grieves me moſt, a great many Officers are my Country-men, the beſt Soldiers in de World.

Boh. A

Rob. A fine Cruel Job he has made of it. It was never a good World ſince he and his Countrymen came amongſt us, and now inſtead of his King getting *Ireland*, we are in a fair way of being beaten out of it; and inſtead of our getting the Rebels Eſtates of this Kingdom, which we ſo much boaſted of, and had them in Poſſeſſion, thoſe of *Derry* will be rewarded with *Iriſh* Eſtates; and, conſidering how they have managed, they well deſerve them.

Ham. This is the third day ſince the Town was Reliev'd; and if it be ſo that Lieut. General *Maccay* is routed, as no queſtion but he is, we have no buſineſs for to ſtay, leaſt we fall into a worſe miſchief.

Rob. Let orders be given to burn and deſtroy the Country; the Mines to be ſprung under *Kilmore* Caſtle, leave not ſo much as a Houſe ſtanding, no, not ſo much as a Mill to grind the Rebels Corn. —— Give orders that there be a ſtrong Party of Horſe and Dragoons on the Rear guard, to cover our Retreat; the Foot to begin to march at three a Clock in the morning. I hope to have the ſucking of a thouſand of thoſe damn'd Hereticks hearts Blood, before I die.

[*Exit Robin.*

Ham. Farewel, ſtubborn and ungrateful Town of *Derry*, a Neſt of Traytors and Rebels. —— O how this proud City has been a Thorn in our ſide, ever ſince we came firſt to it! How has it confounded, diſtracted, ruined, and brought to nothing, the deep Deſigns of our great Undertaking? Here to abide in deſpair, till conquer'd, ruin'd, and over-power'd by an *Engliſh* Army, who will chaſe us from one end of the Kingdom to the other. —— Had it not been for this Town, we had, in all probability, been in the Heart of *England*. In vain do we ſtand and reſiſt, run down and overborne by *Orange*'s Arms. We periſh, we periſh, and are quite undone. —— Eternal Honour to you the Governor of *Derry*, your great Conduct ought to be Recorded for ever.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Monmath, *carrying the naked Sword, Governor following,* Evangeliſt, Camill, Forgus, *Servants and Attendants.*

Cam. THE Country is all on Fire, *Kilmore* Caſtle blown up and in a flame, and all the Country round, both far and near, ſmarts under the Enemies fury.

Gov. And so should we, burning, hanging and quartering, sent to all the Market-Towns to be Executed; the Devices of the bloody *French* and *Irish*, to torter us. We were to be made the Examples of their Cruelty and Malice, had we once agreed to those dishonorable Propolals. But now, thanks to Heaven, thanks to Divine Providence, that hath brought us thro' all these Miseries. Thanks to the King, and our gracious Queen, whom we truly and faithfully Serve, and to the Divine Being that hath thus miraculously preserv'd us.

Evang. We will rejoyce and be thankful and glad, tho' there are some thousands that are departed in Peace. Honour, Victory, and Loyalty, have strengthen'd both our Hearts and Hands; true Subiects to the King and our gracious Queen; to our Country and Religion ever faithful and true.

Gov. Let this Sword of State be sheath'd again, ——

(*Sheath'd by* Evangelist.)

and return'd to the place from whence it came.

And when the Magistrates of this famous City shall home return,
We wish they may prove True and Loyal, as we have done.

It was not for Ostentation, or Vain-glory, that the Sword of State was drawn, ——

(*Draws his own Sword.*)

but to encourage my Men to fight, and maintain *English* Right, and the true Protestant Interest, and no less station than the King and Queens Lieutenant. And as a true *English* Captain drew that Sword, and this for the Honour of this City, and Glory of the *English* Crown, I sheath it again,

(*Sheaths it again.*)

And the Sword of Majesty in Peace, lay down, ——

(*Takes off his Hat.*)

Whilst our gracious King, conquering *William*, guards the Throne. —— Stand aside, we shall have some sport, here is Alderman *Buff*, and Alderman *Stepstately*, all that was left of this antient, noble Corporation.

Enter Alderman Buff, *and Alderman* Stepstately, *in their Scarlet Gowns, followed by fifteen in black Gowns, as Burgesses, four*

Town

Town Serjeants with grey laced Cloaks, the Governor advancing towards the Door to meet them, the two Aldermen advance, the reſt ſtand at a diſtance.

Gov. Pray, Alderman *Stepſtately*, how have you done this long time? How did you manage in this great Extremity? I thought you had been all dead; I heard you were ſore troulebd with the Gout, and other complicated Diſtempers.

Stepſt. Why, truly Sir, I was very bad, and much out of order, ever ſince the beginning of the Siege, eſpecially when I heard the Bombs crack, I had always ſo much ſtrength to creep to the Walls, or under ſome Gate where was the greateſt ſafety. Thoſe terrible Bomb-Balls, put me ſtill in great ſhaking. My Heart fell a beating, and I had ſuch a grumbling, as tho' one of them was in my Belly. My Brother *Buff* was much in the ſame condition; was you not, Brother *Buff*?

Gov. And did you, Alderman *Buff*, uſe to be in ſuch a pickle, with a Diſtemper in your Belly?

Buff. Truly Sir, much worſe; — I wanted no Phyſick on Bomb-days; the Cannon was as frightful to me, as the Bombs, I had like to have been killed by one of them, as I was boyling the Pot; — I remember it was the ſecond Windmil-day, on the ſame token that my Wife was abroad, ſerving the Soldiers with Powder, Match, and Ball; I was afraid ſome Rogue or other, wou'd have levell'd his Gun and ſhot her. I'll ſay that for her, ſhe is a ſtout Girl, and never goes out without my Sword, which I uſed to wear in time of Peace. I was, thro' fear, and ſulpherous Stink of the Bombs, out of my Senſes for three or four days, and my dear tender Wife thought I would never recover my wits again. Is not this true, Brother *Step-ſtately*?

Gov. Gentlemen, and antient Magiſtrates of this City, I ſent to you, ſince the Siege is over, to reaſſume your former Dignity, one of you to be Mayor, and choſen according to the laudable Cuſtom and Practice of this antient Corporation, which I underſtand is by Vote of the Aldermen and Burghers. You, Gentlemen, which ſtand here, whom will you chooſe of theſe two worthy Aldermen, to aſcend the Chair?

Half of them —— *A Buff, a Buff, a Buff.*

The other half —— *Step-ſtately, Step-ſtately, Step-ſtately.*

Gov. It is hard to know who has the caſting Vote Alderman *Buff*, or Alderman *Step-ſtately*, ſo that you muſt decide it, and come to Poll.

Burgeſſes.

Burgeſſes ——

—— *A Buff, a Buff, Buff.*

—— *A Step-ſtately, a Step-ſtately, Step-ſtately.*

Gov. Forgus, go you and count Heads.

Forg. One, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight. This ſide has the caſting Voice.

Gov. Then Alderman *Step-ſtately* aſcend the Chair. —— Mr. Mayor, I wiſh you all Happineſs.

(*Gives him the Sword.*)

Thus I in Peace, the Sword to you reſtone,
Hoping we'll ne'er have cauſe to draw it more.

(*The Mayor gives the Sword to the Sword-bearer, and takes a white Wand. Two Sheriffs take two Wands, four Serjeants the four Maces.*)

Gov. One word more, Mr. Mayor, and then I have done. To morrow the Major General comes into Town, and will confirm what I have done; you muſt compliment him with a Speech, look big, and ſhew a ſtern Countenance; and when he Diſcourſes you about the Siege, make a ſort of Flouriſh, how you knock'd the Enemy down.

May. I'll do it to the purpoſe, I'll warrant you.

Gov. You are not troubled with the Gout now.

May. Not at all.

(*Gives a Caper.*)

It was only the time of the Siege.

Gov. Then he'll ſay the Mayor is a deſperate Fighter, a ſtout Man, I'll warrant him. —— Let me ſee now, you are reported to be an able Man in making Speeches, I ſome time have ſeen you give a Charge to the Grand Jury.

May. By your leave, I'll thus begin.

(*Fetches two or three Hems.*)

Sir, May it pleaſe your Excellency,

I Had an handful of Men in my Company, that would not turn their backs to twice their number, as ſtout as ever marched into Field, about the number of ſeventy. I arm'd them, I cloath'd them,

them, I paid them, all on my own proper coſt and charge; I took my Poſt at the Head of the Forlorn Hope, juſt under the Windmil. It was the ſecond Windmil Day. I ſhall never forget the place, as long as I have breath in my Body; obſerving ſome of my Men give way, (indeed it was more Raſhneſs, than good Conduct, I muſt confeſs, to engage ſeventy, againſt ſeven hundred)

(Buff holding up his hands, and caſting up his eyes:)

I was in ſuch a paſſion, and ſo enraged, that I was juſt charging into the thickeſt of the Enemy my ſelf alone, had not two of the Sergeants caught me by the Arms, and had much ado to hold me, ſaying, Lord, Sir, pray do not, we beſeech you, do not throw your life fooliſhly away. *More came in, ſome got me about the middle; in ſhort, I was over-power'd, and forc'd to ſubmit; upon which I halted till a greater force came up to reſcue me; and was commended for my Valour on all occaſions.*

Gov. This Speech may do, Mr. Mayor, but let it be when no Body's by.

Buff. With ſubmiſſion to you, noble Governor, I cannot have patience to hear this damn'd Romance. It is as great a Lie as ever I heard told.

May. It is no Lie, and thoſe four Sergeants that carry the the Mace, dare not ſay to the contrary. —— I lie, do you know who you are before? Take notice, Captain *Buff*, I did not give my Sword to my Wife to fight, and ſtay at home to boyl the Pot, and comb the Childrens Heads.

Buff. Nor I, Capt. *Step-ſtately*, wrap my Wives ſilk Scarf about my Leg, and go in Crutches, when you was as well as you are now. I did not do that, Neighbour *Step-ſtately*, nor wear my Beard of three Months ſtanding. —— *Alas,* (cries the Enemy) *poor Man, he is more fitting for an Hoſpital,* ——

(Step-ſtately holding up his hands, and caſting up his eyes.)

than do us any harm; it will be a great ſin to hang ſuch an old Heretick, if we ſpare any, we'll ſpare him. —— When Protections were ſold amongſt the Burghers for half Guineas a piece you gave a whole Guinea, to have *Hamilton*'s Hand and Seal: — That would not ſerve your Turn, but you Barrocaded your Street-door with your Wives kneeding Trough, expecting the Enemy at every Bomb. If they ſhou'd chance to come to to your Door, away you run up to the Dining-Room Window, and cry, *Do if you dare, I have Lieut. General* Hamilton's

Protection. Such a bout as that, would have forc'd away the Gout.

May. Well, I did invite you to a Calves-head and Bacon, and Oyſters, Muſhrooms, and other Pickles for ſauce, becauſe I knew you lov'd it, but now you ſhall not have a bit, and that I ſwear by this white ſtick in my hand.

Buff. I value not a Farthing, keep your Calves-head to your ſelf; if it was not for your Magiſtratical Commiſſion, I'd fight you with Sword and Piſtol.

Gov. Come, Gentlemen, we'll have no more ſhedding of Blood, we have had enough of that already: You are both my Friends, we'll have no ripping up of old Sores, there is but you two that wears the Scarlet, you muſt be Friends, and divide the Calves-head between you. —— Come, ſhake hands.

(Governor joins their hands.)

You are both Paſſionate, and that is nothing.

(They kiſs one another.)

That's well, and like Neighbours.

(Buff *pulls out his Handkerchief, and wipes his Eyes.*)

Buff. Indeed, Sir, we have lived theſe forty years very Neighbourly, and never had ſo much falling out before. Dear *Stepſtately*, I ſhou'd have ſaid, Worſhipful Mr. Mayor, kiſs me again. ——

(They kiſs again.)

— I would not have our Wives know of this for an hundred Pounds.

May. Indeed, Brother *Buff*, I am in every particular reconconciled, and if I have ſaid any thing that gives you offence, I beg your Pardon. — Noble Governor, I am very thankful to you, in placing this great Honour upon me, and taking ſo much care in putting our Corporation into its juſt and antient Method. Your moſt humble Servant.

(The Governor attends him to the Door; the Sergeants go firſt, then the two Sheriffs, then the Sword-bearer, and then the Mayor and Alderman Buff, *after them the Common-Council.*

[*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*

Manent Governor, *&c.*

Gov. Well, Gentlemen, is not this paſſage of the Mayors very comical?

Evang. Very diverting, I do aſſure you.

Cam. Nothing could be more pleaſant.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Sir, inſtead of Wars, we are like to have a ſplendid Court. Here are Gentlemen and Ladies coming from the Ships which lie at the *Inch* Iſland.

Gov. Who knows but they may be ſome of my old Acquaintance; *Forgus*, go and order the Maſter Gunner to be ready to ſalute them, the Bells to Ring at their advancing near the Town. —— Gentlemen, pray all of you attend them from me, and give my Service. I'll wait on them in a moment.

[*Exeunt.* Manent *Gov.*

Governor *ſolus.*

Gov. They come here to glut their Eyes in admiration, that ſuch a place as this ſhould do ſuch Feats. —— Ha, ha, let me recollect my Memory, and conſider the laſt period of my Prophetick Dreams; all is come to paſs but one, and that is, ſhe that is to be my Bride, fair *Lucretia* ſitting by my ſide: Then all is finiſh'd, and not before.

O Heavens, where all comfort is to be found,
Here on Earth, my Joys in all fulneſs do abound.

My mind foretells me, and it is ſo, this muſt be fair *Lucretia* that is now advancing near the Town. O! thoſe Prophetic Dreams come freſh in my thoughts, exactly come to paſs, that all theſe Miſeries I ſhall endure, before I ſhould attain to the heighth of Happineſs, and be fully poſſeſſed of my fair one; a Jewel not to be purchaſed with Gold or Silver, but with Toil and Pains, and great hazard of Life: But this happineſs doth wonderfully Recompenſe the Fatigue and Labour I have endured. And thus muſing on my Bed, between Hopes and Deſpair, and weary with the thoughts of what Miſery did attend this poor Kingdom and Nation, I fell aſleep, and Dreamed I ſaw a bloody Sword hanging over my head, pointing to the North: I ſtartled and awaked. —— I ſlept again, and then I was encompaſſed in the midſt of a flying Army, purſued by a mercileſs Enemy, crying, *Kill, kill, they are Rebels*

bels to our Country, and our King. Frighted I awaked, and cry'd, *Lord what is it that does my Reſt diſquiet.* I ſlept again, and then methoughts I was in the midſt of a Beſieged City, where Bombs and Cannons tore down both Town and Wall; no Quarter to be given to Man, Woman, or Child; Death to thoſe who ſhould for Quarter call. Hunger, Famine, and Peſtilence raged: An Horſe's Head was ſet before me, and Horſes Blood bak'd inſtead of Bread. I cry'd, *O wou'd ſome Cannon Ball, or Bomb, eaſe me of this Miſery, that quietly in my Grave I might take my reſt.* I awak'd, and to encreaſe my Fears, I cry'd,

'Tis for my paſt Offences I am deem'd to undergo,
The greateſt Plagues, Peſtilence, and Woe.

I ſlept again, and ſweetly took my Reſt,
And then a pleaſing Dream my Heart poſſeſs'd.

All eaſe and quiet took poſſeſſion of my Heart; great Attendance, a plentiful Table, and coſtly Wines beſides, and fair *Lucretia* ſitting by my ſide. On which I immediately heard a Voice cry, *Ariſe, ariſe, haſt and be gone, Honour attends you at the Gate.* I ſtarted and awak'd, and who ſhould I ſee but fair *Lucretia*, veſted in black, ſtanding by my ſide, crying, *Ariſe, make haſt and be gone, your Life is in danger.* O my Guardian Angel, I muſt be gone, when fair *Lucretia* bids me go. Then in folded Arms, and ſweet Embraces, we with ſorrow parted. But now, in the heighth of my Felicity, my betrothed Spouſe is come again, her killing Eyes will me ſurpriſe, and this Night I ſhall be ſlain.

Enter Goodman, *and Servewell.*

(*Governor runs and Embraces them.*)

Gov. O my dear *Goodman*, my dear *Servewell*, what News do you bring? How does your ſweet Ladies, *Leonora*, and *Katharine?*

Goodm. Both well, and with us, together with the Lady *Lucretia.*

Gov. How! ſpeak the word again, *Lucretia*, my fair *Lucretia.* ——

(*Embraces and kiſſes them again.*)

And is my fair *Lucretia* come? My joy is now at the full.

Goodm. When we took our leaves of you in *Dublin*, 'twas deſign'd that we ſhould be clapt into Priſon, and a ſtone Doublet clapt on our Backs, but you took your way to the North.

Gov. 'Twas decreed for me, by Dreams and Viſions, I cou'd not go beyond my Fate. —— Go on.

Goodm. We with our eſpouſed Dames, got ſafe on Shipboard, and ſo for *England*. Being ſome times in *London*, we got the ſame Poſts we had before in *Ireland*. Accidentally walking in the Park one Evening, Mrs. *Katharine* eſpyed the Lady *Lucretia*, walking with her aged Father. There was no parting when the Ladies met together, and ſo we went in the old Gentleman's Coach to his Houſe in the City, where we were kindly entertain'd. This Lady (your Bride that muſt be this Night) had an account by the Publick News, that you were in *Derry*; nothing would prevail, when ſhe heard that we were Commanded for your Relief, but ſhe would follow us. Her Father, that had no other Child, wou'd not part with her, and underſtanding that ſhe and you were Contracted, came along, and are now on their Journey from the *Inch* hither, within ſix Miles, and I ſuppoſe by this time near this place.

Gov. I'll away, I can with no patience ſtay, my Heart, my Life, my Fair! in twiſted Arms I'll Embrace my dear *Lucretia*.

I'll haſt, I'll run, and meet her on the way,
The Dangers paſt, ſhall vaniſh quite away.

[*Exeunt.*

(*A pauſe for about half a quarter of an hour.*)

Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, and Hautboys.)

Enter old Father and Evangeliſt, Goodman *and* Servewell *follows, the Governor leading* Lucretia, *in a pompous Dreſs, a wreath of gilded Laurels on the back of her head*; Camill *leading Mrs. Katharine*; Forgus *leading Mrs.* Elenora; *Servants and Attendants.*

Old Fa. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, if we conſider what this Love is, take it in its ſeveral Operations, eſpecially in the Blooming Age of Youth, when the Blood is hot and warm; it is an admirable Thing, if right conſidered. Theſe young Ladies loſe their Appetites, their Stomachs qualm, they loſe their Complexion, and in a ſhort time look pale and wan. The Vermillion die that graces their Beauty, draws away and diſappears, and this when Love is obſtructed from its right Courſe. This Girl, I beg your Pardon, Sir, that I call her ſo, that is to be

your Bedfellow, when this Gentleman has perform'd his Office, was in the ſame Circumſtances as I have before deſcrib'd, as you will underſtand by the ſequel of my Diſcourſe, and 'twas a great affliction to me, when ſhe parted from me and went with the Counteſs for *Ireland*, tho' indeed ſhe told me, that ſhe would take as much care of her, as if ſhe was her own Child; and indeed with tears I parted with her: But ſhe being young, airy, and gidddy, had a mind to go abroad to improve her ſelf, more than ſhe thought ſhe might do by ſtaying with her Father. Wars coming on in *Ireland*, ſhe got leave of the Counteſs to return home to me, where ſoon I found a great alteration from what ſhe was formerly, and very often in Tears. It was, you muſt think, a great Grief to me, to ſee my only Daughter diſcontented: I queſtion'd her ſeveral times what was the matter that ſhe was thus melancholy, and would not eat her Meat? Somtimes ſhe wou'd fetch a great Sigh, and ſay, *nothing ail'd her.* All that I cou'd do, cou'd not find it out. One morning getting up early, and looking out of the Balcony, News was cry ing about, of the Defeat and Overthrow, the Gariſon of *Derry* had given to the Beſiegers: how many were kill'd, the Names of the principal Officers ſlain, and what Men of Note were there taken Priſoners, whom ſhou'd I ſee but my Daughter, half Dreſs'd, and half undreſs'd, run croſs the Street to buy one of the Papers? And as ſhe was going by my Chamber-Door, I called to her, *Lucretia, let me ſee what Paper that is you have got?* We both ſat down on the Couch, and ſhe reading of it, ſome part was, *That the Governor was dead, and that one Colonel* Granade *ſucceeded, and was choſen Governor.* Upon that word, naming *Granade*, I perceiv'd her Stomach to be very full, and tears began to trickle down her Cheeks, and with her Handkerchief ſhe wip'd her Eyes. *My dear Child*, ſaid I, *you ſhall read no more; I'll ask you no queſtions till you are better compoſed in your Mind*, and bid her go Dreſs herſelf: Upon which I ſent a Letter to theſe two worthy Captains to Dine with me, and to bring theſe two Ladies with them, for that it was a Buſineſs of great Concern I had to impart to them. After we had Dined, I diſcours'd the two Ladies privately, *if they knew this Gentleman, Colonel* Granade, *that was mention'd in the News Paper?* They told me, *they did, and that he was an Honorable Perſon, and a Man of a good Family in* England, *and was often in Company with them; and that they deſired* Lucretia *to give Encouragement to him, when he made his Addreſſes to her.* So it reſted till they were gone.—— The ſame Evening I accoſted my Daughter, and told her, *that if ſhe wou'd be ingenious and let me know the cauſe of her Diſcontent, their was nothing ſhe ſhould deſire, but I would grant; and if any Promiſe or*

Love-

Love-matters, had paſſed between that Gentleman and her, I wou'd forward it as much as I *cou'd.* Upon which ſhe fell down on her knees and begg'd my Pardon for offending. I fell in Tears at the ſame time, to ſee her ſo Dutiful, and raiſed her up. Then ſhe told me, ſhe was Contracted to the very ſame Gentleman mentioned in the News, and had ſeal'd a firm Contract, and ſign'd it with her Blood; and that he had done the ſame to her. *And is it, my dear Child, come ſo far?* Indeed it is, ſays ſhe, and I'll ſhew you the Contract ſigned with his Blood; and then took it out of her Boſom and ſhew'd it me. —— And now, for your comfort, Daughter, you and I will go along with theſe two worthy Captains, who are commanded to the Relief of *Derry*, and with their Ladies, that you may have your wish'd for Deſire. I'll hire a Veſſel where ſhall be the beſt Accommodation, that all things may add to your eaſe and quiet; I'll fetch thee one hundred Guineas to buy Cloaths, and what elſe you pleaſe, or ſhall need. I thought the Girl would have leap'd out of her Skin for joy; there was no more Tears or Sighs. Her Complexion came again in an inſtant, and ſhe was as merry as a Cricket. —— Thus you ſee what the Force of Love is. And to you, Sir, who are my Son and Heir, that has gone thro' ſo many Dangers, and have acquitted your ſelf as became an Experienc'd Soldier, and a true *Engliſhman*; you have acted and done far beyond what was expected, from one of your Station, you have ſtood up for the Honour of the *Engliſh* Nation, in which you were Born; and this Kingdom of *Ireland* will reap the Benefit of your Valour, in which you have been a Pattern of Courage, Loyalty and Fidelity. — The King will reward you, and *England* will reward you, the Nobility, Gentry, and Commonalty of this Iſland, at their return back from *England*, (if not worſe than thoſe you Conquer'd) will reward you; and I, full of Affection and Gratitude to your high Merit, give you my only Daughter, together with my worldly Subſtance, after my Death. —— This is all the Happineſs I ſought, to ſee my Child well diſpoſed of, and I here give you my Bleſſing.

(*They both kneel.*)

Wishing you may have many Children, that may imitate their Father's Virtues.

(*They riſe.*)

Gov. I can return nothing in recompenſe, but my unfeign'd Thanks for all your Favours.

(*Embraces him.*)

And

And particularly for this great and rich Jewel, your only Daughter, this fair Lady, to be my Bride; and I hope my future Performances will answer this great Honour done to me. Who of the Soldier's Profession, but would undergo such another dangerous Enterprise, to be so well rewarded? And pass thro' so many Dangers, at last to arrive at the heighth of Happiness, to be such gainers? The skilful Mariner, thro' Storms and Tempests, at last arrives at his desired Port: The Soldier, after Camps, Sieges, and the Extremity of War, meets with his desired Mistress, and that makes amends for all. How oft are the Heavens clouded with Fogs, Rain, and Mists, which Eclipse the Sun, and at last all vanisheth and is gone? So my fair Bride,

Splendid as any Mortal does appear,
My unfathom'd Joys, and endless Bliss draws near.

FINIS.

THE EPILOGUE

To the Second Part.

WHat Hiſtory is there that can relate,
What this Beleaguer'd City bore of late?
'Twas not ſo much the Iriſh *did oppreſs,*
As Home-bred Treachery in the deepeſt Dreſs.
How we in Streams of Blood have waded through,
In ſpite of Sword and Famine we were true?
The juſtneſs of our Cauſe held up our Head,
But not till private Enemies were fled.

The dark and black Cloud then did diſappear,
And thoſe that ſought our Ruin fled for fear.
The one by flight haſted to clear the way,
And into Iriſh *Hands did us betray:*
The other by his Craft would ruin all,
And raiſe himſelf by many Thouſands fall.
The Third to ſave theſe Thouſands led the way,
And in the Field of Honour won the Day.
What if no more than one had ſteer'd the Helm,
His moſt undaunted Acts preſerv'd the Realm,
When Feuds and Troubles could not them o'rewhelm.

The EPILOGUE.

Four Months the Town they Bravely did defend,
Glory and Honour did their Arms attend:
And when their ſtout Commander they did loſe,
With echo'd Shouts another they did chooſe,
Whoſe Conduct and Courage he oft had ſhown,
His Experience ſtill preſerv'd the Town.
'Twas this our Engliſh *Soldier gain'd the Day,*
To foil our Foes he bravely led the way,
Thoſe under him ſincerely did Obey,
The bloody Iriſh *made to howl and cry,*
Submit we muſt to Britain's *Monarchy.*

Remember Sixteen Hundred Eighty Nine,
True Britiſh *Valour in that Iſle did ſhine.*

Before

THE

Soldier's Advice

TO THE

New Lifted VOLUNTIER.

HAſte, haſte away, the chearful Trumpet ſounds,
Valour and Victory the Soldier crowns;
The glittering Sword does call us from our Home,
And rattling Drums paſs thro' every Town:
Come, come, brave Voluntiers, let's Honour greet,
Our daring Enemy prepare to meet:
To War, to War, where Honour's to be gain'd;
Our Country's Cauſe and Right muſt be maintain'd:
Let not your Mother's Tears Impreſſion make,
Whil'ſt you your Country's Safety undertake.
Your Youthful Blood runs briſk in every Vein,
Preferment always is the Soldier's Gain.
By Sea or Land, chooſe which of thoſe you will,
Reward and Fortune ſhall attend you ſtill:
Keep True and Faithful 'twill encreaſe your Fame,
And future Ages will Record your Name;
Whilſt Treacherous Villains ſoon with Shame ſhall fall,
Derided, Scorn'd, accounted Baſe by all.
When thou the ſpacious Plains and Fields do'ſt tread,
Prepare to Fight, by ſtout Commanders led,
Inur'd to War, to Martial Valour bred.
The Enemy, he likewiſe does prepare,
And all in ſight their Armies Martial'd are,
Their unjuſt Cauſe they'll juſtifie by War.
We, our Juſt Right will Manfully diſpute,
And roaring Cannon gives the firſt ſalute.

Shots fly as faſt as thickeſt Showers of Hail,
And 'tis not judg'd which ſide will yet prevail.
But now, at laſt, the Enemy gives way,
And leaves to you the Honour of the Day,
And for their Unjuſt War they'll dearly pay.

'Tis thou ſecur'ſt thy Prince and Country's Right,
And puts thy Vanquiſh'd Enemy to flight:
The Queen, *your Miſtreſs, ſtands with open Hand,*
Which reacheth to the Sea as well as Land:
Her Favours too extend not to one place,
But ſpreads her Bounty thro' the Univerſe.
Her Battering Guns ſhall echo to the Sky,
And France *ſhall Tremble, and before Her fly;*
She ſhall the Indies *Conquer and Subdue,*
And ſhare the Golden Ore of rich Peru.

Her Liberal Bounty equally extends,
Her Gift which She to Foreign Princes ſends,
And Gratifies at Home her Faithful Friends;
Such whoſe great Merit publickly is ſeen,
True to their Country, Faithful to their Queen.
In War thou ſeeſt Death before thy Face,
Prepare to end thy Days in that ſame place.
Think of thy End, and then think what will follow,
Thou art to Day in Health, and ſlain to Morrow.
Each Minute ſeveral Crowds are ſeiz'd by Death,
And call'd upon to yield their precious Breath;
Think then, that Death is ready at the Door,
When with one Shot thy Life ſhall be no more.
Religious be, 'twill make thy Courage ſtrong;
To Fight for that of which thou mak'ſt a Song,
Will Ridicule thy ſelf e're it be long.
True Piety and Valour ne'er muſt part,
Both muſt poſſeſs, and equal ſhare thy Heart:

But if propenſe to Vice thy Life has been,
No gripes of Conſcience, or remorſe for Sin,
Thy Makers Curſe and Plague will thee confound,
And pannick Fears will all thy Heart ſurround.

This is thy Caſe, and oft confeſt of thoſe,
Whoſe Guilt and Sin they own their greateſt Foes.
Courage, *cries his brave Comrade,* this I know,
If Kill'd, unto a Better Place I go.
I know it, ſays the other ——
Thou Pray'ſt and Pray'ſt and Wept the Night before,
And Pardon for thy Sins thou didſt implore,
I with my wicked Comrades Curſs'd and Swore.
I do not Fear, but Bold as Bold can be,
But yet I wiſh, that I had liv'd like thee.

Tread then the Paths of Vertue *and* Renown,
And if thy Life be loſt, Heaven is thy own.
Be Wiſe, and Goodneſs lay thou up in ſtore,
Honour *is Droſs,* Vertue's *the precious Ore,*
Bleſt, and thrice Bleſt, thou ſhalt be evermore.

GRANADE.

Men in Confinement often make uſe of the Pen to divert their Melancholy Hours: This has been practis'd by the greateſt Worthies, whoſe Misfortunes have driven them to a ſolitary Life: It has not only been a Diverſion to themſelves, but afforded great ſatisfaction to others, and has been of uſe to the Publick; and altho' Originals have not been writ with that exactneſs as to pleaſe the Critick, and thoſe of nice Accompliſhments, yet there are others that regard not ſo much the meanneſs of the Stile, as that it is agreeable with *Truth* and *Honeſty*. Men of Conſcience and Reaſon have a due Regard and Concern for the true Merit-

ing

ing Perſon, eſpecially for thoſe that ſuffer for Well-doing in the Publick Service of his Country.

This Book is prepar'd for the Loyal, and for the peruſal of thoſe that have a right value for their Country; not to be Sold, or that way diſpos'd of, (but as a Ship, after a long Voyage, brings Profit to the Owner; and due Payment to the Mariner) as alſo to thoſe who are for the happy Union of both Nations, and true Subjects to Her moſt Sacred Majeſty, our Gracious Queen *ANNE*, whom God grant long to Reign.

Great ANN *does like the great* Eliza *Pay,*
For Her the Soldiers Fight, for Her they Pray;
She has the Land-mens and the Sailors Praiſe,
And Albion *Conquers as in former Days,*
Still happy when a Queen her Scepter ſways.

Our Foe in France *and* Flanders *oft have fell,*
But now the Danube, Rhine, *and the* Moſell,
Can ANN's *Renown and* Marlbro's *Conqueſt tell.*
With Laurels She his Brows does circle round,
Our Britiſh *Champion is with Glory crown'd;*
Juſtice and Equity buds out again,
So ſweetly Bloſſoms ANN's *triumphant Reign.*

Her Councils, Captains too, with equal Zeal,
Foretel ANN's *happy Reign, and* Britain's *Weal.*
Oh! bleſt Queen, when thy beſt part mounts on high,
Let fall the Ornament of Majeſty:
Then ſhall a double Bleſſing on this Iſle remain,
And your Succeſſors ſhall in Peace and Vertue Reign:
Britain *ſhall then with ſuch Crown'd Heads be bleſt,*
While Britain's *Queen dwells in eternal Reſt.*

FINIS.

THIS Hiſtory was writ about the Time of our Glorious Victories againſt the *French* and *Bavarians* at *Blenheim*, *Hockſtead*, *Ramelies*, and other Places under the Brave, Excellent, and Renowned Conduct of His Grace, *John*, Duke of *Marlborough*, Captain General of Her late Majeſty's Forces, and Generaliſſimo to the High and Mighty States of *Holland*; but the Author being then at *London*, was neceſſitated to repair to *Derry*, to appear againſt the Pretender, at the time that it was ſuppos'd he deſign'd a Deſcent there, and to encourage thoſe Perſons remaining, who had ſo well diſtinguiſh'd themſelves in the former Siege; he let it lie dormant till the auſpicious Time of His Sacred Majeſty King *GEORGE*'s happy and peaceable Acceſſion to the Imperial Crown of his Anceſtors, whom Heaven long preſerve to be the Guardian Angel of his Kingdoms.